









THE  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND  
**H u m o r i s t.**

EDITED BY  
W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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VOL. 90.

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L O N D O N :  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 93, PICCADILLY  
(LATE 186, STRAND).  
MDCCCL.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

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# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

## CHINA, TARTARY, AND THIBET.

THE French mission at Pekin, which flourished under the first emperors of the Tartar-Mantchu dynasty, was broken up, and almost totally dispersed, by the frequent persecutions of Kia-King, who ascended the throne in 1799. The missionaries themselves were either put to death or driven out of the empire, while the converts hastened beyond the Great Wall, to search for peace and tranquillity in the deserts of Tartary, where the Mongols permitted them to cultivate, here and there, small tracts of land.

After the lapse of some time, the missionaries succeeded in gathering together the scattered members of their flock, and took up their abode with them in the "Grass-lands" (Isao-ti); and in 1842, the Pope nominated an apostolic vicar to all Mongolia, whose residence was at Si-wang, a Chinese village north of the Great Wall, and one day's journey from Suen-Hoa-Fu. In the year 1844, two missionaries, Messrs. Iluc and Gabet, were commissioned by the said vicar of Mongolia to explore, and, if possible, to determine the extent and limits of the vicariat! And it is to a journey undertaken with such strange objects in view, that we are indebted for one of the most remarkable narratives of travel in "Tartary, Thibet, and China," that has appeared since the days of the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses," or of more modern and authentic narratives. But while we have, in the pages of Huc, the merits of a Du Halde, a Barrow, a De Guignes, and a Turner, with, in some respects, advantages over all his predecessors; whether it is that so much is really marvellous in these remote and central lands, or that such isolation and remoteness beget a superstitious love of the strange and the wonderful, it is impossible to peruse the narrative of this last wanderer in Tartary and Thibet, and not be reminded of those incredible statements which were so much criticised in Renaudot's translation from the Arabic, till confirmed by Marco Polo; or to see revived before us that which has been deemed romance and exaggeration in Mendez Pinto, Juan Gonzalez de Mendoza, and Athanasius Kircher, and for recording which even Du Halde has been taxed with credulity. It is, however, extremely difficult to separate the true from the exaggerated, and the romantic from the hyperbolic, in what relates to China. A knowledge of Eastern manners and habits—of the subserviency and pliability of the missionary character—not in all, but in the generality of cases—and of the ready duplicity and presumptuous vanity of Orientals, will best assist the reader in eliminating the real from the unreal, and the graphic from the too-highly coloured.

The history of the Roman Catholic missions in China is, it may be here observed, a very remarkable one. The labours of the first members of the Society of Jesus in these countries were recorded in letters, written to the Father-General of the Inquisition, published at Rome as

early as in 1586, and again in 1591. In 1601, Luis Guzman published, at Alcalá, the "*Historia de las Misiones*," &c. In the same year a Dutch history of the missions was published at Dillingen; and a French account appeared at Lille in 1617, and at Paris the same year. This latter work, by Father Ricci, was one of the best of its time; but the Jesuit was true to his calling: when ordered to make a general geographical map of the world for the emperor, he contrived to place China in the centre.

Numerous works continued to make their appearance, recording the labours or special travels of the Jesuits during the seventeenth century. Among the most remarkable of these was the now rare and valuable work of Navarrete, "*Tratado Historico, Politico, y Moral de la China*," published at Madrid in 1676. The author being sent to Rome, to remonstrate for the Chinese missionaries against their customary mode of conversion, they induced the Inquisition to suppress the second volume, and to prohibit the third from going to the press. The works of Father Lecomte, "*Nouveaux Memoires sur l'Etat présent de la Chine*," published in Paris in 1696; and that of Father Le Gobien, "*Histoire de l'Edit de l'Empereur de la Chine en faveur de la Religion Chrétienne, et un Eclaircissement sur les Honneurs que les Chinois rendent à Confucius et aux Morts*," published in Paris in 1698, were far too liberal and comprehensive for the age in which they appeared, and were burnt, by order of the Parliament of Paris. It is quite evident, that in the latter part of the seventeenth century the Chinese were in advance in toleration over those who pretended to preach to them. The works of Fathers Gobien and Lecomte were reprinted in 1701-2, and were the foundation of Du Halde's great work. The most valuable work published by the Jesuits on China, "*Memoires concernant l'Histoire*," &c., in fifteen volumes, did not appear till 1775, and following years.

Thibet and Tartary are still almost *terra incognita*. Modern geographers and philologists, as De Guignes, D'Anville, Maltebrun, Remusat, and Klaproth, are all at variance as to where Karakorum, the capital of the vaulted but imaginary Prester John, and of his conqueror, the mighty Zingis Khan, is situated; and few have lived to tell the tale of their visit to Lha-ssa, "The Land of Spirits," the Mone-Duh, or "Eternal Sanctuary," of the Mongols. We have a so-called journey of an Englishman, in the suite of the Dalai, or Tala Lama, printed in the *Minerva* for the year 1792; and an account of the beginning and present states of the mission to Thibet was published at Rome in 1742. Mr. Turner published his well-known account of his embassy to the court of the Grand Lama in 1800—without comparison the most valuable work that has yet appeared on Thibet; but still so little is known, that Bell, in his valuable "*System of Geography*," appeals to his readers upon the impossibility of giving anything beyond a very general account of a country so little known, and so inaccurately represented in the very best of modern maps.

The last journey of the Lazarist missionaries, who have in our times succeeded to the Jesuits, was more successful than any of its predecessors. Starting from a small Christian establishment, situate in a remote district beyond the Great Wall of China, it assumed to itself the extravagant and ambitious objects of determining the unexplored limits of a nominal Mongolian vicar-generalship: and it records in a style which, as before remarked, more than reminds one of the works of the Jesuits of old,

the experiences, the observations, and the occurrences of actual times. This is truly the romance of olden travel and olden pilgrimages, revived for the especial amusement of a generation greedy of novelty and adventure.\*

Far away as the Lazarist settlement may be, it does not appear to be altogether destitute; for previous to the departure of the mission, camels had to be sent for, the property of the mission, but at that time pasturing amidst the Tartar tribe (or kingdom, as M. Hue calls it, from the chief of the tribe being designated as Wang, or King) of Naiman. The missionaries awaited the camels at the pass called Pia-lia-Keu, in the territory of the tribe Ouniot. This is a country, according to M. Hue, once inhabited by the Koreans, and amidst which ruins of great cities, and of castles, resembling those of the middle ages, are still to be met with. It is a very stormy district; and the reverend father declares that he saw hailstones weighing twelve pounds! Such storms destroy a whole flock of sheep in a few moments. In 1843, a piece of ice is said to have fallen as large as a millstone. The first day's journey introduces us to a Tartar hostelry, which, to avoid repetition, had better be described at once:—

A Tartar inn comprises an immense square space, enclosed by long poles interlaced with wicker-work. In the midst of the square is a mud hut, never more than ten feet high. With the exception of one or two miserable chambers to the right and left, the interior is one vast *appartement*, which serves at once as a kitchen, a refectory, and a dormitory. When travellers arrive they repair at once to the *appartement*, essentially dirty, stinking, and full of smoke. A long and wide kang awaits them. A kang is a kind of oven, which occupies three-fourths of the room. It is only about four feet high, and the roof is flat and smooth; a reed matting covers the floor, and upon this rich people spread cloths of felt. Three immense coppers are buried in glazed earth in front of this oven, in which the travellers' food is prepared. The openings by which these coppers are heated are prolonged beneath the kang, so that even during the extreme cold of winter the latter is warm. As soon as a traveller arrives, the "intendant of the treasury" invites him to ascend into the kang, where he sits down, tailor-fashion, with his legs crosswise, around a great table, the feet of which are not more than five or six inches high. The lower part of the room is reserved for the attendants, who go to and fro, keep up the fire under the boilers, make tea, or oatmeal cakes. The kang of these Tartaro-Chinese inns is the most animated and picturesque theatre that can be imagined; it is there that people eat, drink, smoke, play, scream, and fight. When night comes on, the kang, which during day-time has served as a restaurant, an estaminet, and a tap, is suddenly transformed into a dormitory. "The inspector of darkness" strikes a few blows on a tam-tam, and the travellers unfold their counterpanes, if they have any; if not, they cover themselves with their clothes, and lie down close to one another. When the hosts are numerous, they are arranged upon two lines, their feet touching one another. But though every one goes to bed, all do not go to sleep; while some snore away in the most conscientious manner, others smoke, drink tea, or indulge in noisy conversation. This fantastic picture, half lit up by the dull flame of a murky lamp, fills the mind with feelings of fear and horror.

The missionaries adopted on their journey the secular dress of Thibetian Lamas, or priests, a costume which, if rather theatrical, was certainly well adapted to ensure them safety and respect. It consisted of a yellow gown, fastened on one side by five gilt buttons, and to the waist by a long red sash. Over this gown, a red waistcoat, with a little collar of violet-coloured velvet, was worn, while a yellow cap, with a red top-knot, completed the fantastic garb. They were accompanied by only one native, a

\* *Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans la Tartarie, le Thibet et la Chine pendant les Années 1844, 1845, et 1846.* Par M. Hue, Prêtre Missionnaire de la Congrégation de Saint-Lazare. 2 tomes. Paris, 1850.



Dchiahour, as M. Huc writes it; Giaour, as it is ordinarily written; but more correctly jawur (infidel). This nondescript bore the little euphonious name of Samdadchiemba. He had run away when a mere boy from a Lamaserie, or monastery of Lamas, and had been converted by the Lazarists to Christianity. They had tents, and also a faithful dog, yclept Arsalan, or the lion, whose duty it was to bark on the approach of strangers. When they encamped at night, after pitching the tent, the first duty was, as with the Arabs, to collect argols, or dry dung, for fuel, or shrub-wood, if they could get it, to light a fire and to prepare a soup of water, kuamien, a kind of macaroni, and a lump of salt pork. In the morning, they made tea with oatmeal porridge.

On their way, next day, they met with an Obo—a cairn, or pile of stones—dedicated by the Tartars to the spirit of the place. The latter make offerings of money, bits of rag tied to branches, &c. When the Chinese go by they also bow to the spirit, but take care to appropriate to themselves any offerings of value. These Obos are to be met with at every mountain pass, and upon most uplands. Traversing the country of Gechekten, which is said to abound in gold and silver mines, M. Huc takes the opportunity to relate, that in these countries there are men who are endowed with the faculty of discovering mines, which will remind the reader of a superstition still existing in our own country; and he adds, that such men sometimes gather around them thousands of followers, who become addicted to all kinds of crimes and excesses.

The first town the mission arrived at was that of Tolon Nur, or, “of the Seven Lakes,” called Lama Miao, or Convent of Lamas, by the Chinese; Nadan Omo, by the Mantchus; and Tsot Dun, by the Thibetians. This city of Tolon Nur is described as being immensely populous, and very commercial. Russian merchandises come there from Kiakta. The Tartars are constantly bringing herds of oxen, camels, and horses; and take back with them tobacco, cloth, and bricks of tea. “This perpetual afflux of strangers imparts to it a most animated appearance. Pedlars run about the streets offering to passengers different minor objects for sale; merchants invite the passer-by with flattering speeches into their shops; while the Lamas, with their gaudy dresses of red and yellow, seek to win admiration by their skill in galloping horses through the narrow streets.” The magnificent statues, in iron and brass, that come out of the founderies of Tolon Nur, are not only renowned throughout Tartary, but in the most remote districts of Thibet. The missionaries caused a Christ to be cast, after a magnificent bronze model from France, and it was so well done, that it was difficult to distinguish between the model and the copy. Notwithstanding all this prosperity, the streets are narrow and tortuous, and nothing is met with but mud and cloacas. When the missionaries arrived at Tolon Nur, they were not long in discovering a triangular flag floating before a house. This was the sign of a restaurant:

We went in, and a long passage led us into a spacious room, in which numerous little tables were arranged with much order and symmetry. We sat down at one of these, and a tea-pot was instantly brought to us. Tea is the necessary prelude to every repast. While occupied in filling ourselves with tea, we received the visit of the “intendant of the table.” He is generally a person of refined manners, endowed also with great volubility of speech; he knows every one, and everybody’s affairs. He finished his speech, however, by asking the order of service, and he repeated the words in a chant to the “governor of the kitchen.” Travellers are served with great promptitude; but before beginning to eat, etiquette demands that the traveller should rise and go and invite one

after another every one of the guests who may happen to be in the room. "Come, come altogether!" is exclaimed, suiting the gesture to the word; "come and drink a little glass of wine, and eat a little rice." "Thank you, thank you!" answer those present; "Come rather and sit at our table, it is we who invite you." After this ceremonious proceeding, one's honour has been shown, as they say in the country, and the traveller may take his repast as a man of quality.

Everything is done in the flowery land with similar manifestations of politeness. We learn elsewhere that when robbers accost the wayfarer, they do so in the most modest and civil manner possible. "My elder brother," they say, "I am tired of going on foot; do lend me your horse;" or, "I am without money, do be so kind as to lend me your purse. It is very cold to-day, lend me your cloak." If the elder brother is sufficiently charitable to lend all these things, they say to him, "Thank you, brother;" but if not, the humble request is backed by blows of a stick; and if that does not suffice, they have recourse to a sword.

Tolon Nur is situated in the midst of a pathless country of moving sands, across which the travellers had some trouble in finding their way, and it was with great difficulty that they succeeded in finding a station with water even the first night of their departure. At every station at which the missionaries encamped to make their Tartar tea, they planted a little wooden cross in token of the spiritual claim to the country given to them by the Pope. Tartar tea is made by breaking off a little bit of the brick-like masses in which coarse tea is packed, pulverising it and boiling it till the water becomes red; a handful of salt is then thrown into the kettle, and boiling is carried on till it becomes black; a bowl of milk is then added, and the infusion, which is the delight of all Tartars, is decanted into an urn for use. The conversation between travellers, when they meet in the desert, is characteristic:

"Lamas," the Tartar addressed the missionaries, "where is your country?"

"We are from beneath the westward heaven."

"Over what countries have your happy shadows passed?"

"We come from the town of Tolon Nur."

"Has peace accompanied you in your journey?"

"Hitherto, we have travelled in peace: and you, are you in peace? Which is your country?"

"We are Khalkas from the kingdom of Murgevan."

"Have the rains been abundant; are your flocks and herds prosperous?"

"Everything is in peace in our pasturages."

"Whither is your caravan bound?"

"We are going to prostrate ourselves before the 'Five Towers.'"<sup>\*</sup>

A sudden storm discomfited our travellers at their next station, and but for a Tartar, who brought them a supply of dry argols, they must have gone supperless to bed. This Tartar had marched two years before against the "Rebels of the South," as the Chinese called the English, but, being a Tchakar, had not been in action. His account of the war was truly national. When the enemy appeared, he related, the kitat, or

<sup>\*</sup> The Lamasarie of Ou Tay, or of the Five Towers, in the province of Chan-Si, is the most famous place of sepulture of the Mongols. Buddha himself is said to dwell in an adjacent mountain. Our readers will remember the story told of the precaution taken by the Rosicrusians to preserve the secret of the perpetual flame; our travellers relate something similar of the tombs of Tartar princes, whose riches, buried with them, are defended from sacrilege by a number of bows which shoot arrows one after another at any one who ventures within the sepulchre.

militia, was as usual summoned to disperse them; but the enemy were marine monsters, who lived in the water like fish, and when least expected they came to the surface and threw out fiery pumpkins (si-kua, so they called the shells). So the banners of Solon were put in motion, but they could not stand the heat of the south, and the emperor issued his orders that the Tchakar force should advance. A Lama was attached to each troop to protect them from the marine monsters; but when the rebels saw the invincible Tchakars advancing, they became terrified, and sued for peace. The Holy Master, in his unmeasured clemency, granted it to them, and we returned to our prairies to tend our flocks.

These Tchakars are all soldiers, and they are trooped under eight differently-coloured banners. They are strictly forbidden to cultivate the land, and they tend as well as their own flocks those of the emperor, which are said to be immensely numerous. The horses alone are said to compose 360 herds of 1200 horses in each. This is about as good a specimen of Tartaro-Chinese exaggeration as was the account of hail as large as millstones. These Tartars live in balloon-shaped huts, and, like most pastoral people, are very hospitable. To approach them it requires a stick to keep off the ferocious dogs, but this must be thrown aside on entering a tent or hut. The females shake hands as well as the men; they make the tea, and the children collect the argols. The men snuff inveterately. There is less form and ceremony among the Tartars than among the Chinese. They also drink, but rarely, Mongolian wine, which is milk that has been first fermented, and then coarsely distilled. The stench in the interior of these Tartar tents is, however, insupportable, and will sometimes turn a stranger's stomach. It arises from the butter and grease with which their clothes and furniture is impregnated. It is on account of these filthy habits that the Tartars are called by the Chinese, who are not themselves inodorous, the Tsao-ta-tse, or stinking Tartars.

On quitting the plains of the hospitable Tchakars, our travellers passed the small town of Chaborta, at the period of the festival called Yue Ping. A tribe of Mongols were encamped here, and their cleanliness and hospitality is highly spoken of. But it is to be observed that the missionaries were here, as elsewhere, looked upon, from having adopted the costume of Lamas, as learned and holy personages. They were constantly expected to cure diseases, draw horoscopes, tell fortunes, discover lost property, speak the words of wisdom, and shed felicity where their shadows fell. These good Mongols sent their children to the tents of the Lamas of the West with continual presents of milk, butter, cheese, and loads of argols.

Three days' journey from Chaborta our travellers stumbled upon the ruins of a walled city—an imposing and majestic relic of antiquity," according to their statement, and a memorial of the domination of the Mongols in the thirteenth century. Beyond this, they crossed the great road from Pekin to Kiakta. The missionaries tell us that the Russian manufactures purchased at this latter great emporium are paid for in brick tea, which is the reason why the Chinese can sell clothes in China itself at a price less than they would fetch in Europe, and which is the reason, also, why English manufactures find little sale at the newly-opened ports of the south. It would be necessary, according to this view of the case, to take tea in exchange for English goods, to enable England to compete with Russia in the Chinese markets.

Crossing the "kingdom" of Afa, our travellers came to the first hills, the acclivities of which were shaded with pines; but the pleasure derived from the change was materially diminished by meeting, at the same time, three very independent-looking wolves. They, however, soon found refuge in the Lamaserie of Tchortchi, a holy place, much favoured by the emperor, and inhabited by two thousand Lamas, or monks. These religious idlers live in good houses, and amidst every comfort. In the centre of the Lamaserie is the temple of Buddha—as usual, an incongruous pile of peristyles, with contorted pillars, steps, and terraces, and a central building, where is throned a gigantic statue of a sitting Buddha. Although the Mongolian Lamaseries are not so great nor so wealthy as those of Thibet, still some are very considerable; none more so than that of Kuren, in the country of the Khalkhas, near the Russian frontier. Thirty thousand Lamas are supported at this great temple, around which pilgrims from far-off distances, including the U-pi-ta-tse, or "Tartars with skins like fish," pitch their tents. The Guison Tamba, or Lama King of Kuren, is a person much distrusted, and looked upon, from his power, with a very jealous eye by the imperial court. As in the case of the Tala Lama of Thibet, the Lama of Kuren is supposed, or rather believed, never to die. He only transmigrates to another country, to return younger and fresher than ever. This is also the case with other Lamas, and the metempsychosis is always sought for at the great Lamaserie of Lha-ssa, in Thibet, nor sought long in vain. Among the more celebrated of these King-Lamas, after those of Lha-ssa and Kuren, are those of Ninigan Lamana Kure, of the Blue City, of Tolon Nur, of Ge Ho Gul; and, within the Great Wall, of Pekin, and of the Five Towers in Chan Si.

The day after leaving Tchortchi, our travellers were relieved of a haunch of venison, which they had purchased in the morning, by a voracious eagle, which carried it off at the very moment they had taken their places to discuss the delicacy! Passing from the country of the nomadic Mongols to that of the agricultural tribe of Tümet, the missionaries experienced what most other travellers have under similar circumstances—annoyance at the change. "Without knowing it," says M. Hue, "our tastes had undergone an insensible change, and the Desert of Mongolia had brought us to a temper friendly to peace and solitude. As a consequence, when we again found ourselves amidst cultivated lands, in the midst of the agitations, troubles, and struggles of civilised life, we felt ourselves, as it were, oppressed and suffocated by civilisation; air seemed to be wanting, and we felt as if we were about to die asphyxiated."

Tümet is, however, described as a flourishing country, well watered, fertile, with good houses, fine trees, and no poor. In this country is the great city of Koko-Khoton or Kui Hoa Tchen, "the Blue City," composed of two parts, at some distance from one another; one the commercial, the other the Mantchu Tartar, or military city. In the latter, 10,000 soldiers are quartered under a Kiang-Kian, or chief of a military division. These troops are all Mantchu Tartars. The reception given to the missionaries by the Chinese of the commercial city, who mistook them for Tartar Lamas, was truly characteristic—overstrained politeness, with no small spice of roguery. Luckily for them, they escaped all the traps laid out to ease them of their moneys, and succeeded, but not till after many droll adventures, in finding a home at the "Hotel of the Three Perfections, where travellers on horseback or camel are lodged, and all kinds of business transacted, without ever compromising success." Such

was the inscription which decorated the gateway in large Chinese characters. As a specimen of Chinese civilisation, even in this remote city, the missionaries laid in at this place a stock of furred winter clothing—unredeemed pledges from the Tang Pu, or pawnbrokers, which abound in all Chinese towns. Before leaving the Blue City, we may mention, that it is chiefly celebrated for its Lamaseries, which are five great ones, each supporting two thousand monks, and an infinite number of smaller ones, and its camel markets.

When the missionaries quitted the Blue City, they had been already a month on their way to the west. As at Tolon Nur, the streets were so tortuous and narrow, and so beset with carts and horses, pedestrians, and merchandise, that it was only with the greatest possible difficulty that they could extricate themselves from the place. The second day's journey they lost Arsalan. On their way they met with a caravan of Turk merchants, composed of ten thousand camels! They entered Tchagan Kuren, "the White City," by night. No hostelry would open its doors to their sorry caravan. The Chinese detest camels, which frighten their horses, and bear generally poverty-stricken Tartars, only fit to be deceived and robbed. Luckily the bleating of sheep led them to a Tartar's dwelling, who received them (as Lamas) most hospitably. This great and fine city does not find a place on existing maps. It lies close to the Upper Hoang Ho, or Yellow River, which at this moment had overflowed its banks, and, according to the missionaries, was like a sea, exceeding in width the reach of vision. It need scarcely be added, that it was with extreme difficulty that the passage was effected.

Our missionaries had now been six weeks on their journey without change of dress, and the sufferings that resulted from the colonisation of their garments by vermin was so great, that they set about purifying themselves with mercury. Vermin were, throughout, one of the greatest nuisances met with on their journey. It was impossible to sit down for a moment in a Chinese house or a Tartar hut without carrying away a number of these disgusting insects. The Lamas do not kill them, but throw them away to a distance. What must be their numbers in the so-called Lamaseries?

Beyond the Hoang Ho our travellers entered upon the sandy steppes of the province of Ortus. On these plains were many goat-like deer, hares, grey squirrels, and pheasants, all exceedingly tame. Our poor missionaries were saved from perishing, themselves and cattle, during a terrible storm that raged while they were crossing these plains, by the happy discovery of some artificial grottoes. Passing the Lamaserie of Rach Tchurin, they arrived at the celebrated salt-lake of Dabsun Nur, which at this season of the year was less a lake than a vast reservoir of effloresced salt. From this point they took a more southerly course, and passing a range of rocky mountains, they once more ferried the Yellow River, and rested for two days at Cha-Tui-tse, having exchanged for a time the desert and nomadic life for such Chinese ease and comforts as were to be obtained at the "Hotel of Justice and Mercy" (Ju-y-Ting). A few miles beyond this town they crossed the Great Wall once more. At their next station, Wang-Ho-Po, they were far from finding the crowd of itinerant cooks, who filled the streets of Cha-Tui-tse, bearing ragouts of beef and mutton, vegetables and pastry. There is a difference in different towns in this respect. Here there were nothing but dealers in corn and hay. Here they also joined a Chinese caravan, bound to Ning-Hia. On their way, they passed through, without stopping, at the third-class town

of Ping-Lu-Hien. One of the guard-houses, common to the highways in China, and to which a room for strangers is always attached, offered them a place of repose. These guard-houses are decorated externally with rude paintings, representing the gods of war, fabulous animals, grotesque shields, and all kinds of weapons. Towers used as fire beacons, and a post recording roads and distances, are also attached to these guard-houses. The approach to Ning-Hia, with its moss-and-lichen-clad ramparts, and numerous pagodas, is described as very imposing; but the interior was poor, the streets, as usual, narrow, tortuous, and dirty.

Beyond, however, was a beautiful road, shaded by willow trees, with every here and there little shops, and this the length of a whole day's journey, where they sold to the numerous passers-by ready-made tea, boiled eggs, haricots fried in oil, cakes, and an infinite variety of sweetmeats. At night they found lodgings in the "Hotel of the Five Felicities," in the large and unwall'd village of Hia-Ho-Po. A mandarin tried to dislodge them from their comfortable quarters, but so sure were the missionaries of their disguise, and of their intimacy with the language, that they refused to inconvenience themselves for the petty tyrant, although, at the very time, had it been known that they were Europeans, they would have been summarily put to death for travelling in the interior.

After two days' journey they arrived at Tchongway, a prosperous, commercial, and clean city on the Hoang-Ho, the populous banks of which river they quitted at this point to once more cross the Great Wall, and enter into the Tartar province of Alichan, which is crossed by a range of moving sand hills. The journey across these was one of exceeding difficulty; and it was with no small pleasure that they arrived at night at an oasis in the desert—the station of Tchang-Lien-Chuy, or of the Ever-flowing Waters! The high charges at the hosteleries here induced the reverend missionaries to record, that at this charming village, as elsewhere, there was always something that came to assist men in detaching themselves from (or rather disgusting them with) things here below. The village of the Ever-flowing Waters, with its beautiful verdure and dear accommodations, was exchanged, next day, for Kao-Tan-tse, described as a village "hideous and repulsive beyond expression." Every house was an inn, but accommodation was ever dearer than at Tchang-Lien-Chuy. Even water has to be fetched from a distance of sixty lis (eighteen miles). But this was not all: the place was said to be infested with robbers, and the inns were of two classes; those where they undertook to fight the robbers, and those where they did not fight. To preserve their property, the men of peace were obliged to seek refuge in a house where they undertook to defend the same, at a price quadruple what they would have had to pay elsewhere. The fact appears to be, that this was a village of banished malefactors, who were allowed to live there, upon condition of providing for mandarins on their journeys, and they made all who were not in authority pay, by robbery or extortion, for what was taken from them by their masters.

The missionaries re-entered China at the gate called that of San-Yu-tsin. They were asked for passports, but got over that difficulty by dint of assurance. Our travellers correct the commonly-received opinion as to the magnitude and strength of the Great Wall of China. In many places they say it is a mere earthen rampart, at others, a few stones loosely piled together. At "The Hotel of the Three Social Relations," to which they repaired at the next city, Tchoang-Ling, the missionaries were, for

the first time, suspected to be Europeans, and, worse than that, English spies. They got out of this scrape by asking how marine monsters could be expected to live on the earth and travel on horseback? At the next town, Ho-Kiao-y, called, in the maps, Tai-Hung-fu—a name no longer in use, for the Chinese are constantly changing the names of their towns—they stopped for some time at “The Hotel of Temperate Climates,” while their jawur paid an eight days’ visit to the Tu-Sis, his countrymen jawurs, who dwell in the province of Kan-Su.

On the return of the jawur, they crossed the mountain of Ping-ku to Lao-ya-pu, the village of the Old Duck, where most of the men were engaged in knitting stockings. From Lao-ya-pu the missionaries travelled in five days to the great, but not well-populated city of Si-ning-fu. The road thither was well kept, traversing a fertile cultivated country with trees, hills, and numerous rivulets. At Si-ning-fu, Tartars were not allowed to frequent the public inns. Houses of repose (Sia Kia), as they were called, were provided for them, where they were supposed to be gratuitously entertained. After crossing the Great Wall upon two more different occasions, our travellers arrived at Tang-Kesu-Eul, a small, but populous and busy town, full of Tartars, Turks, Eluths, and other strangers, who walked about armed with swords, perpetually quarrelling with one another. Here they were received in a house of repose, it being the fourth month of their journey, and now mid-winter.

The missionaries had to wait at this station for the arrival of a caravan to cross the wild country of Tangut, or Koko-nur; and in the interval they busied themselves with studying the Thibetian language and Buddhist works under a Lama of the name of Sandara, a cousin to Samdad-chiemba. To facilitate still further these objects, and at the recommendation of Sandara, they shortly afterwards took up their quarters at the great Lamaserie of Kunbun. Hence they removed, after the lapse of three months, to the smaller Lamaserie of Tchogortan, more particularly devoted to the study of medicine, whence they finally started for the Blue Sea, where they were to await the caravan of a Chinese ambassador going to Lha-ssa.

The Blue Lake, called by the Mongols Koko-nur, by the Thibetians Tsot-Ngon-Po, is called by the Chinese Tsing-Hai, or “Blue Sea.” Such an immense reservoir of salt-water, being upwards of 300 miles in circumference, would appear almost to merit the title of an inland sea. There are no boats on the lake, but there is a Lamaserie on an island which, it is said, can only be reached in winter when the waters are frozen. The environs of the lake are fertile in pasturage; the grass grows up to the height of a camel’s back. M. Huc says he could hear nothing of the Kalmucks, so much spoken of by geographers—the name was only to be found in that of a tribe of Koko-nur, called Kolo-Kalmuki. These Kolos have a bad reputation for predatory habits.

The Chinese embassy arrived towards the end of October, and was increased in numbers by Mongolian caravans, which took advantage of the same opportunity of going to Lha-ssa. The caravan was protected by 300 Chinese soldiers on foot, and 200 mounted Tartars. The first days of the journey, says M. Huc, were all poetry, weather magnificent, the road open and good, waters limpid, pasturages rich and abundant. The nights were cold, but they had good skins to wrap themselves up in. After six days’ journeying, they crossed the river Puhain Gul, which, being divided into many branches, occupied a territory of a league in width.

The waters were frozen over, but not in sufficient strength to bear. Immersion in these icy waters effectually dispelled the poetry of the journey. Five days further on they came to the river Tulain Gul, where the Chinese escort, who robbed the caravan in reality, while the Kolo bandits appear to have existed only in imagination, quitted them. The 15th of November they passed from the magnificent plains of Koko-nur to the Mongolian district of Tsaidam, which was arid and stony, and affords salt and borax by merely digging wells a few feet in depth. In this region is the mountain of Burham Bota, concerning which the missionaries record the most incredible stories of its being enveloped in noxious gases, especially carbonic acid, so that horses and men can only advance over it a few steps at a time, and are constantly falling down asphyxiated. It is possible that the elevation rising, as the mountain does, out of the high upland of Koko-nur, is sufficiently great to affect the brain and stomach. Mount Juga, which followed, presented equally formidable difficulties in a passage effected amid wind and snow. Our missionaries adopted the more comfortable than dignified alternative of sitting on their horses with their faces to the tail, thus literally backing through the storm. Mount Juga divided Tartary from Thibet, so the Tartar escort left them here, but there were still 2000 armed men belonging to the caravan itself.

Early in December they crossed the Bayan Kara, a spur which separates the head waters of the Hoang-Ho from those flowing to the Kin Cha Kiang. Beyond this they came to a valley where argols were abundant, and water was to be obtained beneath the ice—the two great luxuries of Thibetian and Tartar travel. Approaching the next day the Murui Ussu, or “Tortuous Water,” a branch of the Kin Cha Kiang, or “River of Golden Sands,” they saw a herd of more than fifty wild buffaloes that had got caught in the ice, and could not extricate themselves. Eagles and crows had torn out their eyes! This is another heavy demand upon the reader's good faith. Wild horses were also now seen frequently on the uplands. As they proceeded on their journey the cold kept increasing. It certainly was a trying time of the year to be journeying in the uplands of Thibet. Camels, horses, oxen, and men, all suffered alike. Many animals fell victims to the severity of the weather. One young Lama died by the wayside, looking like a figure of wax in the icy air. The caravan began to break up. The oxen could not keep up with the camels and horses, and there were not argols enough at the night stations to support life in the whole caravan. More than forty men were abandoned in the desert while still alive. This may appear exaggerated, but it is not necessarily so. Life is less regarded in the East than in civilised countries; and in far less severe climates than that of Thibet, a winter journey is often accompanied with a great loss of life.

At the foot of the Tant-la mountains, the fragment of the caravan, consisting in all of eighteen persons, to which the missionaries had attached themselves, on the breaking up of the main body, was visited by the redoubtable Kolos, who, however, committed no depredations. M. Gabet was at this time very ill, and, according to M. Huc, half frozen! The passage of the mountains, which lasted twelve days, and was cheered by a warm sun shining on snow and rock, proved beneficial to him.

Beyond the Tant-la chain the soil gradually lowered to Lha-ssa, and the snows gave way to a fresh and abundant verdure. The Kolos were also succeeded by hospitable pastoral races. At length they arrived at



a large Thibetian village on the Kara Ussu of the Mongols, and Na-Ptchin of the Chinese, both signifying "black water." Like the word Gul; blue, also applied to a lake, Kara is Turkish, in which language Kara Ussu would be Kara-Su. At this station the missionaries sold their camels, which had suffered severely from the long journey—one having also been accidentally burnt—for six oxen, animals better adapted for the stony districts which still lay between them and Lha-ssa.

They also changed their company for that of a party of Kartchin Mongols, who were conducting a Chaberon, that is to say, a living Buddha, to the "Eternal Sanctuary." This Chaberon was barely eighteen years of age, of a happy, lively disposition, and he seemed to view the character forced upon him as one of extreme unpleasantness. He would much rather have laughed and galloped about at his ease than have rode in stiff dignity between two grave attendants, who never quitted his side.

As the traveller approaches to within a few days' journey of Lha-ssa, houses begin to take the place of black tents, and agriculture succeeds to pastoral life. At a place called Pampu, written incorrectly in the maps Panctou, the oxen were exchanged for asses, for there was still a very rugged mountain to cross before arriving at Lha-ssa; and at length descending on the other side of this rocky chain, they came in sight of the metropolis of the Buddhist world. Great white houses, terminating in platforms, surmounted by towers, numberless temples with golden roofs, and, rising above all, the vast palace of the Tala Lama, imparted to Lha-ssa a majestic and imposing appearance. The missionaries arrived at this Thibetian city on the 29th of January, 1846, having been eighteen months on the journey we have briefly, but succinctly recorded; and they were received in a miserable lodging, a single room, with a hole for a chimney, a vessel for burning argoles in the centre, a window-frame without glass, and two deer-skins for beds. But our missionaries were poor and uncomplaining; they had greater miseries awaiting them in their attempt to preach the doctrines of Christ in the very heart of the Buddhist superstitions.

Lha-ssa is not a great town, being barely two leagues in circumference; nor is it enclosed with ramparts. The houses are large, well white-washed, and the framework painted red or yellow. Inside they are filthily dirty. The suburbs are extensive, and embosomed in beautiful, shady gardens. The houses are constructed of stone or brick, but in the suburbs there are some built of the horns of sheep and oxen. The palace of the Tala Lama (from tala—"sea;" M. Huc says Dalai Lama is a thoroughly incorrect epithet), is built on a conical mountain, called Buddha-lha. The palace is made up of a number of Buddha temples, the central one of which rises up to a height of four stories, and is surmounted by a dome, covered with gold, and surrounded by a peristyle, the columns of which are also gilt. A double avenue of trees leads from Lha-ssa to Buddha-lha, and is at all times crowded with pilgrims.

The population of Lha-ssa is composed of Thibetians, Pabuns, Katchis, and Chinese. The Thibetians are Mongols, of short stature, who unite the agility of the Chinese to the strength of Tartars. The so-called Pabuns are Hindoos, from beyond the Himalaya; they are workers in metal. The Katchi are Cashmerian Mussulmen. They have a governor of their own at Lha-ssa, where they are the richest merchants and shop-keepers. They keep up a constant intercourse between Lha-ssa and

Calcutta. The Chinese at Lha-ssa are few in number, and are either soldiers or government *employés*.

Unfortunately, our missionaries resembled none of these, and they were, consequently, subjected to so much annoying curiosity, that they took the fatal measure of reporting themselves to the Chinese police as "Frenchmen who had come to Thibet to preach there the Christian religion." They were not long, in consequence, in being summoned before a regent, who at that time ruled in the place of the usual Chaberon, or incarnation of Lama, who was a minor; as also before the Chinese plenipotentiary, Ki-Chan, the same who signed the treaty of peace with Elliot in 1839, the rupture of which, by the emperor, led to the Chinese war. The Thibetian regent was liberal and kind towards the missionaries, and disposed to favour them; and Ki-Chan was passingly forbearing to the intruders in the "Eternal Sanctuary;" but their departure was not the less mildly but resolutely insisted upon. Everything was done to render their return less irksome than their journey thither. A guard of Chinese soldiers was appointed to protect them, and they had even charge of some of the plenipotentiary's effects.

M. Huc collected in Lha-ssa some hearsays with regard to Moorcroft, which differ from what has hitherto been received. The sum of these reports were, that that celebrated traveller had dwelt for twelve years in the capital of Thibet without being discovered; that at the expiration of that period he started on his way back by Ladak, but that he was attacked by robbers in the province of Ngari and put to death.

The theological information collected by the missionaries was, from the peculiar position they were placed in, of small import. It is not, however, without interest to find them ingeniously advocating the cosmopolitanism of the religious dogmas of the extreme East. The learned, they say, worship only one and sole Sovereign, who created all things, who is without beginning and end. In India he is called Buddha; in Thibet, Samtse Mitchaba; in Chinese, Fo; and among the Tartars, Borhan. The incarnation of the Godhead in the Tala Lama of Lha-ssa, the Bandchan of Jachii-lumbo, the Tsong Kaba of Sifan, the Kaldan of Tolon-nur, the Guison Tamba of the Grand Kuren, the Hobilgan of the Blue City, the Hototan of Pekin, and the innumerable other Chabérons, or incarnations, to be met with in different Lamaseries, or monasteries, in China and Thibet, no more affect the dogma of one Godhead than the other numerous superstitions which corrupt the popular mind do the fundamental truths of a purely spiritual religion. Our worthy missionaries went even further than this; they on several occasions assert their belief that in many of the cheats practised by the Lamas, as, for example, cutting open the abdomen of a living Lama, and depositing the contents on the altar, that the devil himself plays a part. "*Nous ne pensons nullement qu'on puisse toujours mettre sur le compte de la supercherie les faits de ce genre; car d'après tout ce que nous avons vu et entendu, parmi les nations idolâtres, nous sommes persuadés que le démon y joue un grand rôle.*" It is not very complimentary to the founder of the apostolic vicarage of all Mongolia, that they also devoted many pages of research to what they call *les nombreuses et frappantes analogies qui existent entre les rites lamaresques et le culte Catholique*. Rome and Lha-ssa, the Pope and the Tala Lama, have, they tell us, affinities that are replete with interest. Strange matter for

reflection, affinities between forms of priestcraft so geographically removed from one another !\*

The missionaries were ultimately expelled from Lha-ssa on the 15th of March, 1846, and they travelled for several days along a fertile valley, dotted with Thibetian farms. The chain called Lumma Ri, having a pass of easy ascent, separated this valley from the town of Jiamba; it was, however, still enveloped in snow. Jiamba, where they were detained two days, is a commercial and populous city, with two Buddhist temples, of colossal proportions. The missionaries, it is to be observed, were now travelling under the protection of a Chinese mandarin of the first class, Ly Kuo Ngan, "Pacifcator of Kingdoms," and of the Lama Jiamchang, or "the Musician," besides an escort; and although, at almost every town and almost every village, some excuses for delay and loitering were easily found, more especially in the uncertain supply of horses and oxen for the caravan, still, a comfortable room, a large fire of argols, and abundance of provision, made a very different thing of the return to what the journey to Lha-ssa had been. The only drawbacks were, the severe climate of Thibet, the rude mountains and rapid torrents, and the variable weather. Many an impetuous torrent had to be passed by a frail bridge of unhewn pine-trees, not even lashed together. The fourth day from Jiamba, they passed a great lake on the ice, concerning which, a Chinese "Itinerary," which was originally translated by the Russian missionary, Father Hyacinthe, and published, with notes by Klapproth, in the "Nouveau Journal Asiatique," 1<sup>re</sup> serie, tomes 4 and 6, says that the unicorn is met with in the neighbourhood. The animal here alluded to appears to be a species of antelope, analogous to the animal obtained by Mr. Hodgson from Nepaul, and called by Dr. Abel *Antelope Hodgsonii*. Beyond this, a rugged and rocky chain, with rude glaciers and vast accumulations of snow, had to be crossed. This was the Lha Ri, or "Mountain of Spirits." The ascent was effected on foot, holding hard by the horses' tails; the descent, by slipping down a glacier, which the oxen and horses did on their four feet, rolling over and over as they reached the snowy basis; the men, lamas, mandarins, and missionaries, effected the descent in a far less dignified posture. Such a pass necessitated a day's rest at the post of Lha Ri, where they were entertained in a Chinese pagoda, called Kuang Ti Miao, or "the Temple of the God of War."

The arrival at Lha-Rhi furnished materials for a sketch of Chinese life, such as, considering the intimacy of the missionaries with the language and manners of the people, are but scantily carried through this voluminous work :—

The day after our arrival at Lha-Ri, the Leang-tai, or provisioner-general, instead of coming to salute officially the staff of the caravan, contented himself with sending us, as a visit card, a sheet of red paper, upon which were inscribed the characters of his name; and he had intimated by his messenger that a serious sickness detained him in his *appartement*. Ly-Kuo-ngan said to us, in a low voice, and with a meaning smile, "the Leang-tai will be quite well when we are gone." As soon as we were alone he exclaimed, "Ah! I expected this; whenever a caravan passes the Leang-tai-Sua (the name of the mandarin) is very ill; it is a fact known to every one. According to custom, he should have prepared for us a first-class

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\* It is not an uninteresting coincidence that Eugene Sue, in his well-known exposition of Jesuitical practices in the "Wandering Jew," makes Feranghea, the Thug, say to Rodin, the Jesuit, alluding to the practices of the two sects, Thugs and Jesuits, "Rome and Bohawia are sisters."

repast, and it is to avoid doing this that he pretends to be ill. The Leang-tai-Sua is the most miserly man known; he is always dressed like a palanquin-bearer; he eats tsamba like a barbarian of Thibet; he never smokes, he never plays, he never drinks wine; in the evening his house is not lit up, he goes to bed feeling his way there, and rises late in the morning for fear that he should be hungry too early. Oh! a man like that is not a man, he is a mere turtle's egg. The ambassador, Ki-Chan, wishes to displace him, and he will do well. Have you in your country Leang-tais of that kind?" "What a question! the Leang-tais of the kingdom of France never go to bed without a candle; and when great men present themselves, they never fail to make ready a good dinner." "Ah! that is it; such is the right proceeding! but this Sue-mu-tchu"—at these words we could not help bursting out into a laugh. "Ah!" said the mandarin, "that name appears to you ridiculous. You do not know why the Leang-tai-Sua is called Sua-mu-tchu; it is in reference to a curious anecdote. The Leang-tai-Sua, before he was sent to Lha-Ri, exercised the duties of a small mandarin in a little district of the province of Kiang-Si. One day two men of the people presented themselves before him and begged that he would sit in judgment in regard to a trout, to which they each laid claim. The judge, Sua, thus pronounced his verdict—"Having separated the truth from falsehood, I see clearly that this trout is neither thine nor thine; I declare then that it belongs to me. Let my verdict be respected." The satellites of the tribunal went and took possession of the trout, and the judge had it sold at the neighbouring market. Ever since then the mandarin, Sua, is called everywhere Sua-mu-tchu, that is to say, Sua, the trout."

Crossing another lake on the ice, they lodged at the thermal waters of Tsa-Tchu-Ka, and next day passed the Chor-Ku-la, almost as difficult as the Lha-Ri, and beyond which was an extensive upland, cut up here and there by deep ravines and gullies, which looked like so many dark and frightful abysses. Some of these had to be crossed by the usual pine-tree bridges. The caravan arrived, however, at Alan-lo with the loss of only three oxen. Hence they descended by a pine-forest to Lank-Ki-Tsung, a village of wooden houses, the situation of which, after a long mountain journey, appeared extremely beautiful. A pass—that of Tanda, more difficult than any they had yet met with—still lay before them. Detained at the forest village for some days, they fed heartily on venison, pheasants, fresh butter, and a sweet tuberculous root—a kind of truffle—dug out of the mountain sides. The fare was not bad, but possibly monotonous. The rest of the time was spent in prayer, and playing at chess, which the Tartars play as is done in Europe, but the Chinese differently. They say chik for check, and mat for mate. The mountain of Tanda was passed, after three days' repose, with the loss of only a donkey. Beyond was the plain called Pian-Pa, and then another mountain-chain called Jak-la, and beyond this again the little town of Chobando, the houses and temples of which, being painted with red ochre, gave to it an agreeable aspect. Two days from Chobando, the Suk Tchu was ferried across, the bridge of pines having given way a few days before, and caused the death of two men and three oxen. Beyond this was the lake and upland of Wa Ho, the former guarded by an enormous toad, that no one has seen but many heard, and which imaginary reptile is venerated as the spirit of the place. The bright sun shining upon the snows of the elevated upland, affected almost the whole of the party with violent inflammation of the eyes, which was for some time the cause of much suffering. Three fatiguing journeys remained to be travelled over, and many of the detestable wooden bridges to be crossed, ere they reached Tsiando, 250 leagues from Lha-ssa, a distance which they had taken thirty-six days to travel.

Tsiando, capital of the province of Kham, is a Chinese military station, situated at the junction of two rivers, and surrounded by mountains. The

town is composed of large houses irregularly built and falling into ruins; the population look poor and dirty, but, as usual, there is a "magnificent" Lamaserie attached to the town, in which two thousand idlers live upon the superstitions of their more industrious fellow-creatures.

After three days' repose, the party once more started across mountain, and along river, and over Thibetian bridges—the horror of all Thibetian travellers—being often, in the hyperbolic language of the East, suspended in the clouds. As they approached Bagung, the granitic districts of Upper Thibet were succeeded by a limestone country, in the midst of which a mountain, abounding with large caves, particularly attracted their attention. Bagung is described as a mere village with a Chinese guard-house. The people of this village were, however, the first who refused to supply the caravan gratuitously. The authority of the "Pacifier of Kingdoms" was totally disregarded by these independent mountaineers. They were further abetted in this contumacious disposition by Prul-tamba, the chief of the province, who was at that time in open rebellion with the Chinese. The party paid a visit to this mountain-chieftain, whose abode is described as resembling a feudal castle of the middle ages, with ditch and pont-levis.

At the next station, Gaya, the Chinese officials were equally refused food and transport without payment. At the station beyond this, Angti by name, they were detained five days by the illness of the mandarin, whose legs had swollen from the fatigues of the journey, and were daily getting worse. The governor of Angti is described as being three feet in height, and carrying a sword twice as long as himself! Bomba, as this Thibet mountain-chief was called, was, however, a man of rare eloquence, great courage, and both powerful and respected. Like most Thibetian mountaineers in this part of the country, he at once detested and despised the Chinese.

Beyond Angti was another rude mountain, with its usual Obo, or cairn, and local genius or spirit, which, when not a gigantic reptile, is a red horse or a white horseman, or some other fantastic goblin only to be seen by the privileged few. Beyond this mountain was the town and district of Jaya, inhabited by bold, hardy mountaineers, who despise the yoke of the Chinese, and are perpetually rebelling against it. On their way beyond this, they overtook a caravan, the conductors of which—two mandarins, father and son—had perished on the way, and, according to custom, the bodies had to be conveyed to the tomb of their ancestors; to facilitate progress, the body of the son was cut into four parts. The district of Cha-pan-ku is so called from its slate quarries, and its woods of pine, cedar, and cypress are said to be more frequented than any part of Thibet by musk-deer. At length, at Kiang-tsa, they came into countries where the rule of the Chinese was better established, and the sick, yet avaricious mandarin was not mulcted of his money at every stage. The soil now, also, kept always lowering, the mountain chains were less lofty, the valleys widened, and became either more woody or cultivated. The magnificent Kin Cha Kiang, or river of golden sands, occupied the central valley of all. It had here, however, to force its way through frequent narrow passes, and to roll over lofty precipices, carrying with it large masses of ice. At one station, by the banks of this great river, they had exquisite fish for supper, a room impervious to wind, and skins of musk-deer for beds—all luxuries for a long time unknown to our poor missionaries. Still more delighted were they when, crossing a range of

hills, the splendid valley of Bathang, "Plain of Cows," lay before them. This great plain, which is met with, as if by enchantment, amidst the Thibetian mountains, has a beautiful climate, and is wondrously fertile; giving two harvests of rice, maize, wheat, barley, peas, cabbages, turnips, onions, &c., &c., every year. The town itself is large and populous; Lamas and Chinese are numerous, and there is also a Chinese garrison. The temporal power of the Tala Lama of Lha-ssa does not extend beyond this point. Beyond, the country is governed by vassal chieftains, called Tu-tsés. The chief temple at Bathang is called Ba, or Pa, whence, in Montgomery Martin's map, we see the place called Bathang, or Pa. The caravan was most hospitably received at this city, but the Mandarin Pacificator of Kingdoms was getting daily worse, and the missionaries laboured hard, upon his approaching decease, to convert him to the Christian faith, but without success.

The beautiful and warm plain of Bathang had, after a rest of three days, to be again exchanged for cold mountain districts, varied with forest scenery. In these forests, the common holly attained the size of a great tree. The Mandarin Ly-Kuo-ngan expired on the third day's journey, at a picturesque little village called Samba. The missionaries regretted deeply the loss of their conductor. His body was wrapped up in a white cloth, covered with sentences and images of Buddha, and duly coffined. Thus, the next day, the caravan took its departure with three corpses. The chief being dead, the monarchical form of government was succeeded by a democratic republic—a form of government so perfect, that the Chinese and Thibetians did not seem to be at all prepared for it, and everything went wrong, and all order was succeeded by a complete anarchy.

After three days' journey, they luckily arrived at Li-thang, or the "Place of Copper," where a new mandarin was appointed to the government of the caravan; and at Ta-sien-lu, "the Place of Arrows," they at length reached the Chinese frontier, having been three months on the journey from Lha-ssa. They parted here with their guard of Thibetians with many tears. These good mountaineers had shown them every attention and kindness during a long and trying journey.

The next day, their legs being swollen and bruised by travel, they got into palanquins, in which they were carried at the public expense to the capital of the province of Sse Tchouen (Sehwen of Montgomery Martin), where they were to be solemnly tried by the mandarins of the Celestial Empire. The verdict of the mandarins is not recorded by M. Hué; but the result is manifest in the fact that, after a few months of unrecorded travel across China, the worthy missionaries arrived at Macao in the month of October, 1846. Their return to contact with Europeans was not rendered the less interesting by the report of their deaths, which had for some time previously been in circulation in the East and in the geographical journals of this country. The missionaries appear to have traced the report originally to the *Bengal Catholic Herald*, published at Calcutta; and which, in an article purported to be derived from Canton, by date September 12, stated that two unfortunate French Lazarists, who had mastered the Mongol language by studying under the Lamas of native monasteries, had ventured into the interior, but had been detected in the remote regions of Mongolian Tartary, and had been tied to horses' tails and dragged to death. Happily, the missionaries were spared to give to the world the very curious work of which we have given an epitome.

## KREUZNACH SPA.

FROM England's coast, by the aid of steam, we were enabled to reach this brunnēn on the evening of the fourth day's travel—speed through the warm atmosphere of a hot June being the great desideratum of an invalid relative.

Situate in Prussia, on the confines of Hesse-Darmstadt, near the salt-works of King Frederic William, the waters of Kreuznach Spring are pumped to the surface on the bank of the River Nahe, at a point where it is backed up by a rude weir, in order to form a mill-stream, which, diverging and continuing separate for three parts of a mile, forms with the river an elongated island, varying in breadth from one to two furlongs, on which is located the principal part of the spa houses, the brunnēn and the kursaal, with its gardens and groves.

Cold as ice, clear as crystal, and salt as the sea, are the waters of this spring. Among the very many ingredients, bromide of soda appears to be the largest proportion. Scrofula and enlargements of the liver are the principal ailments, in which they are drunk with the most beneficial results. A more salt section of this spring supplies water for the bath, which is still more strongly impregnated with salt by mixing with it the sediment from the boiling pans at the saltworks, called "mutter lange." By degrees only is this addition of salt made to the bath, as the effect of it upon the body externally is so very powerful, that when the maximum quantity is being used a prickling sensation is the result; how great then must be the power and effect internally, even of the milder portion, or drinking water!

The peculiar properties of this brunnēn are only gradually becoming known in countries remote from it. Among our physicians of note, Dr. Locock highly recommends its use in certain complaints; and, whilst the Russian frequents it, the Greek, in his picturesque dress, proclaims it becoming known in an Eastern clime. The Austrian also, the Pole, and the German, from the eastern and southern sides of his fatherland, meet to imbibe its health-restoring waters.

Before the foreigner located himself here for the spa season—demanding more convenient and comfortable accommodation—the Prussian and the German were content (when drinking the waters) to occupy quarters in the narrow streets of the town, on the opposite bank of the river, which wears a more sombre and business-like aspect than that extension near the brunnēn, and is commanded by its once famous castle, that still appears to extend a guardian care over the little town which once crept close for shelter at the foot of its high and rocky perch. This promontory, or tongue of rock, stands prominently forward into the town, buildings clustering around its base; it is the abrupt subsiding of mountain-land, that within the distance of half a mile up the river's course might be about double the height of the castle's position, and still rising beyond.

Vineyards extend along the surface of this hill for some distance, and also down the southern side, to the point where lofty, perpendicular, buttress-like, red rock dares the vine-dresser's invasion; the river laves the base of this mural steep, and its bed is of the same rocky nature. The other side of this tongue of highland gradually subsides into the common

level of the country, and then vine-clad hills again rise, forming a broad valley, teeming with extensive crops of grain, uninterrupted by hedge or ditch.

•The bridge that spans the River Nahe has an extension that spans also the island and mill-stream, and leads into a straggling quarter of the town, that once was environed by walls, of which little besides the arched gateways remains to tell that, being beyond the pale of the castle's protection, self-dependence was the only resource. About midlength, the island is crossed by this long bridge, on whose buttresses rest many a little house of antique shape; some forming a pretty and picturesque object at the end of the long straight road that, through a juvenile avenue of acacia and other trees, and some few houses, leads directly up the island to the circle of grass-plot and flower-beds that ornament the front of the kursaal (hotel and bath-house combined). Beyond this open space, to the extreme point, the island is thickly foliaged with lofty forest trees, and intersected by meandering walks, some seeking the umbrageous part, others winding down to and along the river's pebbly beach, opposite to the tall red cliffs of the Kauzenberg Hill, which a little summer-house, called the Schlosberg, here crowns.

At this extremity of the island is the brunnen, or "Elizabeth Quelle," whither, at early morn and at eventide, resort the water-drinkers, the morning hour being most patronised, as the operation of the water upon the almost sleeping system is more effective.

Through a slight curiosity, sometimes I arose early and amused myself by standing on the terraced roof of the well-house, watching the crowding cupbearers, who, in *dishabille*, came for their cold draughts, ere they breakfasted or bathed.

Turning round, an uninterrupted view up the river is presented, to the point where the semicircular chain of hills, that bound in the valley on the south, forms, with the opposite mountain-side, a narrow passage for the stream, and, peering over this part of the chain, appear the dark points of the "Rheingrafenstein" rocks, and the summit of the hill called "Die Gans." A bridge connects the banks at this proximity of hills, leading to a pretty hill-environed valley, where is situate Theodors-hall, comprising the saltworks and the salines—another, but more briny well. To the right hand the lofty range of hill, before described as ending at the castle-crowned points, extends in close parallel with the stream, to which the almost inaccessible sides so closely approach, that stones, quarried about mid-height, roll down to the brink.

In the midst of the fields on the left hand are located two of the hotels, removed alike from the propinquity of other houses and the stir and bustle of the spa. Beyond these appears, on the elevation of the semicircular chain of hill, a Grecian-temple style of building, indicative of a fine prospect being commanded from its site.

By the bright light of the moon have I contemplated this scene just described, as well as by the glorious light of the sun. The rosy hour of declining day, however, suits the scene best; for then many a hidden point of beauty, either in form or colour, stands forth conspicuous, the effect of shade on one, or the flood of golden-coloured light on the other, enhancing them much. Then did the conical points of the "Rheingrafenstein" rocks of porphyry, clad in the sombre garb of shadow, stand forward from the hill in the background, finely developed through the



contrast; and then did the ridged sides of the still loftier Gans shine forth under the colour-giving beams of the orb of day—light and shade, commingling on one surface, also enhanced with variety parts and points that otherwise might have remained unnoticed and unadmired. •

Oftentimes, while the eye was revelling in this scenic display, the ear also had its revels, for harmony floated on the breeze; the brunnen band of music rose above the buzz of voices, or the silvery, ringing ripple of the rock-strewn stream, and, in softening cadence, stole through the grove, or awoke mock Echo from her rocky lair on the vine-clad heights.

At the distance of about fifty yards above the weir, a small ferry-boat was plied across to the foot of a steep pathway, that ran up through a depression in the hilly range, taking the course of a gulley's gravelly bed, which, in places, gave strong evidences of the riotous use to which it was sometimes put. By this route the Kauzenberg Hill was gained, and, through vineyards, paths led from castle to summer-house, commanding a perfect bird's-eye view of the brunnen *locale*, that formed truly a very gay and brilliant scene—the red-tile and slated roofs, the whitened and red-stone houses, the gardens, groves, orchards, and vineyards. The Byzantine spired church, and the river's course, rendered the foreground most varied and rich in colouring, and most beautiful in appearance; whilst the more distant scene was also gay in the bright yellow of the almost interminable plain of ripe corn, that contrasted effectively with the green vineyards, or other fields, which extended over the valley only in patches. The spiral form of the Lombardy poplar, bending gracefully to the breeze, sometimes guided the eye to a distant embowered road—frequent associates—or added a touch of life, by its waving motion, to some clustering collection of trees of more expansive form, as presented at both ends of the island. A peep into the little fan-shaped valley of the salines was also had from the little observatory, or schlosberg; and the surface of the higher part of this hilly chain shone in its variety of colouring.

From the castle's position, beside completely overlooking the old town, and commanding the main part of the scenery just mentioned, more distant but mist-clad views were presented through the opening of the valley, Rhinewards. The range of the high and sweeping land, that formed the further bank of the Rhine, was visible, and objects having a white surface were easily descried, particularly when the western beams of the sun were unobscured. Then were the whitened buildings of Johannisberg seen just peering over the nearer bank of the Rhine; and further up the sweep of hill, and more to the right, the long range of white building used as a lunatic asylum—so conspicuously seen from the Rhine—shone brilliantly under the sun's rays; and on the very apex, and still more to the right, appeared the square mansion of Die Platte, a hunting-seat of the Nassau duchy, and within six miles from Wiesbaden.

Amongst the few remaining walls of the castle, little besides the figure of a lion, sculptured in basso-relievo, on the red stone, and a small arch, would arrest a stranger's attention. Probably the pilfering of materials for the erection of the vineyard-holder's house—that occupies a most conspicuous part of this site, and inducing the supposition at a distance of more perfect and extensive remains—will in some degree account for the paucity of subject for the antiquarian. It is said some British were at the storming and reduction of this Castle of Kauzenberg.

Through a grove commenced the descent nearest to the old town; and in steep paths and Lombardy poplars silent guides appeared, leading past a few retreats of the wealthier inhabitants—white houses, prettily isolated in their embowering gardens.

The narrow streets of the town being paced through, to the further side from the castle-crowned rock, a superior kind of building, but without anything assuming in its outward aspect, appears, at the very verge of the town, and somewhat recessed in the garden that also extended far behind, densely wooded. This is the casino, a subscription concern, where the better class of the inhabitants had their news-room, their ball-room, their billiard-table, and their club-room for dining, &c.

A gay assemblage tea in the gardens on a Sunday evening, attended by a band of musicians, and, about once a fortnight, adjourn to the ball-room as night closes in, where they circle joyously on the inlaid and waxed floor, and afterwards sup, while the band gain fresh vigour to play the *tanz-musik* until some two hours after midnight. The bath-doctor's daughters, and others of the first class, meet here on terms of equality; the better class of the town shopkeepers all appearing to enjoy the amusements and gaiety of the place.

Should the evening be fine, the number of the ladies assembled in this fine ball-room will be generally above a hundred, the gentlemen, perhaps, not quite so numerous; and in this assembly that singular, though convenient German rule, is strictly adhered to in the arrangement of those about to join in the circular dance, by the adoption of which any crowding amongst those dancing is obviated completely. When the time for a waltz, or other circular dance, is struck up by the orchestra, those intending to join in it, and wishing to secure good places, stand up and form round the room in the position of the promenade (just as if they had been promenading as we do after a quadrille, and suddenly had come to a stand-still). All being thus arranged, the band re-commences the tune; for the music ceased as soon as a few of the first bars had been played so as to notify the dance about to take place. Then dash out of the range those couples that had first stood up, or formed (the number actually dancing being restricted in accordance with the size of the room), and circle about until fatigued, or pleasure or duty to the rest dictates a cessation, when their place in the mazes of the dance is taken up by those standing next in order, while the retiring pair go behind those who had last formed, or who had retired just before them from the arena of the dance; in brief, they go, as it were, to the bottom of the class, in school phrase, and there wait until their turn to dance again comes, which is when those preceding them in the circular range have danced, and retired in their turn.

Behind this casino the gardens or wooded grounds that extend up the hill are very beautifully laid out as an undulating grove or hanging wood; the main walk, passing between two high elongated mounds clothed with trees, serpentine gradually to the summit, where a little observatory overtops the mass of foliage, enabling an extensive survey to be made of the surrounding country. An open space at this elevation, and shaded by rows of acacia trees, is appropriated to that favourite game amongst the Germans which we call skittles, and find only in vogue amongst our low classes,—in short, it has the position there that bowls have with us. To this club, its grounds, and amusements, strangers are admissible, having all the advantages of the regular subscriber on

an introduction by a member, and the purchase of a monthly ticket, which costs a thaler (3*s.* sterling). The situation of the building being for the convenience of those in business, is inconveniently placed for the spa visitors, as the town has to be traversed through, which on a warm day, notwithstanding the cool grove in prospect, often requires much more perseverance and endurance than the lounge can muster or will submit to.

Crossing the road directly opposite to the casino, a slight opening leads one in about a hundred paces to the brink of the river, where I have sometimes left my boat when having to go to the club for a short time.

From this point the opposite bank presents a very wooded and pretty appearance, abounding in Lombardy poplars and other forest trees, that embower a whitened building called Kiskysworth, an hotel and boarding-house combined, having a large room for dancing, opening upon the extensive grove that lies between the river and mill-stream, shading the latter in a very picturesque manner, so as to present in perfect miniature such a river that one reads of amongst those in America, where a boat might be moored totally concealed amid the boughs that sweep the stream, and form an impenetrable veil.

On the opposite side of the river to this grove numerous summer-houses, or alcoves, crowned the elevated wall that banked the stream; and in places this wall was pierced through for steps which led from garden to river, enabling a boat to be entered by the occupiers of the houses to which these gardens were attached. To the cool and shady retreat attached to Kisky's Hotel many repaired on the Wednesday and Saturday evenings, when a band of music performed in the grounds, or, if wet or damp there, in the large room of the hotel, where, after coffee, an hour or two was passed in the enjoyment of the dance.

From these gardens a temporary ferry was made use of during the days of the feast, which is a festival or fair held once a year (16th of August, and few following days), beginning on the anniversary of the day when the principal or parish church was consecrated. Crossing the river by this means, from the lower point down stream of these grounds by the second flower mill, and just above the rapid, the ferry girl would land one on some meadow ground, a little above the stupidly chosen town's bathing place or open baths.

On surmounting the slight bank a long avenue of tents and booths was presented, extending for the distance of nearly 200 yards, and at the lower end show booths appeared, and stands for rustic games of chance to be played on, such as a low-sided box in which was a small hynning-top and ninepins, &c. A place for dancing in, built of lath and plaster, and well boarded, appeared round the corner, taking rank above the booths. The yard market, or place where horses and cows were exhibited for sale on one of the days, lay behind the shops and by the river; here some singular scenes would occur in the bartering between Jews and others.

Higher up the river than the *brunnen* and its *kursaal*, at the distance of about half-a-mile, is another salt section of the same spring, and the one whence the bath water is conveyed in large barrels placed on wheels, and drawn generally by one, but sometimes by two horses; to raise the water to the surface and into the casks, a pump is worked by manual power. Still further up the stream, and on the opposite bank among the royal saltworks at Theordorshall, is the *brunnen* generally called the *Salines*, which is much more salt and nauseous than the *Elizabeth Quelle*; it rises in a

garden by the road-side, which is overlooked by substantial-looking lodging houses that have a general dining-room in the garden, where, twice a week, a band of music performs, inducing much company from the neighbourhood to drink coffee, &c., and often a dance till dusk closes the scene.

Hills closely environ this little valley, save where the river has pierced its way, and among them, rearing a loftier head, stands conspicuous that named *Die Gans*, whose reddened promontory, that with precipitous and furrowed glacis juts into the stream, becomes still more red at eventide, when floods of the sun's rays bathe its buttresses, enhanced by being the only object in the valley so honoured. The most peculiar feature in the valley is a series of long narrow sheds almost indescribable, that are in some way connected with the salt making, and contain, beneath the tiled roof, supported by wooden pillars, exposed stacks of thorns neatly and closely arranged, having large tanks that extend directly underneath for receiving the salt water, which is pumped up to the top of the stack, and then, being guided and dispersed, is thence allowed to trickle down through the dense mass of dark thorns into the tank, leaving a coating of salt on each sprig like frost work. After making this deposit the water is drawn off the tanks and boiled in pans erected in a building hard by; the mutter lange, before-mentioned as used in the baths, is the fluid residue after the evaporation and the extraction of the salt.

Curious and somewhat primitive is the mode in which connexion from the water-wheels is had with the different pumps. At each shed, unwieldy-looking wooden bars, or rails, extend across the meadows and under the road, supported, at the height of about a yard, by posts, with iron arms. These, with slow horizontal motion, and doleful creak and groan, act night and day. As the breathing the salt-impregnated air as much as possible is recommended by the doctors to the frequenters of this spa, the close propinquity of the salt-sheds is sought by them; therefore planks, forming pathways over the tanks, by the tall side of the moist stacks, and also benches, are placed for their convenience.

The exit from this vale, at the further end from *Kreuznach*, is very contracted, as river, road, and water-duct run in close parallel for a few hundred yards, overlung by precipitous rocks, through which, on one hand, the two latter seem to have had a passage excavated; whilst the *Gans*, or *Gosse Mountain*, rising abruptly from the river, on the other hand, causes a very confined strait. A very sharp turn in the road occurs immediately after crossing the water-duct, in order to avoid the river; and to take the middle course, between the streams, renders driving through the pass somewhat attendant with danger.

Another vale now develops itself, and two of its attractions are displayed at once—the singular crag of porphyry rock, called the *Rheingrafenstein*, and the renovated castle of *Ebernberg*. Here is also situate the little village of *Münster*, and its saltworks. Forming a mural bank to the river, directly opposite to this village, is the *Rheingrafenstein*, which, with a smooth surface, rises perpendicularly to the height of about six hundred feet. The culminating points are slightly separated for some distance, when they join, and form a broad basis, giving a cone-like appearance to the whole mass. Independent of the support of the adjoining high land, this peculiar-looking rock stands prominently forward, abutting on the hill with its lower half, though apparently once completely distinct from it, the connexion probably arising from the dislodg-

ments of parts of the greater mass filling up the vacancy. Much of the grand effect of this rock is deteriorated by this hill, rising steeply behind and beyond it, to the greater elevation of the Gans, whence there is a finer and more extensive prospect than from the rock which commands only the one valley and a view up the course of the river. The remains of some few walls of stone on the very summit of the rock indicate that a small castle, or rather fortress, was once extant there, concerning the building of which there is still current a very incredible legend, unworthy of mention, save as connecting its ownership with that of the neighbouring castle of Ebernburg, which, at the distance, in the air-line, of about a quarter of a mile from the rock, presented a very impregnable appearance to the surrounding parts, except to that part which is behind it from the valley, it being situate on the point of a promontory, or tongue of high land, which, having a slight depression just beyond the castle's site, gives it an isolated and strong position. It doubtless formerly protected a pass or entrance to a narrow valley or gorge that runs up from the river and along the base of the promontory, and seems a kind of high-road into this part of Bavaria, to which it gains access by crossing the river just at the spur of the castle's hill by means of a floating bridge. Beautifully situated, the ruins have undergone a complete repair in the castellated style, and made so perfectly habitable as to be occupied as an hotel, where flock the spa people in their lionisings on the two weekly music days (Sunday and Thursdays), when coffee drinking and dancing in the large room is much patronised by them; a banner waving over the battlements indicates the days when the band of music is performing within the walls.

From the leads of the roof, or from the top of some ruinous rampart wall—of which many remain—several sweet scenes are presented on those still summer evenings that often succeed a very warm day, overlooking the vineyards that clothe the slopes: in one direction the valley of Münster is to be admired; in another the quiet, narrow, and fast-darkening little valley or gorge, and a cluster of elevated ruins in the distance; next, up the river's course, the eye becomes rivetted on the noble and magnificent cliffs, called the Rothenfels, that rise perpendicularly to an immense height on the stream's bank, cragged, fissured, and pinnacled in admired disorder throughout the great length of the precipice, which may extend a quarter of a mile, the road running along the very base, and the river parallel with the road.

When a ruddy sunset illumines the face of these extensive rocks, they fulfil the German title they bear of "red rocks;" the crevices and other parts being in shade, afford a relief to the bare part of the surface, presenting a *tout ensemble* very beautiful indeed. The close inspection of this precipice quite astounds one, on such a magnificent scale is the formation. The view from the base enables the eye to coin out of this living rock many an ideal figure or imaginary piece of sculpture, such as the receiving the commandments on Mount Sinai.

The perpendicular inclination of the strata induces such-like appearance in these extraordinary rocks, the equal to which can scarce be found, save, perhaps, among those that be sea-washed. The prospect commanded from the summit is very extensive and varied, the great elevation enabling a most distant survey, comprising parts of Nassau, Bavaria, Prussia, and Hesse-Darmstadt, whilst that, with the great precipitousness, presenting a bird's-eye view over the cultivated land just beyond the river, invoking an

observation on the scarcity, or almost absolute want of farm-houses, which in England would be scattered over such a rural district. The abode of the farmer and his troop of assistants, and the place or barn for all agricultural produce, is, however, to be found generally in the nearest village, or hamlet, or even town.

Many other peculiarities may be detected by an English eye: every moderate-sized village has its swine-general, and goose-general, whom, on a very early progress through the place, may be seen collecting his troop of grunTERS or cacklers, in order to take them on their foraging sally for the day. Sometimes the pigs may be observed, when driven down to a river, hurrying into the stream on a swim intent, and a few boys—mischievously inclined—swimming after the grunTERS, who, with many a squeak of alarm, paddle away in the best manner they can from their amphibious and strange assailants.

The females among the peasantry are devoid of figure, and almost frightful in appearance, toil adding many years to their looks beyond their actual age; whilst those whose duties engage them in towns have a more favourable appearance, and many are pretty and have good figures. The dress of the peasant-woman, servant-woman, and those of the lower or working class in towns, wear a make of dress somewhat resembling that of our dairy or chambermaids, save that the *bedgown*, so called, has a skirt only three inches long, a padding—of the bustle species—extending from the back over the hips; stays in general seem not to be worn, except by those servants who have not hard places. Bonnets they never wear; merely a three-cornered handkerchief (white in general, and sometimes coloured) is thrown over the head and tied underneath the chin. Even on the box seat of a carriage and pair, containing members of the family, a servant-woman will appear, seated with head uncovered, save by a parasol, which is a common protection from the sun's rays, used by those who are above wearing the handkerchief covering; the hair is, therefore, neatly arranged or plaited. The nurse may be seen carrying her little charge, stretched—probably asleep—on a pillow in her arms, decorated with edging or fringe.

Little difference is there in the dress of the men to ours; but caps are almost invariably worn by them. The better class, having the same emporium (Paris) as ourselves, differ little in dress. The season extends from May to the 15th of August, on which day also the vineyards are closed, intimation to that effect being given by a whip of straw tied to a pole, appearing at intervals on the outsides. A violation of this is punishable by penalty. Even footpaths are in some retired parts of vineyards closed up by barricades.

That common German nuisance, the cutting up of wood in the streets before the purchaser's door, is here one of the inconveniences in passing along the narrow streets of the town. Besides the Roman and German Catholic churches in the town, there are on the opposite side of the river the almost perfect eastern walls and window tracery in red stone of another church, up to the western side of which is built a church with its Byzantine spire, intimating a Lutheran place of worship. On the buttresses of the bridge two marks or spikes denote the great height to which the flood waters of the River Nahe have risen; even the kursaal itself is surrounded in the winter floods; hence one reason why a slight elevation has been sought for its site.

## THE MAGIC MAZE.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

THE Germans are said to be a philosophical and sagacious people, with a strong *penchant* for metaphysics and mysticism. They are certainly a *leichtgläubiges Volk*, but, notwithstanding, painstaking and persevering in their search after truth. I know not whence it arises—whether from temperament, climate, or association—but it is very evident that a large portion of their studies is recondite and unsatisfactory, and incapable of being turned to any practical or beneficial account. They meditate on things which do not concern them; they attempt to penetrate into mysteries which lie without the pale of human knowledge. It has been ordained, by an inscrutable decree of Providence, that there are things which man shall not know; but they have endeavoured to draw aside the veil which He has interposed as a safeguard to those secrets, and have perplexed mankind with a relation of their discoveries and speculations. They have pretended to a knowledge of the invisible world, and have assumed a position scarcely tenable by the weight of argument adduced in its defence. What has puzzled the minds of the most erudite and persevering men, I do not presume to decide. Instances of the re-appearance of persons after their decease, may or may not have occurred; there may, for aught I know, be good grounds for the belief in omens, warnings, wraiths, second-sight, with many other descriptions of supernatural phenomena. I attempt not to dispute the point. The human mind is strongly tinctured with superstition; it is a feeling common to all nations and ages. We find it existing amongst savages, as well as amongst people of refinement; we read of it in times of antiquity, as well as in modern and more enlightened periods. This universality betokens the feeling to be instinctive, and is an argument in favour of the phenomena which many accredit, and vouch to have witnessed.

I inherit many of the peculiarities of my countrymen. I, too, have felt that deep and absorbing interest in everything appertaining to the supernatural. This passion was implanted in my breast at a very early age, by an old woman, who lived with us as nurse. I shall remember her as long as I live, for to her may be attributed a very great portion of my sufferings. She was an excellent story-teller. I do not know whether she invented them herself, but she had always a plentiful supply. My family resided at that time in Berlin, where, indeed, I was born. This old woman, when she took me and my sister to bed of an evening, kept us awake for hours and hours, by relating to us tales which were always interesting, and sometimes very frightful. Our parents were not aware of this, or they never would have suffered her to relate them to us. In the long winter nights, when it grew quite dark at four o'clock, she would draw her chair to the stove, and we would cluster round her, and listen to her marvellous stories. Many a time did my limbs shake, many a time did I turn as pale as death, and cling closely to her from fear, as I sat listening with greedy ear to her narratives. So powerful an effect did they produce, that I dared not remain alone. Even in the broad daylight, and when the sun was brightly shining into every chamber, I was afraid to go up-stairs by myself; and so timid did I become, that the least noise instantly alarmed me. That old woman brought misery and

desolation into our house; she blasted the fondest hopes, and threw a dark and dismal shadow over the brightest and most cheerful places. Often and often have I wished that she had been sooner removed; but, alas! it was ordered otherwise. She pretended to be very fond of us, and our parents never dreamed of any danger in permitting her to remain under their roof. We were so delighted and captivated with her narratives, that we implicitly obeyed her in every respect; but she laid strong injunctions upon us that we were not to inform either our father or mother of the nature of them. If we were alarmed at any time, we always attributed it to some other than the true cause; hence the injury she was inflicting upon the family was unperceived. I have sometimes thought that she was actuated by a spirit of revenge, for some supposed injury inflicted upon her, and that she had long contemplated the misfortune into which she eventually plunged my unhappy parents, and which hurried them both to a premature grave.

I will briefly state the cause of the grievous change in our domestic happiness. My sister was a year or two younger than myself, and, at the time of which I speak, about seven years of age. She had always been a gay, romping child, till this old woman was introduced into the family, and then she became grave, timid, and reserved; she lost all that buoyancy of disposition, that joyousness of heart, which were common to her before. Methinks I now see her as she was then—a rosy-cheeked, fair-haired little creature, with soft, blue eyes, that sparkled with animation, a mouth pursed into the pleasantest smile, and a nose and chin exquisitely formed. My sister, as I have already stated, altered much after the old woman had become an inmate of the family. She lost the freshness of her complexion, the bright lustre of her eye, and was often dejected and thoughtful. One night (I shudder even now when I think of it), the wicked old beldame told us, as usual, one of her frightful stories, which had alarmed us exceedingly. It related to our own house, which she declared had at one time been haunted, and that the apparition had been seen by several persons still living. It appeared as a lady, habited in a green silk dress, black velvet bonnet, with black feathers. After she had concluded her narrative, under some pretence or other, she left the room, though we both strenuously implored her to remain; for we were greatly afraid, and trembling in every limb. She, however, did not heed our solicitation, but said she would return in a few minutes. There was a candle upon the table, but it was already in the socket, and fast expiring. Some ten or fifteen minutes elapsed, and the chamber-door was quietly thrown open. My hand shakes, and my flesh seems to creep upon my bones, as I recal that horrid moment of my past existence. The door was opened, and a figure glided into the room. It seemed to move upon the air, for we heard not its footsteps. By the feeble and sickly light of the expiring taper, we closely examined the appearance of our extraordinary visitor. She had on a green dress, black bonnet and feathers, and, in a word, precisely corresponded with the appearance of the apparition described by the wicked old nurse. My sister screamed hysterically, and I fell into a swoon. The household was disturbed, and in a few minutes the servants and our parents were by the bed-side. The old woman was amongst them. I described, as well as I was able, what had occurred; and my parents, without a moment's hesitation, laid the mysterious visitation to the charge of the old woman; but she stoutly denied it. My belief, how-



ever, to this day, is, that she was concerned in it. My beloved sister became a confirmed idiot, and died about two years after that dreadful night.

My subsequent wretchedness may be traced to this female, for she had already instilled into my mind a love for the marvellous and supernatural. I was not satisfied unless I was reading books that treated of these subjects; and I desired, like the astrologers of old, to read the stars, and to be endowed with the power of casting the horoscopes of my fellow-creatures.

When directed by my guardians to select a profession, I chose that of medicine, as being most congenial to my taste. I was accordingly placed with a respectable practitioner, and in due time sent to college, to perfect myself in my profession. I found my studies dry and wearisome, and was glad to relieve myself with books more capable of interesting me than those relating to medical subjects.

I had always attached great importance to dreams, and to the various coincidences which so frequently occur to us in life. I shall mention a circumstance or two which occurred about this time, and which made a very forcible impression upon me. I dreamed one night that an intimate friend of mine, then residing in India, had been killed by being thrown from his horse. Not many weeks elapsed, before I received intelligence of his death, which occurred in the very way I have described. I was so struck with the coincidence, that I instituted further inquiry, and ascertained that he had died on the same night, and about the same hour on which I had dreamed that the unfortunate event took place. I reflected a good deal upon this occurrence. Was it possible, I asked myself, that his disenthralled spirit had the power of communicating with other spirits, though thousands of miles intervened? An event so strange I could not attribute to mere chance. I felt convinced that the information had been conveyed by design, although the manner of its accomplishment I could not comprehend.

A circumstance scarcely less remarkable happened to me only a few days subsequently. I had wandered a few miles into the country, and at length found myself upon a rising eminence, commanding a view of a picturesque little village in the distance. Although I had at no period of my life been in this part of the country, the scene was not novel to me. I had seen it before. Every object was perfectly familiar. The mill, with its revolving wheel—the neat cottages, with small gardens in front—and the little stream of water that gently trickled past.

These matters gave a stronger impulse to my reading, and I devoured, with the greatest voracity, all books appertaining to my favourite subjects. Indeed, I became so engrossed in my employment, that I neglected my proper studies, avoided all society, all exercise, and out-door occupation. For weeks and weeks I shut myself up in my chamber, and refused to see anybody. I would sit for hours of a night, gazing upon the stars, and wondering if they exercised any control over the destinies of mankind. So nervous did this constant study and seclusion render me, that if a door were blown open by a sudden blast of wind, I trembled, and became as pale as death; if a withered bough fell from a neighbouring tree, I was agitated, and unable for some seconds to speak; if a sudden footstep was heard on the stairs, I anticipated that my chamber-door would be immediately thrown open, and ere many seconds elapsed to be in the presence

of a visitor from the dark and invisible world of shadows. I became pale and feverish, my appetite failed me, and I felt a strong disinclination to perform the ordinary duties of life.

My friends observed, with anxiety and disquietude, my altered appearance; and I was recommended to change my residence, and to withdraw myself entirely from books. A favourable locality, combining the advantages of pure air, magnificent scenery, and retirement, was accordingly chosen for me, in which it was determined I should remain during the winter months. It was now the latter end of September.

My future residence lay at the distance of about ten German miles from Berlin. It was a fine autumnal day, that I proceeded, in the company of a friend, to take possession of my new abode. Towards the close of the day we found ourselves upon an elevated ground, commanding an extensive and beautiful view of the country for miles around. From this spot we beheld the house, or rather castle (for it had once assumed this character, although it was now dismantled, and a portion only of the eastern wing inhabitable), that I was to occupy. It stood in an extensive valley, through which a broad and deep stream held its devious course—now flowing smoothly and placidly along, amid dark, overhanging trees—now dashing rapidly and furiously over the rocks, foaming and roaring as it fell in the most beautiful cascades. The building stood on the margin of the stream, and in the midst of thick and almost impenetrable woods, that rendered the situation in the highest degree romantic and captivating. The scene presented itself to us under the most favourable aspect. The sun was just setting behind the distant hills, and his rays were tinging with a soft, mellow light, the foliage of the trees, of a thousand variegated colours. Here and there, through the interstices of the trees, they fell upon the surface of the water, thus relieving the dark and sombre appearance of the stream. The road we now traversed, led, by a circuitous route, into the valley. As we journeyed on, I was more than ever struck with the beauty of the scene. Dried leaves in many places lay scattered upon the ground; but the trees were still well laden with foliage, although I foresaw they would be entirely stripped in a short time. The evening was soft and mild; but occasionally a gentle breeze would spring up, and cause, for a moment, a slight rustling amongst the trees, and then gradually die away. The sky above our heads was serene and placid, presenting one vast expanse of blue, relieved, here and there, by a few light fleecy clouds. As we got deeper into the valley, the road became bad and uneven, and it was with much difficulty we prevented our horses from stumbling. In one or two instances we had to dismount and lead them, the road in many places being dangerous and precipitous. At length we gained the bottom of the valley. A rude stone bridge was thrown over the stream above described, over which we led our steeds. Arrived at the other side, we entered a long avenue of trees, sufficient to admit of two horsemen riding abreast. When we had gained the extremity of the avenue, the road diverged to the left, and became tortuous and intricate in its windings. It was in a bad state of repair, for the building had not been inhabited by anybody but an old woman for a great number of years. We at length arrived in front of the entrance. As I gazed upon the dilapidated structure, I did not for a moment dream of the suffering and misery I was to undergo beneath its roof. We dismounted and gave our horses into the charge of a man who worked about the grounds during the day—

time. We were no sooner admitted into this peculiar-looking place, than a circumstance occurred which plunged me into the greatest distress of mind, and aroused a host of the most painful and agonising reminiscences. I conceived the event to be ominous of disaster; and so it proved. I recognised, in the woman who admitted us, that execrable being who had already so deeply injured my family, and to whose infernal machinations I unhesitatingly ascribed the idiocy and death of my dearly beloved sister. She gazed earnestly upon me, and seemed to recognise me. This discovery caused me the greatest uneasiness. I hated the sight of the woman; I loathed her; I shuddered when I was in her presence; and a vague, undefinable feeling took possession of me, which seemed to suggest that she was something more than mortal. I know not what evils I anticipated from this discovery. I predicted, however, nothing so awful, nothing so horrible, as what actually befell me.

I took the earliest opportunity of speaking alone with this woman.

"My good woman," I said to her, "I shall not suffer you to remain here at night."

• "Why not, sir?" she asked.

"There are certain insuperable objections, the nature of which you may probably surmise."

"Indeed, I do not."

"Then your memory is short."

"I do not understand you, sir."

"It is not of any consequence."

After some further altercation, she consented to submit to the terms dictated to her.

On the following day, my friend Hoffmeister returned to Berlin, where he had some business to transact, on which depended much of his future happiness. He promised to pay me another visit in the course of a week or ten days.

I spent the first three or four days very comfortably, though I was still very nervous, and in a weak state of health. On the morning of the fifth day, the old woman (who had by some means discovered my profession) asked me if I required a subject for the purpose of dissection. This was what I had long been seeking for, but my efforts to obtain one had hitherto been fruitless. I asked the sex, and she informed me it was a male. I was delighted with the offer, and at once acquiesced in the terms. Towards nightfall it was arranged that the corpse should be conveyed to the castle.

I know not from what cause, but, during the whole of the day, I was in a very abstracted and desponding state of mind, and began to regret that I had agreed to take the body through the mediation of the old woman, whom I almost conceived to be in league with Beelzebub himself.

The day had been exceedingly sultry, and towards evening the sky became overcast with huge masses of dark clouds. The wind, at intervals, moaned fitfully, and as it swept through the long corridors of the building, strongly resembled the mournful and pitiful tones of a human being in distress. The trees that stood in front of the house ever and anon yielded to the intermitting gusts of wind, and bowed their heads as though in submission to a superior power. There was no human being to be seen out of doors, and the cattle, shortly before grazing upon some distant hills, had already been removed. The river flowed sluggishly past, its

brawling breaking occasionally upon the ear when the wind was inaudible. Suddenly the wind ceased, and large drops of rain began to fall; presently afterwards, it came down in torrents. It was a fearful night. Frequent peals of thunder smote upon the ear; now it seemed to be at a distance, now immediately overhead. Vivid flashes of lightning were at intervals seen in the distant horizon, illumining for a moment, with supernatural brilliancy, the most minute and insignificant objects. In the midst of the tempest, I fancied I heard a rumbling noise at a distance. It grew more distinct; the cause of it was rapidly approaching. I looked earnestly out of the window, and I thought I could discern a moving object between the interstices of the trees. I was not mistaken. It was the vehicle conveying the dead body. It came along at a rapid pace. It was just in the act of turning an angle of the road, when a tree, of gigantic proportions, was struck, by the electric fluid, to the ground. The horse shied, and the car narrowly escaped being crushed beneath its ponderous weight. The men drove up to the entrance, and speedily took the box containing the body from the car, and placed it in a room which I showed them into. I directed them to take the body out of the box, and place it upon a deal board, which I had laid horizontally upon a couple of trestles. The corpse was accordingly taken out. It was that of a finely-grown young man. I laid my hand upon it; it was still warm, and I fancied I felt a slight pulsation about the region of the heart. Anxious to dismiss the men as soon as possible, and fearing that the old woman might be imposing upon me, I asked the price.

"*Siebzig Thaler, mein Herr,*" said the man.

"*Danke, danke—tausend mal,*" said he, as I counted the money into his hand.

At this instant a vivid flash of lightning illumined, for a second or two, the livid and ghastly corpse of the man, rendering the object horrible to gaze upon.

"*Gott im Himmell! was für ein schrecklicher Sturm!*" exclaimed the man to whom I had paid the money.

In a few minutes the men departed, and I stood at the window watching them, as they drove furiously away. At length they disappeared altogether from my view.

I was now alone in the house. The storm was as furious as ever. I had never before felt so wretched. I was restless and uneasy, and a thousand dark thoughts flitted across my distracted brain as I wandered from room to room. It was already quite dark, and I was at least a couple of miles distant from any living soul. The frequent flashes of lightning, the loud peals of thunder, the dead body of the man, and my own nervous and superstitious temperament, constituted a multitude of anxieties, fears, and apprehensions, that might have caused the stoutest heart to quail beneath their influence. I seated myself in the sitting-room that had been provided for me, and took up my *meerschauum*, and endeavoured to compose myself. It was, however, in vain. I was exceedingly restless, and I know not what vague and indefinable apprehensions entered my imagination. Whenever I have felt a presentiment of evil, it has invariably been followed by some danger or difficulty. It was so in the present instance. I drew the curtains in front of the windows, for I could not bear to look upon the storm that was raging with unabated vehemence out of doors, and I drew my chair closer to the fire, and sat for a consider-

able time. At length, between ten and eleven o'clock, I took from a small cabinet a bottle, containing some excellent French brandy. I poured a portion of it into a tumbler, and diluted it with warm water. I took two or three copious draughts, which I thought imparted new life to my frame.

I was in this way occupied, when a sudden noise in a corner of the room caused a feeling of horror to thrill through my whole system. I sprang upon my legs in a moment; my eyes stared wildly, and every limb in my body shook as though with convulsions. For a moment, I stood still, steadfastly fixing my eyes upon the place from whence the noise proceeded. All was quiet. I heard nothing save the beating of the rain against the windows, and low peals of distant thunder. I walked across the room, and I discovered that a riding-whip had fallen from the nail from which it had been suspended. Satisfied that there was no occasion for alarm, I resumed my seat, and indulged in fresh draughts of brandy and water. A few minutes elapsed, and a noise similar to the last filled me with new apprehensions. I sprang again from my seat. The pulses of my heart beat quickly. I gazed wildly about me. I could see nothing—hear nothing. I walked a few paces, and found an empty powder-flask upon the floor; it had fallen from a shelf upon which I had placed it in the morning. I was much alarmed; I reeled like a drunken man, and my mind was filled with the most horrible forebodings. I drank the diluted spirit more freely than usual, and stood awaiting the issue. Another article in a few minutes fell from the wall. I now knew what to expect. I had frequently read of this species of disturbance before. It was what is called in Germany the *Poltergeist*. In a few minutes, the greatest uproar manifested itself. The pictures fell from the walls, the ornaments from the shelves; the jugs, glasses, and bottles leaped from the table; the chairs, &c., by some unseen and infernal agency, were overturned. I ran about like one beside himself; I tore my hair with agony; I groaned with mental affliction; and my heart cursed the devil incarnate that had brought all this misery to pass. It was the woman; I was convinced of it. She, she alone, could conceive and hatch such monstrous and nefarious stratagems. I knew not what to do—whither to fly. The uproar continued. In my distraction, I ran from place to place. I entered the room where the corpse lay. Merciful God! I discovered, by the glimmering light from the other chamber, that it had changed its position. I had laid it upon its back. Its face was now turned downwards! My cup was full—my misery complete. I returned to the room I had just quitted. The disturbance had in some measure abated. I was thankful that it was so, and I proceeded to place the tables, chairs, &c., in their usual position. Whilst I was thus engaged, the tumult commenced afresh. No sooner had I placed a chair in an upright direction, than it was immediately overturned; no sooner had I suspended a picture from the wall, than it was again upon the floor. What was I to do? How was I to escape the horrible spells with which the arch-fiend had encompassed me? I could not leave the place on account of the storm; and even if I had done so, it was not possible that I could gain admittance into any habitation at that late hour of the night. Wretch that I was! What crime had I committed, wherein had I erred, that I should be visited with so unaccountable and terrible a calamity? My presence seemed to arouse the malignity of the *Poltergeist*, and I deemed it expedient to leave the

room. I was afraid to enter that in which the dead (?) man lay, lest I should be exposed to further causes for alarm. There was certainly a room in the higher part of the building in which I had been accustomed to sleep; but I dared not venture there in my present state of mind. I entered an adjoining corridor, and paced up and down for a few minutes, but the air was chilly, and I was in total darkness. The disturbance ceased as soon as I had quitted the room. I could not remain where I was, so I re-entered it, but my return was only the signal for fresh disasters. The uproar was resumed with tenfold energy. However much my heart might revolt from it, there was no other course open than to go into the room where the dead body lay. In the condition of one who is driven to the last stage of desperation, I walked, with as much fortitude as I could command, into that chamber. God of Heaven! I had no sooner reached the threshold than I started back with affright. I will not dwell upon that horrible scene; I will not minutely detail the agony I endured. The corpse sat upright! I drew the chamber-door quickly after me and staggered into the next apartment. Powerless and overcome, I fell to the ground.

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When I recovered, it was day. The light was streaming into the chamber, and the storm had subsided. Fresh marvels were to be revealed. I was no longer in the room in which I had been on the preceding night. I was in bed, in the chamber where I had hitherto slept! How came I hither? I knew not. I pressed my hand to my brow, and strove to collect my scattered senses. I was bewildered and confused, and could only account for the marvellous transition to which I had been exposed, by some remarkable agency, altogether intangible to my senses, and utterly beyond the power of my understanding to comprehend.

I descended, as soon as I was dressed, to breakfast, of which I sparingly partook. I was pale and agitated. My sitting-room was in its usual state of order. I did not venture into the other apartment, neither did I speak to the woman touching the spectacles I had witnessed.

Hoffmeister returned in the evening, some days sooner than he expected. He observed my altered appearance, and said—

*“Was fehlt dir? Du bist krank, nicht wahr?”*

*“Nein; ich bin recht wohl, Gott sei dank.”*

I could not, however, convince Hoffmeister that nothing had happened. I was not disposed to reveal to him what I had witnessed, for I knew he would treat the matter with unbecoming levity. His opinions were very different from mine upon these subjects.

Hoffmeister appeared much depressed in spirits himself. I inquired the cause, but he evaded the question. I concluded that his journey to Berlin had not been attended with satisfactory results, for I could conjecture no other cause for his unhappiness. We retired to rest early, for Hoffmeister appeared fatigued. I proposed that we should sleep together, which my friend gladly assented to.

I was much surprised, when I awoke on the following morning, to find myself alone. What had become of Hoffmeister? Had he, too, been under the domination of some evil power? I knew he was not an early riser, and his absence, therefore, astonished and agitated me. I dressed myself hastily, and immediately went in search of him. I wandered about

the adjacent grounds, but he was not there. I could not rest till I had found him. I had known him for many years, and had always loved and esteemed him. He was, till lately, my constant companion—my bosom-friend—in a word, my *alter ego*.

I resolved to extend my search. I swiftly passed through the avenue of trees, crossed the bridge, and it was not long before I had gained the summit of the road that led into the valley. I stood for awhile gazing around me. I gazed earnestly at the dilapidated and time-worn walls of the old castle, in which I had witnessed so many marvellous and horrible sights. I shuddered when I reflected upon them. I resumed my journey, and at length reached a village a few miles distant from my former abode. I walked quickly forward, and on my way met several persons who saluted me, whom I did not remember to have seen before. What could they mean by taking such unwarrantable liberties with me? They did not appear to be drunk, nor to have any intention of insulting me. It was odd—unaccountable. I hurried on. My head began to swim; my eyes were burning hot, and ready to start from their sockets. I was wild—frantic.

I reached the shop of an apothecary, and stepped in to ask for water, to quench my thirst. The man smirked, and asked me how I was. I told him, I did not know him; but he persisted in saying he had been in my company only a night or two before. I was confounded. I seized the glass of water he held in his hand, and took a hearty draught, and precipitately departed. I travelled on. I was bewildered—in a maze, from which I found it impossible to extricate myself. I made inquiries about my friend, but the people stared and laughed, as though there was something extraordinary about me. I wandered about till nightfall, and at last found shelter in a cottage by the road-side, which was inhabited by an infirm old woman.

The next day I returned to the village. I called upon a gentleman with whom I was intimately acquainted. I thought he might be able to give me some tidings of my friend. When I was ushered into his presence he did not know me. I was incredulous. Was I no longer myself? Had I changed my identity? Whence this mystery? I was unable to fathom it. I handed my card to him; he looked at it, and returned it, saying he did not know Mr. Hoffmeister. The card was that of my friend. How it had come into my possession I knew not. I apologised for the error, and informed him that my name was not Hoffmeister, but Heinrich Gottlieb Langström. My surprise may be conceived, when he informed me Langström—in fact, that I myself was dead, and that my body had been found in the stream that flowed past the village the day previously! I was ready to sink through the floor, and could not find language to reply to the monstrous falsehood. I rushed from his presence, feeling assured that some conspiracy was afoot to drive me mad. I must have become so, or I never would have been exposed to the extraordinary delusion to which I afterwards became a victim.

I entered a house of public entertainment, and determined to solve this dreadful enigma. I was, unfortunately, acquainted with the doctrines of Pythagoras, and, at the time to which I refer, no doubt insane.

I requested to be shown into a room, where I could arrange my dress. I was conducted into a chamber, in which all things necessary for that purpose were provided. My object, however, was of greater consequence than this. I wished to unravel the strange mystery that surrounded me—to discover, in a word, whether I were really myself, or some other person. There was no way of freeing myself from this horrible suspense and uncertainty than by examining my features in the looking-glass. There was one placed upon a dressing-table, but I shrank from it as though it had been a demon. I dreaded to approach it; I feared to look into it, lest it should confirm all the vague and monstrous misgivings that agitated my mind. I regarded it as the arbiter of my destiny. It possessed the power either to transport me with happiness, or to plunge me into utter, irretrievable misery. In that brief moment I endured an age of agony and suspense. With a faltering step, with a whirling brain, I advanced towards the glass. I stood opposite to it; I looked into it. Distraction! horror of horrors! It was not my own face I beheld! I swooned—fell backwards.

When I recovered, I found myself in the arms of a man, who bathed my temples with water. I quickly made my escape from the house. I was pale and haggard, like one stricken with some sudden and grievous calamity. I fancied, as I passed along, that the passengers whom I met stared at me, laughed in my face, and seemed to consider my misfortune a fit subject for their mirth and ridicule. Every hubbub in the street, every screeching voice that assailed my ear, I conceived to be attributable to my horrible transformation. I was afraid to look around; I dared not arrest my progress for a moment, lest any of the mocking fiends should make sport of my unhappy situation, and drive me to some act of desperation. On, on I hurried. I gained the fields. Thank Heaven! the village lay at a distance behind me. The haunts of men were no place for me. I was something more than mortal. I had undergone a change, of which I had never conceived myself susceptible. I sped forward; nought could impede my course. My only relief was in action. Anything to dissipate the thoughts that flitted across my distracted brain. Bodily pain might be endured—fatigue, hunger, any corporeal suffering; but to think, was death—destruction. Oh! could I have evaded thought for one moment, what joy, what transport! I fled onward; there was no time to pause—to consider. The sun had already sunk behind the hills, and night was about to spread her mantle o'er the earth, when I threw myself down, exhausted and overpowered. Slumber sealed my eyes, and I lay upon the ground, an outcast of men, an isolated and wretched being, to whom the common lot of humanity had been denied.

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I will hurry this painful narrative to a close. I have but a vague idea of the events that occurred during the next few weeks. I remember being told, as I lay in bed, by a young woman who attended me, that I had been found by some workpeople, on the night above referred to, in the vicinity of my former residence, and conveyed thither, and that I had been attacked by brain fever, and that my life had been despaired of by my medical attendant.

The body which had been found in the stream, and which was supposed to be mine, was that of my dear friend, Hoffmeister. In his agi-



tation, previously to his committing the dreadful act of suicide, he had inadvertently mistaken my garments for his own.

When I became convalescent, I determined upon leaving, as soon as possible, the scene of my recent suffering. Before doing so, I proceeded to the village which I had previously visited. I called upon the gentleman who had not recognised me on a former occasion; but, strange to say, he now remembered me perfectly, and received me very kindly indeed. I referred to the circumstance of our late interview, but he had no recollection of it. Whilst we were thus conversing, a third person entered the room, the very image of my friend, and who, it appeared, was his brother. An explanation at once ensued.

These matters I have thought it necessary to explain. There are, however, occurrences in the narrative, of which I can give no solution, though I may premise, that my conviction is, that those which took place in the village, arose from natural causes, with which I am nevertheless unacquainted. The body of the man, who, I have reason to believe, was not quite dead when he was brought to me, I conveyed with me to Berlin. The old woman I never again beheld.

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## SONGS OF THE MONTHS.

### SEPTEMBER.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

WHY I love September  
Is because it yields,  
To the teeming garner,  
The fulness of the fields ;  
Trees with treasure laden,  
And the clustering vine,  
Yielding, in its fulness,  
Floods of rosy wine.

Why I love September  
Is because it brings,  
In their full perfection,  
Nature's choicest things ;  
In the golden orchard,  
On the laden bough,  
Promise for the future,  
And abundance now.

ON THE ADVANTAGES AND PRACTICABILITY  
OF FORMING A JUNCTION BETWEEN  
THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

IN LETTERS FROM DR. HAMILTON, OF PLYMOUTH, TO S. BANISTER, ESQ.

LETTER III.

Information collected by Mr. Watts respecting the Atrato, Napipi, and Cupicà—Length of the Voyage from Carthagena to the Desembarcadere of the Napipi—Sluggish Current of that River—Time taken by the Indians in crossing the Isthmus with Loads, on Foot—Hallucinations of Mr. Bell—Uncertainty of the Geographical Positions of the West Coast of South America—Prospect of its speedy Termination—Report of Mr. Wood, an Officer of her Majesty's Surveying Ship *Pandora*.

HAVING concluded my last letter with the interesting and instructive narrative of the expedition of General Cancino, taken from a paper published almost upon the very spot, together with the evidence of the editor of that paper as to the perfect practicability of forming a line of communication, either by railway or canal, between the two oceans, across the narrow isthmus which divides the navigable part of the Napipi from the Pacific, I shall next proceed to the information collected from persons well acquainted with the locality, by my enterprising friend George Watts, and communicated to me by him, in a letter, dated "Carthagena (Columbia), 24th January, 1835," and now lying before me, in which he says—

"I note also your observations on the Napipi project, in which I take a very deep interest, as I feel convinced that great public and private advantage will accrue from it.

"My last letter will have informed you of my intention of visiting that spot previous to my departure for England. I have still that intention, although dissuaded by all my friends on account of the bad climate\* of the Chocò, almost every one, even the natives, falling sick on their arrival. *Mais le jeu vaut la chandelle*, and I will persevere.

"I perceive that you are working hard in the good cause, and hope to find the road paved for me on my arrival. As I do not think it will be attended with any very great expense, I would rather effect it with one or two wealthy individuals, than form a company, where so many are to be consulted and pleased. Try, therefore, and interest one or two great capitalists, who will decide on hearing my report of the feasibility and difficulties of the undertaking. I cannot obtain any certain information till I go to the spot in person. All I have been able to learn with accuracy, hitherto, is—

"That it is only two days' sail from hence to the mouth of the Atrato. From thence six days' to that of the Napipi, and as far up that river as boats or vessels of any sort can reach at this season of the year—say from January to March—when the strong sea breezes prevail from the north-east. That it takes only three days to ascend the Napipi to its *desembarcadere*, or source,† in the country boats, called *Ranchadas*, which are large canoes, from thirty to forty feet in length, but drawing only eight or nine inches of water; and that the Indians cross the isthmus between

\* Resulting from its uncleared, uncultivated, and undrained state; and which consequently, admits of cure. Mr. Watts did not, however, visit the Chocò at this time.

† Not the source from which it springs, but the highest point to which it is navigable in the native canoes.

it and the Bay of Cupicà, on foot, *with loads on their backs*, of cocoa-nuts and other provisions, in *six hours or less*, making two trips a day. That there is a small hill intervening, not “*terena enteramente llanos*,” as Humboldt says; nor four hills,\* as Cochrane asserts.

“I cannot learn anything of the depth of the Napipi, only that it is about *one hundred yards* wide at its mouth, or entrance, and is *not a rapid river*.

“I know, indeed, that *the Atrato is a deep river, fit for ships of any burden*, after once crossing the bar at its mouths†—the exact depth of water on which I cannot ascertain‡—or the feasibility of deepening it artificially. You will see by the map that it has several mouths to enter at. I am told the bed of the bar is formed of mud, sand, and rushes; if so, it will be easily deepened.

“With these data I fear no correct judgment can be formed as to the practicability of cutting a canal capable of admitting ships of large size, a plan which, if capable of being carried into execution, I have always considered to be the most eligible, as saving so much labour, loss, and time in transshipment, &c. By means of such a canal ships could ascend the Atrato under sail to the entrance of the Napipi, and be towed from thence by steam tugs into the Pacific.”

Such are the facts collected by Mr. Watts, at a distance of only eleven days’ sail from the spot; and facts collected, under such circumstances, from persons practically acquainted with the localities, are entitled to at least as much credit as the questionable statement of Major Alvarez, upon the strength of which our gallant countryman was betrayed into the somewhat premature assertion, that the formation of “a canal or iron railway” was “impossible;” or the almost equally dogmatic opinion expressed by Mr. James Bell, who, in the fifth volume of his “System of Geography,” when treating of the province of Guatemalà, makes the following remarks in a note at the foot of the six hundred and twenty-first page:—

“M. Humboldt considers the small bay of Tupico (Cupicà), situated between Cape Miguel (?)§ and Cape Corrientes, at the entrance of the Bay of Panamá,” as likely to afford a most commodious spot for the junction of the two oceans. Between Tupico and the point where the river Naipi becomes navigable, is a distance of only fifteen or twenty miles, through a flat level country; and the Naipi terminates in the Atrato, or Darien River, which discharges its waters into the Gulf of Darien, near the spot where the colony of New Caledonia was founded in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The Bay of Tupico is certainly a desir-

\* This is an inaccuracy, as he only speaks of three hills, or what he terms three sets of hills, on the authority of his friend the Columbian Major. (See my first letter, at page 370 of the *New Monthly Magazine* for July last.)

† This information is fully corroborated by the personal observation of Mr. Wood, of her Majesty’s ship *Pandora*, Captain Kellat, whose statement will be found farther on.

‡ This information has been already supplied by the article from the *Reverberacion Mercantil de Atrato*, of which a translation has been given in the second of these letters, page 248 of the *New Monthly Magazine* for August.

§ The northern Cape, I presume, at the entrance of the Golfo de San Miguel, of which Punta Carichana forms the southern side. In the map prefixed to the sixth volume of Humboldt’s “Personal Narrative,” no name is annexed to this headland. Mr. Bell’s knowledge of the coast appears, however, to be very vague and imperfect.

Cape Corrientes is laid down in Humboldt’s map in latitude  $5^{\circ} 30'$ , while the mouth of the Bay is above  $2^{\circ} 30'$  farther north. Possibly he confounded Cabo Francisco Solano, in latitude  $6^{\circ} 50'$ , with Cape Corrientes.

able entrance or outlet to such a canal, as it is sheltered from the northerly winds, and affords good anchorage.

"But we have been informed by a very intelligent nautical gentleman, that the Atrato would require to be *cut throughout a great part of its length* before it could be rendered a practicable line of passage for any thing except light canoes." \*

It was a complaint justly made by Humboldt in a note at the foot of page 249 of the sixth volume of his "Personal Narrative," a quarter of a century ago, that the geography of this coast was so extremely defective that, notwithstanding the length of time during which Spain asserted a claim of sovereignty over it, he was unable to find "the Port of Cupicà marked in any Spanish map;" although he "found Puerto Quemado ò Tupica, at 7° 15' latitude. (*Carta del Mar de las Antillas*, 1805. *Carta de la Costa Occidental de la America*, 1810.) A manuscript sketch," he continues, "in my possession, of the Province of Choco, confounds Cupicà and Rio Sabaleta, latitude 6° 30'; yet Rio Sabaleta is placed in the maps of the *Deposito*, South, not North, of Cape San Francisco Solano, consequently 45' south of Puerto Quemada. According to the map of the province of Carthagena, by Don Vincente, London, 1816, the confluence of the Rio Napipi (Naipi?) is 60° 40' latitude. It is to be hoped that these uncertainties of position will soon be removed by observations taken on the spot."

Years, however, have been suffered to roll away, and surveying expeditions have been despatched in succession to the Pacific; the whole west coast of America has been explored, with one little exception; and the remote and inhospitable inlet of Kotzebue's Sound, to the north of Behring's Straits, laid down with the minutest precision; and yet, down to a period so recent as the publication of Bell's Geography, the grossest ignorance appears to have prevailed with respect to this small but most important and interesting portion of the coast.

That this ignorance, and this extreme uncertainty with respect to the astronomical positions of this coast which, five-and-twenty years ago, Humboldt flattered himself was on the point of being dispelled, will not be much longer suffered to continue the opprobrium of geographical knowledge, is a hope in which we may, perhaps, reasonably indulge, as a Prospectus now lies open before me of "A new and original map of the Isthmus of Panamá, including the river Atrato and Cupicà Bay, together with geological sections of the proposed routes between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. By Evan Hopkins, C.B., F.G.S.," to be published by Trelawney Saunders, of Charing Cross.

This map, if it fulfils but half of what it promises, will amply supply the desideratum so long coveted in the annals of geography, and will do more to promote the completion of the line across the Province of Biruquete, than volumes of dissertations, or oceans of theory. The Prospectus goes on to say—

"The superior scale of this map gives room for the insertion of the features of this extremely interesting country in considerable detail. The mountains and hills are very minutely and beautifully delineated. The geological formations and mineral deposits are specially described and

\* Notwithstanding this dogmatic assertion of Mr. Bell's intelligent friend, the Atrato is continually navigated through the whole of its course by vessels of considerable burden trading between Quibdo and Carthagena.

coloured. Every town and village is introduced; and much information is contained in the notes, sections, and construction of the map, which has never been published before. The map is drawn from a trigonometrical survey made by order of the government of New Granada, by Mr. Hopkins.

"To render the illustration of this important area complete, the map will be accompanied by letter-press, embodying practical information on the proposed routes between the two oceans; together with general observations on the physical characteristics of this interesting part of the world."

When this map makes its appearance, which will not, it is to be hoped, be much longer delayed, I shall not be slow in availing myself of the valuable statistics it promises, should any fortunate circumstance place a copy within my reach. Meanwhile, I shall conclude my present letter with the valuable information communicated by Mr. Wood, an officer of H. M. S. *Pandora*, to a meeting of gentlemen interested in the subject, held at the London Tavern in February last, and of which a report appeared in the *Times* of the 27th of that month, from which the following particulars have been collected, and will furnish an admirable reply to the statements contained in Mr. Bell's ponderous system of geography.

The great river Atrato, which the reporter of the *Times* represents as having a course of about 300 miles,\* from south to north, is said, in this report, to be *navigable for vessels of the largest size*, to where the river Napipi joins it on its left or western shore; thus fully confirming the statements already made, and contradicted only by Mr. Bell's intelligent nautical friend. This latter river, continues the report, running from west to east, has been examined by Mr. Wood, one of the officers under the command of Captain Kellat, in her Majesty's ship *Pandora*. This officer has lately returned to England from surveying the western coast of South America. He landed a little to the southward of Cupica Bay, in 6 deg. 30 min. north latitude in the Pacific, and walked, *in less than two hours*, over a level ground, which rose *not more than 250 feet* above the level of the sea, until he reached one of the forks of the Napipi, flowing hence, *about thirty miles*, as a tributary to the great river Atrato; thus showing that the cutting required for canal purposes cannot exceed five or six miles, a work which, in this country, could be as easily accomplished in as many months. He reports, that in the Rio Atrato there is "plenty of water," by which expression, it was remarked at the meeting, a man-of-war's man means *plenty of water*, not for sloops or brigs, but for his own ship. "The information of which the promoters are in possession," says the *Times*, "is considered so ample and authentic as to warrant their proceeding with the formation of a committee of trustees only until a more complete survey has been made."

Thus, like the doubtful forms conjured up by the uncertain shadows of the night, the impossibilities of Captain Cochrane, and the phantoms of Mr. Bell, vanish into thin air as the dawn of precise knowledge brightens; and will be remembered only as the hideous monsters of the nightmare, after we have shaken off its leaden oppression, and roused ourselves to a thorough consciousness of existence.

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\* In a note at page 450 of my last letter, I have given reasons to believe that its length, from the sinuosities of its course, is nearly double this.

## THE BOUNDARY COMMISSION IN CANADA.

CANADA presents in every respect a theme of high interest. Its inland seas and unreclaimed wilds impart to it a primitive, almost savage grandeur; its motley population of Indians, French, English, and Americans, and its extreme climate—hot summers and Siberian winters—give to it a further peculiarity. Above all, the vast opening to emigration, and the uncertain future of the country, claim our sympathies. Misgoverned by its actual rulers, and coveted by the Americans, it is yet capable, by its increasing hardy population, its rapid progress—a progress extremely difficult to keep pace with—and its vast extent of territory, of forming an Acadian entity, that might long keep in check Brother Jonathan's insatiable desire to clutch at everything that is within his reach.

The part of North America which is claimed by Great Britain has been, till lately, of undefined extent. The decision upon the Oregon question, and the surveys effected by the late boundary commission, have done much towards doing away with such an untoward state of things, and, in accomplishing that, have also thrown much light upon the geography and condition of little known tracts of country. The desirable neatness of distinction is, however, far from being as yet attained, for families are daily emigrating from the one side to the other; and in the far west there are Indian tribes who dwell on American territory, and acknowledge the British sway. One thing is very remarkable, notwithstanding the great progress made by Canada, and to which a further impetus has been given by the discovery of the metalliferous richness of the territories north of the Huron and east of Lake Superior, that wherever British territory and American territory come in contact, or close approximation, as far as civilisation has yet extended, great congregations of human beings form themselves on the American side, to which a hut, a store, a stockade, or a fort, is opposed on the British. Thus at Niagara the Americans have Buffalo; the British, Waterloo. At Lower St. Clair the Americans have Detroit, with a population of more than 10,000 inhabitants.\* We have May and Sandwich, to which even the designation of villages would be a misnomer; at Upper St. Clair the Americans have Old St. Clair; the British, a mere stockade, called Sarnia. Beyond this, the introduction of steam will soon determine the progress of population and cultivation; but as yet almost everything is in a state of nature—a land for the Indian to hunt the bear, the beaver, and other fur-bearing animals, and for the British and Americans to dot the country here and there with their half-military, half-commercial establishments—stars as it were of a progressive civilisation, and of a gradual but sure subjection of the land—man's patrimony—to man's welfare. The Red River, and some few settlements that are progressing as it were in an independent and unassisted manner, constitute exceptions to the general rule.

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\* Few towns have made such progress as Detroit since 1821. Its population has increased sevenfold. Among its public buildings are a state house, city halls, state penitentiary, gaol, eight churches, three markets, a theatre, library, and museum. Country seats stud the environs. Two railroads into the interior are being made. The central railroad is finished to Marshall, one hundred miles; and so is the Erie and the Kalamazoo, thirty-three miles.

According to Sir Francis Head and others, population and capital sometimes double in eight years in Canada West! and yet such is the comparative progress on the American side. This may appear to some to be owing to the greater spirit and enterprise of the Americans; but it is not so much so as to the absence of systematic emigration, supported by government in this country. Dr. Bigsby says, in his preface to his excellent work, "*The Shoe and Canoe*"\*—a work which records the travel and researches of the boundary commission—

My humble but earnest wish is (and most disinterestedly) to show my fellow-countrymen that Western Canada, in particular, is a pleasant land; that it presents a variety of enjoyments—sport to the sportsman, inspiration to the poet, excitement to the brave, and health to the delicate; while, at the same time, it offers unfailing abundance to the destitute, and a haven to the homeless.

Many who go thither for a year choose to stay all their lives; and not a few, having left it, are sad and ill at ease until they once more stand upon the breezy shores of Lake Ontario.

Like all who possess personal information on the subject, from the late Lord Metcalf downwards, I beg to recommend and urge a large-planned emigration, under the auspices, though not altogether at the expense, of government.

With the most complete and gratifying success of previous efforts at colonisation, with the full consciousness of wide-prevailing distress at home, and well aware of the millions of rich acres in our American dependencies ready for occupation, the continued apathy of the British people and their rulers seems to call for the expression of no common indignation.

Let us, then, leave for a brief space the miseries we do not solace, the tears and crimes of our towns and villages, for the great lakes of Canada, reservoirs of crystal waters and wholesome airs, for the broad forest streams which pour into them, whose banks are peopled and peopling with our own energetic race.

Let us contemplate the diligent stir and exhaustless plenty of the New World. We shall find much to interest us in the august and singular features of the country, in its natural history, and in its population; among whom, besides the solemn Indian, the stereotyped French Canadian, and the enterprising New Englander, we shall meet with many originals from Europe, some hiding in woody nooks, others standing openly in the sight of a community too busy to bestow upon them more than a passing glance.

The approach to Canada is one of the most picturesque scenes in the world: the expanse of the great river St. Lawrence, vessels of war, with crowds of merchant ships and steamers fringing the shore, pine-clad rocks, scattered white houses, and trim churches on the left; the purple mountains which reveal the graceful cascade of Montmorenci to the right, in front the fine city of Quebec, crowning a lofty promontory, alternately in gloom and gleam with the scud of the tempest; the battlements of Cape Diamond stretching up the river to beyond the reach of vision. Imagination experiences no difficulty in placing this foreground of a noble and varied picture in its appropriate frame, "the amplitudes of savage and solitary nature all around, and reaching to the arctic circle."

Quebec itself, also, with its houses, churches, convents, barracks, and other public edifices, all gloomy and heavy roofed, stretching away into the gradually vanishing suburbs of St. John and St. Roque, presents a scene unrivalled in the western world, for grandeur, variety, and picturesque beauty. Dr. Bigsby asserts that there is nothing comparable, either at New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. From Quebec to Montreal,

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\* *The Shoe and Canoe*; or, *Pictures of Travel in the Canadas, &c.* By John J. Bigsby, M.D. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

with the exception of Lake St. Peter's, a shallow expansion of the St. Lawrence, nine or ten miles broad by twenty-five miles long, there is a continuation of similar scenery—a wide stream, with occasional islets and rapids, low cleared shores, with an endless street of houses, their very roofs ewashed, and here and there the mouth of a river hid in reeds and trees.

The island of Montreal, thirty-two miles long by ten in breadth, is situated amid lake-like expanses of the river, and is both picturesque and fertile. The metropolis of British North America is, indeed, both beautiful in aspect, in situation, and in its environs. Its inhabitants are enterprising, active, and opulent: its population exceeding fifty thousand. This city does not wear the heavy, sleepy air of Quebec. The social, easy-going Canadian is suffering from a great invasion of Americans and British, who have possessed themselves of the bulk of the upper country trade. "Few places," says Dr. Bigsby, "have so advanced in all the luxuries and comforts of high civilisation as Montreal, or is so well supplied with religious, philanthropic, and scientific institutions, in full activity, including both a hospital and a college for Protestants, besides the rich educational establishment of St. Sulpice for the Roman Catholics."

"This town," he goes on to say, "since I was first there, has been renovated—nay, nearly newly built—and greatly extended. Some of the show-shops rival those of London in their plate-glass windows; and its inns are as remarkable for their palatial exterior, as they are for their excellent accommodation within. Its magnificent quays of wrought stone, which line the St. Lawrence, are the admiration of strangers."

The main cause of this prosperity is the rapid peopling of the country, westward and southward, for six hundred miles and more. Thus, in one respect, Montreal is, by the advantages of its position, half an American—half a Canadian—city.

The vicinity of the great river Ottawa, which flows into the St. Lawrence, a little above Montreal, and which, like most Canadian rivers, presents in its course a constant alternation of lake-like expanses and of rapids, is particularly recommended by Dr. Bigsby for settlement. The great road to the Huron, and to Lake Superior, lies by this river, and not by the St. Lawrence and Lakes Ontario and Erie, as might be supposed from a superficial glance at the map. Dr. Bigsby says of the river—

It may be well here to premise that the Ottawa is throughout, and in many points of view, an interesting river. It is always very broad—from half a mile to two miles, and five hundred or more miles long, for Lake Tematscaning is not its source, but only an expansion. It is not so much a river, in the English sense of the word, as a chain of lakes, or long sheets of quiet water, twenty, thirty, and sixty miles in length each, connected by narrows and rapids, by which the river forces its way through high and rocky lands, in a series of cascades and foaming currents.

The countries adjacent will soon be the seat of a thriving population, for they seem for the most part fertile—fit for either pasturage or arable. Clearances on the Ottawa are now found two hundred miles above Montreal, and they are multiplying. Mr. Sheriff reports that the region between Lake Nipissing and the upper part of the Ottawa is a well-timbered, high table-land, inviting the labours of the poor but diligent settler. The Ottawa has long been the chief resort of the lumberer, who supplies England with great quantities of pine. Nowhere have I seen such lofty and large firs as on the Ottawa.

We have heard a great deal of the strength, endurance, skill, and



temper of the Canadian *voyageur*, but Dr. Bigsby does not speak well of those who took him up the Ottawa, albeit picked men. On a Sunday, he says, as they stand round the doors of the village churches, they are proud dressy fellows, in their particoloured sashes and ostrich feathers; but they were here of a motley set; all looked weak in their legs, and were of light weight! The doctor's description of the men individually is very graphic. Passe Partout, who was famous for the weight of fish he could devour at a meal, and knew the flavour of the fish of each great lake, just as the man, who had been ordered by Boerhaave to live on broth made of grass, came to know the field from whence it was taken, is a good local sketch. "But," adds the doctor, "their occupation is now gone—gone for them the hot chase of the buffalo, the fishing-spear, and echoing cliffs of Lake Huron. I look upon them with the same mysterious awe and regret as I should do on the last Dodo or Dinornis, the ultimate vestiges of a lost race."

Going up the river we have first the pretty Indian village of the Lake of the Two Mountains, next the Sing Sault Rapids, the portage of which is, we suppose, now superseded by the Grenville Canal, another lake-like expanse, sixty miles long, commencing at Hamilton Mills, and leading, by the falls of the Rideau and Chaudière, to the village of Hull, and the thriving and now important place, Bytown. One or two steamboats now navigate this lake daily. M. Papineau has a seignory, called *La Petite Nation*, upon the banks of this lake. Dr. Bigsby, it is to be noticed, travelled up the Ottawa in 1821; since that time gigantic locks have been constructed at the Rideau Fall, and a canal dug out to communicate with Lake Ontario; and so rapid is progress, that this again has been superseded by the St. Lawrence Canal. Hull contained, in Dr. Bigsby's time, half-a-dozen good houses and stores, a handsome episcopal church, and many inferior buildings.

Beyond the Chaudière Lake, thirty miles long, are the splendid falls of the Chat, with lake of same name, sixteen miles long. The chief, Macnab, is settled, with some of his clan, on the fertile shores of the last-mentioned lake. At the distance of 230 miles from the St. Lawrence, the canoe route leaves the main river for Lake Nipissing; and between that and the Chaudière Lake, we have the "deep river," the scenery of which is said to resemble the best parts of the Rhine, save the castles; Lake des Allumettes, with numerous islands; Fort Coulanges, the Grand Calumet, the Falls of *La Montagne*, and those of *Richelieu*. Throughout this distance, when not cleared, the banks of the river are alternately rocky and level, almost always beautifully wooded, with here and there bare hills or precipices alternating with meadows and morasses.

The western branch, called *Tesouac*, creeps for awhile sluggishly through swampy grounds, but soon widens, and the vicinity rises into well-wooded uplands. Then again this changes for narrows, in which the river becomes sunk in mural precipices, crested with half-burnt pines. There are two beautiful waterfalls; one at the Portage Paresseux, the other called *Le Talon*. Lake Nipissing is reached by three small but interesting lakes, charming bits of scenery, oval in shape, three or four miles long each, and sprinkled with islets. Bluffs and cliffs form their lofty and irregular shores, moderately clothed with that mingling of flourishing and fallen trees so suited to a landscape so wild. These lakes are the sources of the Vaz River, and the intervening portages are

rocky and swampy by turns; the river itself makes a leap of twenty feet into a lower region, where it is navigated amid rushes, reeds, cedars, and hemlock, to Lake Nipissing.

The size and shape of Lake Nipissing, Dr. Bigsby tells us, as expressed on maps, is only rude guess. So also of certain flitting islands put in and out of their maps by geographers (map-makers?) at their pleasure. According to the doctor's own map, it is from forty to fifty miles long by twenty in width, and studded with islands. Millions of acres of unreclaimed fertile lands await the emigrant in this fine habitable, yet uninhabited, country. The winters, however, are more severe than on Lakes Ontario and Erie.

Lake Nipissing discharges into Lake Huron by the River des François, which begins with falls over gneiss rock. This river, like the Ottawa, is described as less resembling a single stream than a bundle of water-courses flowing, with frequent inosculation, among lengthened ridges of rocks. The utterly barren and naked shores seldom present continuous lines bounding a compact body of water, but are commonly excavated into deepened narrow bays, obscured by high walls of rock and stunted pines. It is seventy-five miles long. Its breadth is exceedingly various, sometimes swelling into a broad lake for miles, and crowded with islands. Many rapids occur; and there are two cascades, and ultimately that stormy water, a thousand miles round—Lake Huron—is entered among shallows, reefs, and naked mounds of gneiss.

This brings us to the subject of the Great Lakes, one of the most curious and interesting in connexion with the physical geography of northern America; and it may be well to mention here that the duty of the Boundary Commission was to designate and trace upon charts of their own construction a boundary line along the middle of these great water-communications, commencing at the Indian village of St. Regis on Lake St. Francis, where the 45th degree of north latitude strikes the St. Lawrence, and passing up this river, through the middle of Lake Ontario, of the River Niagara, of Lake Erie, of the River Detroit, the Lake and River St. Clair, of Lake Huron, the Straits of St. Mary, and of Lake Superior, as far as the Grand Portage.

From the Grand Portage on Lake Superior the Treaty of Ghent directed the boundary to pass up Pigeon River and along the water-communications, a chain of lakes, rivers, and swamps, which lead to the north-west corner of the Lake of the Woods; from which point or corner a line was to be struck due south to north latitude 49 degrees, and from thence along that parallel across the American continent to the Rocky Mountains.

The commission was composed of British and American interests, and had often a difficult and delicate service to perform; and Dr. Bigsby assures us that the work was faithfully and well performed, both from his own observations, and also from the telling fact that the award was neither a take in nor a triumph to either nation. The quantity of fertile and commodious land, he further adds, which was set at liberty for public sale and safe enjoyment on both sides of the boundary was very large, being equal on the British side to a country ninety-five miles long by four broad; for until this designation had taken place no titles could be given. The British came into secure possession of Wolfe, or Grand Island (31,283 acres), close to Kingston, on Lake Ontario, of Wells,

Howe, and other valuable islands in the same vicinity. The Island of St. Mary, in Lake St. Clair, and the rich and beautiful St. Joseph, in Lake Huron, seventeen miles by twelve, also fell to the share of Upper Canada. Most of those who were engaged in this great task, both Americans and British, suffered from the fever of the country, and many (among others, Mr. Ogilvy, the British commissioner) died.

Of Kingston, from whence the working party took their departure on their long journey of 1400 miles, Dr. Bigsby says—

Kingston appeared to me to be an agreeable residence—stirring, healthy, and cheap. The environs being elevated, the spectator walks amid an everchanging panorama; firstly of the comely town itself, and then of the high promontories, Frederic and Henry, crowned with forts and barracks—of dockyards, with men-of-war on the stocks—of large and fertile islands—and in the south-west, of the open and breezy lake.

Kingston is the principal naval depôt for the Canadas, and is strongly garrisoned. Functionaries in the legal and other branches of the public service are also numerous; so that a large and agreeable society is collected here.

European intelligence is received quickly, *vid* Sacket's Harbour, the corresponding U. S. naval station. Books are exceedingly cheap.

Kingston is immeasurably improved since my visit. I do not pretend to describe it. Together with its suburbs, it now contains 11,000 inhabitants, with ten churches and chapels, ninety-four taverns!! nine bakers! seven butchers! three booksellers, and two sausage-makers. It has an imposing edifice for various public purposes, entirely of hewn stone, at the cost of 18,000*l*. There is a college, two civil hospitals, a mechanics' institute, and, indeed, the appliances and comforts which, in England, are only found in much larger towns. The best bridge in Canada is that which government has built across Cataraqui Bay, to connect Point Henry with Kingston. At the back of the town are large roomy barracks for the soldiery.

Farther on is Coburg, a town well laid out in good streets, with many excellent buildings, and altogether a very flourishing appearance. This town is supported by the Rice Lake country and a tolerably rich vicinity; sailing vessels and steamers pass daily between Kingston and Toronto. Of the latter city Dr. Bigsby says—

My Toronto and the city of the present day have hardly any relation to each other. Few places in North America have made equal progress. It had in 1817 1200 inhabitants, and in 1848, 24,000 inhabitants, 91 streets (King-street, two miles long), 21 churches and chapels, 10 newspapers, 20 medical men, 5 artists and portrait-painters, 107 taverns, 16 auctioneers, 27 butchers, 19 bakers, and 6 booksellers. The number of taverns observed throughout the Canadas is not altogether indicative of drunkenness, but of the extent of emigration and travelling in general.

Toronto is a gay place, and in its wealthy shops, stately and crowded churches, paved and gas-lighted streets, public walks, societies, religious, scientific, literary, and social, charitable institutions, is much in advance of British towns of the same size, as was said of Kingston.

The vicinity is liable to ague and its kindred disorders. Rents are very high; some houses of business in good situations are worth from 200*l*. to 250*l*. per annum. The removal to or from Toronto of the seat of government will have no serious effect upon its prosperity. It has become of fixed commercial importance.

The way to the Upper Lakes from Toronto lies first by a highway, called Yonge-street, and next by Lake Simcoe, to the great Georgian Bay. Lake Simcoe (Shain-eong of the Indians) is but little known to books. It is nearly thirty miles in length, and in its widest part about eighteen. It has pleasing features, clear waters, woody headlands and islets; only one of the latter is inhabited, and that by Indians of the

Wesleyan denomination. The banks of the lake are generally low, and clothed with wood down to the water's edge; the land, though fertile, is but partially brought under cultivation. There is, however, population enough to pay for one steam-boat. The townships of the Simcoe district are remarkable for the beauty of their names, which were given to them by Sir Peregrine and Lady Maitland. It is related that they were once at a loss for an additional name, when Lady Sarah espying a pretty lap-dog on the rug before the drawing-room fire, suggested that its name, "Tiny," should mark a small part of the wilderness, not far from Penetangishene. The name was adopted. Lake Simcoe is remarkable for the number of wild-fowl, geese, ducks, &c., which frequent its marshes. Life in these wild regions is a reality. It is a struggle against climate, forest, and wilderness. In a lonely house upon Lake Simcoe our travellers made acquaintance with a tall young girl, of good-natured energy, by name Mary, who, a few weeks before their arrival, just when the ice in the bay was breaking up, looking out of the window, saw a bear swimming across, and about midway. She called to a little sister about eight years of age, seized an axe, and both jumped into their boat. The child paddled to the animal, now in full retreat, while the Amazon stood forwards, axe in hand, and clove his skull by repeated blows. She now showed the rich glossy skin—a useful trophy in sledge and bedchamber. Throughout these wildernesses insects are sources of infinite annoyance. There are mosquitoes, sand-flies, black flies, and ants. Near Holland River Dr. Bigsby says there were myriads of a singular black fly, with hairy bodies, for which they could scarcely eat or drink; and on the River Saskatchewan are marvellous crowds of wasps, that cluster round the traveller while reposing, and even gather upon the meat he is conveying to his mouth! Yet the emigrant does not complain. Dr. Bigsby relates that in one of his walks he met with a little wiry old man, who had been a small farmer near Wakefield, and therefore called "Yorkshire Johnny."

"Why, Johnny," says I, "you've got a desperate long way from home. Don't you wish yourself in Yorkshire again?"

"No," replied he, "not a bit on't. In old England we were in a standing fright at four things—rent and rates, tithes and taxes. Slave we ever so hard, my old woman and me, we could not make ends meet; but now we are putting money into the old stocking;"—and off he went, chuckling. The four things this old farmer stood so much in fear of, and which are the only things in the old country that they seem to think human beings are fit to live for, scarcely exist in the Canadas.

Dr. Bigsby does not say much of the progress of civilisation in Lake Erie, which he first crossed in a steamer from Buffalo to Amherstburgh, a distance of 224 miles; except that there were in 1848 the surprising number of one hundred steamers on that lake alone.\* Of the river and

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\* Most of these lakes have an ominous celebrity for storms. Once crossing Lake Erie, the doctor was exposed three nights and two days to the fury of one of these continental hurricanes—"We were three nights and two days exposed to its fury, driving from side to side of this narrow lake, but with a general easterly course.

"We should have perished, I verily believe, but, with God's help, for our stout commander and his brave crew. The waves swept away boats, binnacle, deer, turkeys, &c., &c., and strewed the sand of the lake-bottom in great quantities upon the deck, and the table-cloth of a sail which we ventured to hoist.

"Nobody thought of cooking, and few of eating. I confess to a couple of

lake of St. Clair, which, with the River Detroit, form the water-communication between Lakes Huron and Erie, the doctor says—

They are noble bodies of pure, transparent water (except certain parts of Lake St. Clair), flowing through an immense plain, through millions of acres of forest, full of smaller rivers, sometimes consisting of dry, useful land, at others sinking into swamps or even extensive lakes. The hand of man is only felt on the principal streams: all else is in a state of nature. It is now, however, fast replenishing with an industrious population.

The Rivers Detroit and St. Clair have a lively fringe of comfortable and even pretty dwellings, embowered in pear, apple, and peach orchards, with here and there a church-tower or a clump of wych-elms shadowing an advanced bank of the river. Productive farms stretch out of sight into the woods behind. When first I saw this region of plenty and beauty, I was enchanted with it; but nearer acquaintance moderated my admiration.

The last qualified sentence refers to the climate, which is not only agreeable, but worse. The summers are also extremely hot, but the colonists are also much to blame themselves, for strong drink is the bane of the district as well as of all Canada West. The doctor does not speak so well of Lake St. Clair as of the river—

There is little to describe in Lake St. Clair. It is a round pond, exaggerated into a circumference of ninety miles, extremely shallow, and surrounded by marshes and low woods, with occasionally an unhappy clearance. The ship-channel to Lake Huron is very narrow, and so changeable that it requires fresh buoying every spring. The shallowest part has only a depth of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet.

Its principal rivers are the Thames, the Huron, and the Bear Creeks. I shall only speak a few words on the first, one of the most important and picturesque of the second-class streams in Canada West.

It is navigable for sloops and steamers to Louisville, thirty miles from its mouth, with an average depth of 16 feet, and a breadth of 200-300 feet. This river passes through some of the finest parts of Canada West, among farming-land of the first quality. Many of the farms here have been under cultivation for fifty years, and have fine orchards.

The flourishing town of London (eighty-five miles from Hamilton, in Lake Ontario), with 4000 inhabitants, is situated upon it, as well as Chatham, with a population of nearly 2000, sixty-six miles below London.

biscuits. I remained much in my berth, on account of the violent motion of the vessel, with simply a shirt on, white jean trousers, and light shoes, ready for a jump and a swim. I certainly thought (with the others) that our safety was very problematical. Of course, I felt for myself; but I also regretted the loss of all our surveys, and of our very valuable instruments. The shipwreck would have cost the public very many thousand pounds.

"Once only was I nearly on deck to survey the scene; but I had hardly got high enough to see—standing on the companion-ladder—when a large wave, opaque with mud, soused me on the face, and drove me down again, accompanied by not a little water.

"Our Canadian *voyageurs* were vastly disturbed. One old fellow, with a sharp, vinegar face, jammed himself into a corner of the hold, and broke his usual silence by giving public notice that, if permitted to land alive, he would burn a candle, one pound in weight, in the nearest church, in honour of the Virgin—"the mild Mother"—the 'Star of the sea.'

"He had scarcely uttered the vow, when the vessel quivered under a tremendous blow, and was buried for a moment beneath a great wave. Grénier shouted out that he would pay for six masses. Another shock. The poor man, in an agony, doubled the weight of the candle, set his teeth spasmodically, and never spoke more, until the storm had ceased, for he saw all his summer wages a-melting. I have no right to found an argument upon this poor man's ignorance and fright.

"Early on the third morning we saw the North Foreland (Long Point) on our north-west. The sea moved quick, and the waves were still high and full of sand, but the force of the storm was broken."

Upon the subject of climate, of such first-rate importance to the emigrant, it is as well to observe here, once for all, that while great portions of the unsettled lands in the United States are extremely unhealthy, such as the south sides of Lakes Ontario and Erie, the states of Illinois, Indiana, and Mississippi, Canada, with the exception of the districts now alluded to, and the whole of the extreme south-west, is, in the words of Dr. Bigsby, all but perfectly healthy. "I would not wish," says the doctor, "to live in a more salubrious climate than that of the Bay of Quinte, the River Ottawa, the eastern shores of Lake Huron, and many other places; and I am immeasurably astonished at parties from England preferring unwholesome, distant, and often lawless parts of the United States, to regions of plenty and health in this colony, under laws and customs with which they are familiar."

Lake Huron is, as before observed, nearly 1000 miles round, and often 1000 feet deep. It is 594 feet above the Atlantic. The northern portion of the lake is full of shoals, rocks, and islands—in fact, all but bridged over lengthwise by the Manitouline, or "sacred" islands; but the southern division has scarcely a reef or islet, and is deep and broad; as free to ship or steamer as the mid-Atlantic; according to Dr. Drake, "one of the most curious things in the shallow parts of Huron is to sail, or row, over the sublacune mountains, and to feel giddy from fancy; for it is like being in a balloon, so pure and tintless is the water." Dr. Bigsby says, most touchingly, on entering upon the survey of these little known shores and islets, "The reader must need be patient while voyaging with us along the chill and stormy shores of North Huron. If hard to read, it was harder far to endure; but the great Maker of all things did not disdain to fashion them, and here and there to add an ornament." We have not only found it not hard to read these details of explorations in such strange lands and waters, but experienced the greatest possible interest in them. The impressions made even upon the author by this inland sea varied with the hour. At one time it is thus written: "When the varied shores of these liquid wildernesses have ceased to attract the eye, and their vastness to interest the imagination, all sense of pleasure is lost in that of gloom and solitude, and in the remembrance of their storms." At another time it is said: "That I am affected even to tears, to think that I never again shall seek the rare insect or fossil, or greet the friendly savage among the shadowy isles, the purple mountains, and broad waters of Lake Huron." The discovery of productive copper mines in this lake and in Lake Superior, will soon make their shores no longer a wilderness. It seems a truly providential thing, that lands, which by their remoteness and severe climate would have been the last to be made of avail to humanity, are at once rendered so by the existence of a rich mineral produce:

The whole region (says Dr. Bigsby), extending from the River Missassaga, in this lake, to the River Montreal, in Lake Superior, in a north-west direction, will eventually be covered with a numerous mining population.

Within the last few years (1849) large deposits of copper ore have been met with at the extremities of the line just indicated.

Considerable grants have been made by government for mining purposes, after an official survey by the colonial geologist, whose last report (made in January, 1849) furnishes the following particulars:—

Twenty-two mining locations are claimed of government on the north shore of this lake, but the Bruce Mines, nine miles west of the Thessalon river, are the farthest advanced and the best known.

All the way, from the falls of St. Mary to Shenawenahning, shows more or less indications of copper.

The copper ore and undressed stuff at the Bruce Mines in July, 1848, was 1475 tons, giving about 118 tons of pure copper. The expectation in September, 1848, was, that the lodes would yield 250 tons of such ore monthly. Large quantities have already been sent to Montreal and Boston.

One hundred and sixty-three persons were employed at these mines, which, with their families, gave a population of 250 souls.

Three frame-buildings, thirty log-houses, and two wharfs, had been erected. The harbour was good and timber abundant.

With these facts before us, it is evident that this part of North America is about to become very important. Having accompanied our author so far, we shall not follow him in his account of Lake Superior, by far the largest collection of fresh water on the earth, being by the new measurements 1750 miles in circumference, nor in that of River La Pluie, and the Lake of the Woods. When we compare these detailed descriptions with what has hitherto been made to satisfy the geographical student, we find that so much has been added by the Boundary Commission to previously existing knowledge, that it would carry us utterly beyond our limits to attempt a *resumé* or an analysis of these detailed surveys. One fact we cannot omit to notice, both from its singularity and its hydrographical interest. It is, that Lake Michigan, which is an enormous gulf of Lake Huron, 730 miles round, finds an outlet, when its waters are unusually high, into the Mississippi. The result of this is, that suppose that the line of division between the United States and Canada had been, as it ought to have been, the line of flow of waters to and from the lakes, at the time when the Michigan was flowing into the Mississippi, the Americans might have laid claim to Michigan and Lake Superior, and all the lands and waters to the north-west thereof.

It must not be supposed, from the general and comprehensive view which we have given of the labours of the Boundary Commission as recorded in Dr. Bigsby's work, that there are not in that work other matters to interest the general reader. The author is not only a man of science, but a person of good taste, refined feeling, and much piety, and such a disposition finds plenty to reflect upon in the condition of newly-populated countries like Canada. Many sketches of people and of strange characters met with in such out-of-the-way places are at once humorous and graphic—witness more particularly the banished lord and the lady, brought by the first steamer which made her appearance in the Huron waters, and her Indian lover. Witness also the mosquito, that continued to suck after its body had been cut off. We have, however, adhered to themes of greater import—the new lands and waters open to civilisation—and we shall conclude in the words of the author—

By way of conclusion to these little jottings on a most important subject, I will repeat, that in Canada the labourer and artisan have two great advantages—far better wages and better investments than in England. To the capitalist I may make the encouraging remark, that the more you invest prudently the greater your gains. Your first year or two, however, should be spent in observation, in learning rather than in acting. With good sense and industry, the ordinary emigrant may, after a few years, rest assured, with the blessing of God, of ease and competence. Instead of want and hopelessness, he will see a yearly increase in the value of his possessions, partly from his own exertions, and partly from the generally increased value of land. His children's prospects are still higher.

They may look forward to opulence. Many of the sons of poor settlers, Irish or British, are members of the colonial legislatures.

I advise for settlement, at the present time, the vicinity of the River Ottawa, the north and west shores of Lake Ontario, the shores of Lake Simcoe, the vast peninsula between the three Lakes Ontario, Erie, and Huron; and, finally, the eastern townships of Lower Canada which border on the states of Vermont and Maine.

I greatly prefer the Canadas, as an emigration-field, to the United States, and am deeply concerned to see so many of my fellow-countrymen burying themselves in the unhealthy and otherwise undesirable regions of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa. I wish they would remember, that even in the wilder parts of Canada life and property are safe, laws are respected, and religion held in its due reverence, which is not always the case in the above-mentioned parts of the United States.

In Canada, the climate is healthy; in Upper Canada, particularly so, except in the extreme south-west. The air is remarkable for its clearness, dryness, and exhilarating effects. It is quite common for an invalid from England to lose his complaints, gather great strength, and live to a good old age. The average number of rainy days at Toronto, for the nine years ending 1845, was only 87. It was 178 in London. The temperature of Upper Canada is much milder than is generally supposed. The vast bodies of water occupying the valley of the St. Lawrence must mitigate both the heat and the cold.

The markets are good and near, the population friendly and comfortable, ready to teach new comers the best methods of labour.

Land of the first quality is plentiful, on moderate terms, either wild or cleared. European goods are much cheaper than in the United States. Taxation is almost unknown. Internal communication is easy and rapid, by canals, lakes, rivers, and highways. All Christian denominations receive public support. There are more ministers of religion, in proportion, than in England. The acts of government are usually, and their intentions always, truly paternal. The United Province, *de facto*, governs itself. Newspapers abound, filled with British intelligence.

I could be well content to pass the remainder of my days within the sound of the Falls of the Chat, on the Ottawa River.

We have not seen a work recently published by Messrs. Longman and Co., but which, we believe, proposes, as a solution of the Canadian question, a great Canadian railroad, which shall unite the Atlantic and the Pacific, and supersede the Isthmus of Panama. To some, such a scheme may appear visionary in both a pecuniary and a practical point of view; but the fact is, that, with the wondrous existing facilities for water-communication, the opening of the mining districts in Lakes Huron and Superior, the admirable harbours of Vancouver, and the stimulus to movement given by the gold districts of Columbia and California, the thing is both practical and most promising in a pecuniary point of view. As a solution of the Canadian question it becomes such, because Canada would, as the great line of intercommunication between the East and West, and in fact round the world, be at once a source of power and wealth to Great Britain, and, therefore, worth holding in allegiance, and, if possible, in good faith and loyalty.

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## HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## THE RUINED GENTLEMAN'S RETREAT—THE BASE OVERTURE.

MR. SOMERSET was one of those few men who soon accommodate themselves to circumstances. He did not continue brooding in unavailing sorrow over his ruined fortunes. Knowing that every struggle to regain his lost position would be in vain, he considered it his duty instantly to adopt some means by which he might be enabled to obtain bread for his family. Cheerfully and energetically he applied himself to the task. Mr. Somerset was a scholar, and had read much; better still, just at that moment he was well versed in the politics of the day. With some difficulty, through the interest of a friend, he obtained an engagement as a contributor to the columns of an evening paper. His talents and his industry were appreciated, and he was shortly appointed to a permanent situation in the newspaper-office.

Mr. Somerset took a small house, or rather cottage, in the suburbs of London, at the very moderate rent of twenty pounds per annum. Here Isabella and Hester domiciled themselves. The contrast of this cottage in the Holloway-road, with its four little windows in front, and patch of garden, six yards square, to their late residence of Brookland Hall, might be very striking, but the wife, as was natural to expect, felt the difference far more than the daughter. The happy heart of the young does not continue bowed down by misfortune; thoughts of sorrow and regret, like birds of passage, never with them remain long, and their fancy invests the rudest scenes with the beauty reflected from their own sunny souls.

Hester's busy hand soon garnished their little home. Within and without, the cottage bore evidence of her taste and her industry. Flower-pots lined the short walk from the garden-gate to the doorway; the clematis wreathed around, and hung its white bells over the lower windows; there, too, the canary-bird, the only relic left to her of Brookland Hall, enjoyed the sun.

When Mr. Somerset returned in the evening, after the publication of the paper, warm was the welcome he received. Hester's wild fervent kiss, and Isabella's quiet embrace, repaid him for all his toil. They, at least, in word, act, or seeming, never caused him to regret the luxuries and the wealth he had forfeited. His mind, long tossed by anxieties, grew serene; Happiness had not yet for him—like the ærial forms of the Greek poet, scared from earth by Guilt and Misery—winged her flight back to heaven. The divine presence of Love hallowed that humble home, and therefore Joy could not flee away.

Two circumstances only raised at times uneasy sensations in the breast of Somerset. Hester informed him that, during his absence at the office, she had frequently observed a man lurking around the house, and peering, with an extraordinary degree of curiosity, over the garden rails. His object was evidently to watch the movements of the inmates. She described him as a small, thin man, with scanty red hair. The same indi-

vidual, she had learnt, had been making inquiries respecting them at some of the houses in the neighbourhood. Hester once suddenly came upon him sitting behind the holly hedge, where he had been watching, it seemed, for a considerable time. She asked him what he wanted, but he returned no answer, leaping actively up, and darting away.

Who was the man? and what was his purpose? Neither Hester nor her mother had seen Pike, when he called at Brookland Hall, in company with Mr. Abercrombie, and thus they were unable to identify the present intruder. Whether he were a thief, a speculator with whom Mr. Somerset might have had former dealings, or an enemy having some secret design upon them, the fact of their being so watched caused them all, we repeat, not a little uneasiness.

The other circumstance alluded to was connected with the loan of money made to Mr. Somerset by his brother. True, every debt, but this one, was liquidated, and Hartley, when the bill should fall due, might not, so Somerset thought, demand immediate payment. Still he owed the amount, and the merchant, on whom he depended for just a similar sum, might fail him in the hour of need.

Thus were they situated, contented in their altered circumstances, and happy, but for the drawbacks above named. Hartley's visits at the cottage had been frequent of late, so that one morning, when he entered the house, his appearance excited no surprise. Mr. Somerset, as Hartley well knew, was absent at the newspaper-office; Hester, also, chanced to be from home. Hartley, then, was shown by the servant girl into the parlour. His business, he said, was rather important; but since the girl's master was absent, he would speak with her mistress. Mrs. Somerset, being informed of this, did not hesitate a moment to see the visitor, and notwithstanding a little reserve and embarrassment, she addressed Hartley with that mildness and composure of manner peculiar to her: she was friendly for her husband's sake, and endeavoured to hide those feelings of mistrust and fear which secretly agitated her breast.

Hartley, generally so cold and collected in his demeanour, had, strange to say, lost his assurance. He raised his eyes to Isabella's face, fixed them for a moment upon her, and then turned them away as if in pain. Neither did he speak; perhaps he was unable, from some secret emotion, to do so; but he drew a chair towards Mrs. Somerset, who seated herself, not a little affected by curiosity and surprise.

We have said that Isabella, being much younger than her husband, was still remarkably handsome. In her general manner she was quiet and unobtrusive, but beneath a calm exterior slumbered feelings and passions which, when roused, were strong, fervent, and not easily governed. Her character was compounded of very opposite elements; she could love warmly, resist firmly, and hate also.

"Your business, perhaps, is with Mr. Somerset?" she said, at length.

"No—yes," stammered Hartley. Again he paused; but the next minute, by a strong effort, he gained command of himself. "I had intended to say something to Somerset respecting a promissory note of his which I hold."

Hartley fixed his penetrating eyes on Isabella; the latter visibly trembled, while the blood forsook her cheek.

"That bill—that unfortunate bill!" she faltered. "But it is quite right;

he is indebted to you for the amount; and you were very kind in making the advance at the time—it saved him, Roland, from a prison.”

“I did not mean to have alluded to this transaction; or, at least, to have troubled *you* with any remark about irksome money affairs. I merely called to apprise Somerset that the bill is nearly due, lest he might overlook or forget the circumstance.”

“Oh! no; he has not overlooked or forgotten it. But, Roland——” Isabella’s tremors increased, her lip quivered, and she spoke in half-gasped sentences, “this is the only debt he now owes. He goes on cheerfully, though the toil is great in the newspaper-office. His salary is small, but perhaps it will be increased. We have a comfortable little home here, and are quite reconciled to the change in our position.”

“Not quite reconciled, I think. Forgive me.”

“I hope so. I stifle any regret that may chance to arise in an unguarded moment. Hester, I know, is perfectly happy. This, then, being the case, I feel that you will not—that is, if the merchant withholds from Mr. Somerset the sum which would enable him to discharge the debt to yourself—I feel you will not be urgent for immediate payment.”

“The city merchant to whom you allude, madam, is a bankrupt. He is in the *Gazette* this morning,” said Hartley, unable entirely to mask the exultation which he felt.

The poor wife, who was so deeply interested in the affairs of her husband, started from her seat; she clasped her hands, and uttered an exclamation; but a faintness oppressing her, she sank again into her chair.

“Hugh! Hugh! my poor husband!” she exclaimed, in a low, distressed voice. “You were born to misfortune. Everything seems to conspire to your undoing!”

While Isabella thus yielded to the agitation of the feelings, Hartley did not take his eyes from her face. His own countenance expressed no compassion, no anxiety, no pain.

“How will he bear the intelligence?” pursued Isabella. “He must hear of it to-day. But be assured, Roland, you shall not lose your money. Give us time, and all shall eventually be paid to you.”

“Time!—time!” observed Hartley, with a meaning look.

“Yes. To be plain with you, my husband’s salary does not exceed ninety pounds a-year.”

“Little, indeed, on which to keep this cottage, and support a wife and daughter.”

“We must assist him. Pride shall not interfere with duty. Hester is now taking lessons in needlework, at a dressmaker’s in the neighbourhood.”

“Is she?” exclaimed Hartley, with a disdainful sneer.

“We will pay you the sum by instalments, so much every year, or every quarter; but give us time, I repeat. Oh, do not press for an instant settlement!”

“Isabella, I thought you knew me. I am not mercenary. I despise the grovelling miser too supremely to indulge in an act of oppression for the mere sake of gain, or even of avoiding a loss. Nevertheless, you are aware, that if the bill I hold is not immediately discharged on its becoming due, Somerset lies at my mercy. I can imprison him, not only for a

year, but, if no friend should make him a present of the money, for the remainder of his life."

Isabella shuddered.

"Such is the law of debtor and creditor at present. Perpetual confinement, to a man like Somerset, would, I am aware, be a fearful thing."

"But you will not exercise your power?" cried Isabella, stooping forwards in her chair, pale and breathless. "You will have mercy?"

"Hear me," said Hartley, with a firm, unwavering voice. "I shall under no circumstance consent to receive the money little by little. I shall either forgive Somerset the debt altogether, or enforce prompt payment of the whole. I shall be guided in my decision by the part you may be pleased to act. In a word, Somerset's fate is in your hands."

"In my hands? Impossible! How?"

The overhanging brow of Hartley grew smooth; his evil eyes suddenly softened, and within their large, lurid pupils there was an expression not easily to be defined—a struggling of deep love with natural bitterness, and the burning of a passion which neither philosophy had been able to stifle, nor long years to mitigate in its intensity. Isabella instinctively shrank from his gaze, stooping her head; but no blush covered her wan countenance.

"Do not misunderstand me!" he exclaimed. "Be patient; bear with me. Let me disclose, once and for all, the locked-up secret of my soul. I loved you many years ago, Isabella; you rejected me for another. The pang of disappointment has rankled in my heart, turning all its blood to gall. I thought I had subdued my passion; but I am mistaken. Unchilled by absence, unweakened by time, unconquered, unconquerable, that passion remains the same. It poisons my solitary hours; it clings to me like a curse. And yet the dream is happiness. In its very hopelessness it is dearer than all other fancies, more prized than all other joys."

"Roland, you are mad!" said Isabella, rising.

"Perhaps I am—stay! do not leave me—hear me out; for your husband's sake, for his welfare, I adjure you to listen to me. I am driven to desperation, and the acts of one in my condition may be fearful. I thus bare my heart and humiliate myself before you, for I am at once your slave, and yet the master of your destiny. Live still with Somerset, if you must; but, oh! tell me not that you love him; each expression of fondness will only deepen for him the strength of my hate. Jealousy and despair have made me what I am. But I must not weary you. Permit me to love you—to breathe my vows near you; and when, dearest Isabella, you shall be convinced of the depth and truth of my devotion, then let me hope, let me dream that something like a return——"

He had seized her hand, and dropped on one knee; but the kiss of pollution which he sought to impress upon that hand, awoke her from the state of stupified surprise into which, for the moment, she had been thrown. With a sudden start, Isabella drew backward, like one stung by a viper. Disdain swelled her bosom; her features were flushed, and her eyes sparkled. Then the virtuous soul blazed out reckless of consequences.

"What mean you? what ask you?—Hold you, then, so lightly the

marriage-vow? Is there no difference, in your easy creed, between vice and virtue?—between fidelity and falsehood?—Man, had I given you encouragement, you might address me thus. It is not so. Leave me, and never again insult my ear with language like that you have used.”

Hartley betrayed no impatience or irritation. He slowly drew from his pocket a slip of paper, and, holding it in his hand, spoke calmly, laying a peculiar emphasis on each word.

“Remember! decide not rashly; refuse me not without due consideration. I have here a terrible power which the law gives me. This paper will enable me to blight all Somerset’s fortunes, to separate him from you, to thrust him into a noisome gaol, and hold him there—ay, to his dying day. Love me; allow me to be near you; in short, grant me what I have already asked; and the document I hold I tear into a thousand pieces, and cancel my claim for ever!”

He looked steadfastly at Isabella, expecting an answer. She was in a state of agitation not to be described. Two pictures presented themselves to her mind—her own dishonour and her husband’s impending fate. That Somerset would be in Hartley’s power, she could not doubt for a moment. To avert his doom, then, must she sink her soul in infamy? Virtue, womanhood forbade it. On the other hand, too weak and timid affection pointed at the sacrifice. The villanous Hartley still whispered his unhallowed tale, and Isabella moved backwards, pale and affrighted. Then, as if her mind were overpowered, or she had taken a resolution, she sank upon her knees.

“Roland! Roland! have pity upon me!” she cried, raising her clasped hands in supplicating agony. “How can you love me, and yet feel a pleasure in causing me torture? Were I to consent to your base proposal, were I even to fly with you, do you suppose I could ever be happy again? Do you think Somerset would wish to avoid a prison by such a means? You know not his character, and you are ignorant of me, if you imagine this. Oh! awake to a sense of what is right, abandon your evil designs, think no more of a miserable being like myself, and I will forget all that has passed. Be merciful to Somerset, nor plunge him into deeper misery than the trials he has already known. I ask you not to cancel the debt, but consent to receive it by degrees. Listen to this appeal! pity my tears! No, no, you will not, Roland, doubly ruin your brother and break my heart!”

As she ceased, Hartley observed a profound silence. He did not stoop to raise her from the floor, but regarded her with a freezing air. He crossed his arms on his breast, and his head gradually sank until his eyes, beneath the projecting brow, were entirely unseen. Whatever passed in his mind, it was not divulged; yet no softening of the features denoted that he felt the slightest sympathy with the sorrows of Isabella. He stood there, as far removed from all the warmer and gentler human feelings as an effigy of wax or a statue cast in iron.

“This is useless, madam. Be calm, I beg of you. Your ravings affect me not. The time of chivalry and romance for me is over. You refuse to accept my love. Be it so.” A fierceness was now stealing into his abrupt manner, and the serpent was beginning to uncoil itself. “Nevertheless,” he added, “I am firm in this; if I cannot have my love, I must have my—revenge!”

"Your revenge!" cried Isabella, rising, and drawing herself proudly up. "Have you not seen us suffer sufficiently already? Is not your revenge satisfied yet?"

"No," said Hartley, between his teeth; "not yet. Why, Somerset, in spite of his losses, is getting contented again, serene, even happy; while I—no matter; this quiet life of his must be changed. But blame me not, madam; rather thank yourself for the fate which awaits him."

Hartley moved towards the door, for the purpose of leaving the room.

"Stay!" cried Isabella, still seeking to avert the calamity from her husband. "Will nothing move you?—no promise, no humiliation, no sacrifice?"

"You are acquainted with the conditions."

"Then Heaven help Somerset, and protect me!" The woman's pride was rising in her heart, and fear was giving place to the firmness of virtuous rectitude. She slowly turned, and pointed at the door—"Go!—leave this room—leave our humble cottage; you have yet to learn that some, though losing all of this world's wealth, are rich still in honesty and honour. Go, sir!—do your worst. Somerset and his family will not stain their reputation, come beggary—come imprisonment—come death!"

Hartley, with a sullen air, strode away, breathing inwardly a curse upon the occupiers of that house, and resolving never to relax in his efforts, but to go forward and "work out his vow."

Isabella, now left alone, found that high stern spirit, which had supported her in the hour of need, gradually forsake her. The terrible fate which hung over her husband filled her with dismay. Already fancy painted to her mind's eye the horrors of a prison: she saw him there, pining, wasting away, his energies crushed, and his proud spirit brought low. With both her hands she covered her face, as if to shut out the appalling picture; yet she shed no tears: there is an anguish which cannot sigh—which cannot weep.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE LAW DOES ITS WORK.

UNWILLING to inflict another pang on her husband, Isabella did not acquaint him with the insulting conduct of Hartley. She would rather for him to imagine that the unnatural brother was swayed by mercenary motives, than the motives which in reality influenced him. That Hartley's determination remained unaltered soon became evident: the bill had been placed in the hands of a banker, and, on the day it fell due, was presented by a clerk, in the usual manner. A notary-public, also, in the evening made his appearance at the cottage, demanding why and wherefore the bill was refused payment, and duly "noting" the same as dishonoured.

Somerset wrote to his brother, but received no answer. In a few days, however, the following letter reached him through the post:—

"SIR,—I have had the honour to receive instructions from Mr. Hartley, of the Temple, to address you on the subject of a promissory note of yours, for five hundred and fifty pounds, of which he is the holder. He

is surprised that the said promissory note, being due, and having been properly presented at your house, should remain in his hands unpaid. I beg, therefore, to call your immediate attention to the subject; and if the said promissory note be not immediately taken up and covered, with the notarial charges, the aforesaid holder, Mr. Hartley, will be compelled promptly and instantly to adopt such measures as the law authorises and directs.

"I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

"JEREMIAH PIKE.

"Brown's Buildings, St. Mary-Axe."

"Pike—Pike!" said Mr. Somerset, with blanched lips, as the letter fell from his hand; "why this is the man who accompanied Abercrombie, when that villain called on me at Brookland Hall. Strange, at all events, that Hartley should employ such a low rascal for his attorney."

"Pike is the name," said Hester, "written on the back of the letter which I found in our garden, near the holly-hedge, where the strange man had been lurking."

"Extraordinary!" observed Mr. Somerset. "What could Hartley's attorney want here? There must be some singular connexion between them."

"Very likely, both being villains," said Mrs. Somerset, in a tremulous voice, striving to hide the emotions which were overpowering her.

Nothing transpired for a few days after the receipt of the attorney's letter. It might seem as though further proceedings were dropped. But the calm was deceitful; the stealthy work of the law was going forwards; an action had commenced, and the defendant not replying, judgment was obtained. Then were sundry writs made out, and duly stamped—mysterious instruments of power not to be withstood. The result of all was, that, one morning, a gentleman of a rather sombre and sedate appearance knocked at the door of the cottage in Holloway-road; he was admitted, being followed by another person who walked close at his heels. Mrs. Somerset naturally inquired whether he wanted her husband.

"No, it's no matter, ma'am, though the gentleman is absent. I don't want him—at least not yet; I'm come to take the things."

"The things! What do you mean?"

"Why, the furniture, to be sure."

"No doubt the person has made a mistake," observed Hester. "He should apply at the next house, where they are going to remove."

The sombre-looking gentleman smiled; the man at his heels laughed outright.

"It's no mistake, pretty miss. I'm sorry, certainly, to be troublesome, ladies, but law is law, and it can't be helped. Look you, I'm a sheriff's officer, and this is my man. I come here by the instructions of Mr. Pike, at the suit of Mr. Hartley, to put in an execution. So remember, you won't remove any of the goods. They'll be sold in due course by our auctioneer."

Hester, who knew nothing of the law, was astonished. Mrs. Somerset stood, a picture of silent dismay.

The bailiff peeped into one room, and then into another; after which he gravely shook his head.

"Bad—bad! I fear there aint enough things in the house to satisfy one quarter of the judgment. No doubt I shall have to serve another writ for the 'body,' by-and-by. But let it be. Law is law. Ma'am, I shall leave my man here in possession; you will give him meat and drink, recollect. Perhaps in two or three days our business will be finished."

Mr. Somerset, if he wanted any other proof than the proofs already given, was now thoroughly convinced of the blackness of his brother's heart. His situation was the more trying and bitter, inasmuch that he was beginning, by his perseverance and industry, to retrieve his circumstances. The little furniture in the cottage he had purchased out of his scanty savings, and all would now be taken from them. He had imagined Hartley would have been the most lenient of his creditors, but, on the contrary, he was likely to prove the hardest and most inexorable.

As the sheriff's officer foretold, the auctioneer came, and everything in the cottage was disposed of, including even the beds on which the inmates lay. One thing only out of the wreck Hester, with many supplications and tears, succeeded in saving—that was her canary-bird.

The unhappy family beheld themselves in an empty house. Mr. Somerset had a pound in his pocket. This enabled him to procure a small lodging in the neighbourhood; and, with two bundles (all the worldly goods they possessed), they sat down in their attic room, sorrowful—crushed indeed, yet not in despair. So long as Somerset could follow his employment in the newspaper-office, they would not absolutely starve.

In a short time the smile and the happy activity of Hester returned; but the wild bursts of sorrow to which Mrs. Somerset had yielded were succeeded by an unnatural stupor. Again, after the lapse of days, a flood of anguish would break forth, and which tasked all Hester's soothing powers to check or mitigate; yet her frame was not enfeebled, and she betrayed no physical ailment. Meantime Mr. Pike was hunting for them, although for some time without success, and he blamed the sheriff's officer for losing sight of the "body." Like a bloodhound, he tracked them at last, for he discovered their attic; and then, smiling pleasantly and rubbing his meagre hands, he returned to the city.

"You are early to-day," said a man to Mr. Somerset, as the latter was in the act of leaving his room, with the intention of proceeding to his place of business. It was the same person who had levied the execution on his furniture. "Ha! I see you know me. Well, it is as I thought; the goods didn't fetch more than fifty pounds. The judgment aint satisfied, as you may suppose, so I've now a writ to take the body."

Although this last stroke did not come quite unexpected, Mr. Somerset for a moment lost his presence of mind. He drew backwards, and the movement brought him to the door of the room, where Mrs. Somerset and Hester caught sight of him. In an instant they were by his side, and the appearance of their old enemy, the bailiff, caused them the wildest alarm.

"Now don't be frightened, ladies," said the man; "there's no need of fear, no use in it, I assure 'e. I only want the gentleman to come quietly along with me; for law is law."

"With you?" cried Hester; "and where?"



"Only to Mr. Stronglock's, in Chancery-lane; and afterwards, perhaps, a little farther on, to the 'house.'"

"What house?" exclaimed Mrs. Somerset.

"Don't trouble yourself, ma'am. There's nice lodgings in that house, believe me; that is, for those who can pay for 'em; for, you see, the Fleet's rather expensive."

Mrs. Somerset shrieked, and clung to her husband; Hester kissed him, weeping bitterly, it is true, but whispering at the same time words of comfort into his ear. The officer, long accustomed to such scenes, remained unmoved, feeling not the slightest touch of pity at witnessing the poignant distress of that unhappy group.

"Now, I say, good people, all this crying is of no manner of use, depend on it. Law is law; and, you see, we're bound to submit to it, or what would be the good of the fine institutions of this country, if we didn't work 'em out? Come along, mister; I've no time to spare."

"But my situation, on which everything depends—if I am not at my post, I shall lose my situation."

"Of course, that must go," said the officer, bluntly, "unless your gentlemen will bring your writing-work to the prison, which isn't very likely—ha! ha!"

Mr. Somerset turned away his head. It was a spasm of unutterable anguish which came upon him; but it passed, and for the sake of those whom he loved, he strove to calm his agitated spirit.

"Be composed," he softly said to his wife and daughter. "We must bear this finishing stroke to our destiny, or, rather let us say, we must be resigned to the will of Heaven. Good-bye; I will write to you from——"

But they clung to him with an agonised, a wild tenacity it was piteous to behold. The matter-of-fact bailiff buttoned up his coat, being prepared to do his duty, and "work out," as he termed it, "the institutions of his country." He had some difficulty in untwining the arms that so closely embraced his prisoner, whose person the bailiff now considered to be the property of the law.

They would go with him; they would be near him, and share his privations and sufferings. But Mr. Somerset could not accede to their prayer, and conducted them gently back into the room, repeating his assurances that he would shortly see them again. Thus he left them to their bitter thoughts and tears, closing the door after him, and accompanying the officer down the stairs.

Mr. Somerset and the bailiff had just issued from the house; a hackney-coach was standing near, and on the other side of the road a man might have been seen intently looking at it; he had remained for a long time motionless, but, on perceiving the officer and his prisoner, he moved a few steps nearer to the coach; his hat was drawn over his brows; there was a malicious sneer on his swarthy features, but the light of some triumphant and gratified feeling burned in his eyes; they were now fixed on Mr. Somerset, who felt a thrill creep through him, for the man who stood gazing on him so exultingly was Roland Hartley.

## THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE'S FIRST COURT.

WHILE Bonaparte was at Boulogne, occupied with his great scheme of the conquest of England, and directing the construction of those famous "flat-bottomed boats" destined to immortality in the popular song of Dibdin, but a failure as regarded their original intention, the Empress Josephine, exulting in her new dignity, full of gaiety and spirit, and an invalid only from policy, was on her way to the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle.

The rumour of the imperial visit flew like wildfire, and the ancient city, beloved by Charlemagne, was in instant commotion; all its authorities being in a flutter of importance and anxiety to receive the wife of the emperor with suitable honour.

Every one was in high spirits and full of expectation, for the good-nature and liveliness of Josephine were well known, and the distinction conferred by her visit was highly appreciated, as it was sure to bring the great conqueror himself during her stay. Every house was soon occupied, for the *élégans* of Paris were all immediately seized with maladies for which the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle were the only remedy; the question was, how to arrive safely at the desired spot; for, at that period, when railways were not dreamt of in the philosophy of any innovator, nothing could equal the wretched state of the roads, particularly that from Liège to Aix-la-Chapelle.

As soon as it was known that the empress was really coming, a petition was forwarded from the commune to entreat the minister of the interior to order reparations to be made which might prevent the journey of her imperial majesty from turning out one of positive danger; it being no uncommon case for carriages to be overturned and broken, and the unfortunate travellers exposed to such perils were compelled to proceed on horseback to their destination.

As there was no time to be lost, the minister compromised the matter, and, instead of sending an army of paviours, he ordered that cartloads of sand should be immediately despatched, with which to fill up the enormous holes and ruts which might impede the progress of the expected visitors.

Although this arrangement preserved the carriages of the empress and her suite, yet the temporary convenience granted but little to the inhabitants of the town, and, to revenge themselves for this carelessness of their convenience, they had recourse to the following plan. Knowing that the minister who had given these orders would shortly follow to pay his respects to the empress, they proceeded, directly after her arrival, to remove the sand which disguised the real danger, thus leaving the way open in such a manner as to convince the minister that they had not petitioned out of mere idleness. The result entirely answered their expectations, for M. Crété accordingly became the victim of his parsimony, and the accidents he met with were the more felt in consequence of his extreme *embonpoint*, rendering him less agile than some of those who had gone before him in these passes of tribulation. The difficulties he experienced were not kept secret, and furnished, when adroitly exaggerated, anecdotes which tended not a little to amuse the *salons* of Aix-la-Chapelle.

The emperor, anxious that Josephine's court should be held with sufficient grandeur, had commanded that one of the best houses in the town should be purchased for her, in which, after this had been accomplished,

at four times the expense of its real value, the empress found herself so ill-lodged that she was in despair, and Napoleon was forced at last to give permission that she should accept the offer of the prefecture as her residence—an offer which had been made immediately on her arrival.

Napoleon was at this time very fearful of doing anything to compromise his dignity; and as the etiquette of courts was not well understood by him, or any one about him, he not unfrequently fell into errors which furnished much comment to those of the *ancien régime*, who looked with a certain contemptuous silence on his dignity of *parvenu*, of which he was singularly sensitive.

It was at Aix-la-Chapelle that Josephine, in spite, however, of all obstacles, founded the brilliant court which, although somewhat awkward at first, became afterwards the most splendid, if not the most refined, in Europe. Josephine herself was well born, and had married highly; therefore her queenly life sat well upon her, and no sovereign princess could do the honours of a court with more grace and charm. But it was otherwise with most of those who composed her suite; and all sorts of mistakes and blunders were constantly occurring, very mortifying to the great man himself, and confusing to the actors in this amateur performance.

Josephine only laughed at these things, for she felt that they could not injure her, and her natural good sense prevented her considering that they were of real importance to her position. One of the ladies of the old school in attendance on her, and perfectly skilled in court proprieties, was frequently in despair to see how little importance she attached to things which she regarded as of the deepest moment. The indulgence of the empress was inexhaustible, and, in spite of the representations of Madame de la Rochefoucault and M. d'Harville, she continued to forgive, with the utmost grace, stupidities and vulgarities which, in the opinion of her lady of the ceremonies and first gentleman, were quite unpardonable. She was accustomed to say, when gravely advised by her ceremonious attendants,

“This etiquette is very well for princesses born in a court, and accustomed from infancy to the tediousness attending it; but for me, who have had the happiness to live so many years as a simple individual, I may be permitted to be indulgent to those who recollect this fact as well as myself.”

Poor Josephine was at this time very happy, and all her former sorrows were forgotten in her present success. Napoleon's attachment to her was extreme, and she entered into all his views and plans with an interest such as is felt only by a heart entirely devoted to another's good, without a thought of self unconnected with that other's welfare. Napoleon did her full justice, though his fatal policy sacrificed her happiness to his ambition. He said of her and of her successor—

“My life has been divided between two women extremely different one from the other; the first full of fascinations for which she was indebted to art, and a model of grace; the second, all simple nature and innocence—each had her separate merit.

“Never, at any period of her life, was the first without her seductive and delightful charm; it was impossible ever to surprise her in a moment when this atmosphere did not surround her. All that art could invent to increase attraction she employed, but with so much skill that her secret was never discovered.

"The other, on the contrary, did not even suspect that she could enhance her charms by any artifice, however innocent.

"One was always on the verge of deception; her first movement was to deny—the other was entirely ignorant of dissimulation, and all subterfuge was unknown to her.

"The first never asked anything from her husband, but she was always in debt; the second never hesitated to ask for supplies when she required them, which was rare. She would have thought it impossible to become possessor of anything which she had not paid for.

"Both of these women were equally good, gentle, and attached to their husband. I always found each of them of the most perfect temper and most absolute submission."

Shortsighted Napoleon!—he did not show himself a good judge in comparing them. Josephine's broken heart did not accord well with the total indifference of Marie Louise to the fate of her hero—she who could throw away a locket containing his hair, which a Jew jeweller might buy of one of her servants—she who could re-marry and live a long life of insignificance after his fall and the death of that son to obtain whose existence he abandoned her who adored him! But he believed in the attachment of the insensible Austrian to the last; and it was a happy delusion and consolation which one would have been sorry to take from the great "conqueror and captive of the world."

Josephine's love was all for her second husband, although the kindness and warmth of her heart caused her to devote herself to the first with all the enthusiasm of duty.

The Vicomte de Beauharnois was a very bad husband: inconstant, unstable, jealous, and selfish. He affected indifference towards her, and, after neglecting her entirely, complained of her conduct, and endeavoured to obtain a separation from her, in which project he did not succeed, though he succeeded in making her very unhappy.

After Beauharnois was arrested on a false accusation, Josephine exerted all her energies to obtain his release, and, by her anxiety, became herself suspected, and was thrown into prison, where she had to deplore his fate, which she did with tears of such sorrow as should have belonged to one more worthy of her noble and forgiving nature.

Just before the departure of the empress from Paris, she had assisted at the distribution of the decoration of the cross of the Legion of Honour, which ceremony took place in the church of the Invalids, with infinite pomp and display. As all the departments of France had their share in this compliment, it had been agreed that Josephine should present the crosses awarded in this part of the country herself.

A scene was therefore got up in the cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, where she was to appear for the first time dressed in imperial robes. She came, radiant in splendour, and the grace of her demeanour supplied what was wanting in youth and beauty; her tiara of diamonds was superb, and her gold-embroidered robes dazzled the eyes of all who gazed upon this vision of an empress in the church of Charlemagne. Surrounded by all the dignified clergy, who came to meet and attend her, clothed in all the riches belonging to their state, their robes covered with those fine pearls presented to the "treasure" by the Emperor Otho, Josephine received the knights of the order, and presented to them their decoration.

The church re-echoed with the glorious music of Mozart, sung by  
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such choruses, and accompanied by such melodies, as are only heard in Germany, and which, in their perfection of purity, seem little less than divine. Since the period, perhaps, when Charlemagne himself, enthusiast as he was in church music, listened to the heavenly chants which so delighted his ear in this very church, as he sat amidst his mighty crowd of warriors—

Rinaldo brave, and Olivier,  
And every paladin and peer—

never had so splendid an assemblage assisted at so magnificent a celebration.

It must be confessed, that as

Every white will have its black,  
And every sweet its sour;  
So found the Lady Christabel,  
Even at that happy hour;

for one of the attendant generals, more brave, probably, than judicious, entertained the auditory on this occasion with an harangue, intended to be complimentary, in which he felicitated the company on beholding "Virtue enthroned, surrounded by beauty."

"Neither the virtues nor the beauties," says a witty authoress, who was present, "felt by any means flattered at this sally, for they justly considered that beauty was of little value without virtue, and still less, perhaps, did they prize virtue without beauty."

Josephine was extremely fond of conversing, in an intimate and confidential manner, with the ladies who were presented to her, particularly those whom she had known in former days, before her great elevation; and her frank and lively manner succeeded at once in placing them at their ease, and making them believe that they were the exclusive objects of her friendship.

At her evening receptions, to which she endeavoured to give the style of a mere private *soirée*, and from which she wished, as much as possible, to banish etiquette, she would, after conversing gaily and carelessly with every individual in turn, select some particular lady, and drawing her aside, indulge in chit-chat of the most intimate kind. During these *tête-à-têtes*, she would talk freely of herself, of her former life, of Napoleon, and of her children, so that her flattered hearer left her with the conviction that she was peculiarly favoured in her confidence.

On the evening after the distribution of the crosses, she talked with much animation to her guests, and related several anecdotes of the manner in which this distinction had been accepted by certain persons to whom it was given or offered.

Several of those who disapproved of the change in Napoleon's title from consul to emperor, indignantly rejected the proffered compliment, and she related that the emperor was particularly annoyed at the manner in which the cross was refused by Ducis and Lemer cier. The words with which the latter accompanied his refusal to accept the distinction were particularly displeasing to Napoleon, who could never divest himself of a certain degree of superstition, which he shared with Josephine, who did not conceal her weakness in this respect.

"Ah!" said Lemer cier, "you amuse yourself with remaking the bed of the Bourbons, do you? Well, I predict that you will not sleep in it ten years."

Singularly enough, the duration of Napoleon's triumph was only nine years and nine months.

"The emperor," said Josephine, "is just as superstitious as I am, though he scolds me so severely when his odious police betrays to him that I have been to visit Mademoiselle Lenormand. Nevertheless, he never fails to make me repeat all she told me, though he will swear to have her put in prison if she encourages me in this folly again; but he always smiles complacently when she predicts new triumphs for him."

The empress visited the theatre, where a new piece of Picard, then a writer in vogue, was the attraction; and, oddly enough, he had been so forgetful of the fact of Josephine having passed the zenith of her youth, as to produce a piece, the title of which was "*La Femme aux Quarante-cinq Ans*." Nothing was further from the intention of the author than to speak disagreeable truths; yet the piece throughout was most unlucky in its allusions to women who were obliged to conceal the outrages of time by means of dress. Everybody but the unlucky dramatist instantly became aware of the awkwardness of the affair, and every one sat on thorns during the representation of the piece. The empress's countenance plainly showed that the strange blunder was observed by her, in spite of all her efforts to appear indifferent.

On speaking of the piece afterwards to a courtier, she said,

"For my own part, I am not a good judge of its merit. Picard should never have it played except before women of five-and-twenty."

"Oh, it is quite as suitable," replied the adroit flatterer, "to those who appear no older."

Picard, the author, was thunderstruck when his kind friends made him sensible, too late, of the absurdity he had been guilty of; and he was the more mortified when he found that Duval, his rival, had been summoned by the empress to attend one of her *soirées*, in order to read a new piece of his called "*The Domestic Tyrant*."

Josephine was in the habit of communicating to her circle any remarkable news brought her by the daily courier from the emperor; and on one occasion she had to relate the event of a violent tempest having greatly injured the flotilla on the coast. The manner in which Bonaparte announced this was singularly characteristic. Knowing himself to have committed an error which was, in fact, the chief cause of the great loss sustained, he arranged his narrative in a manner to throw the blame on the admiral commanding, as well as on the tempest, rather than name the real delinquent.

"By the *imprudence* of Admiral Bruix," he wrote, "it has been a mere chance that our fleet has not suffered enormously; but luckily it has braved the storm, and nothing can equal the enthusiasm of our men to proceed at once to the coast of England."

He proceeded to tell of an adventure which a few days after had caused him the utmost amusement, and how he had laughed immoderately to see the minister of marine upset into the water.

The real fact of both these incidents are thus related by one who was on the spot at the time they occurred, and it is singularly at variance with Napoleon's account.

"The other morning, on mounting his horse, the emperor announced his intention of passing the whole of the fleet in review; he gave orders for the position of those vessels which formed a line of broadsides to be changed, as he proclaimed his desire to review them in open sea. He then proceeded, accompanied as usual by Rustam, to take his daily ride, saying that he expected to find everything in readiness on his return.

The order was instantly transmitted to Admiral Bruix, who simply returned for answer, 'The review cannot take place to-day. Let no vessel, therefore, leave its post.'

Soon after this the emperor reached the port, and asking if all was ready, was informed of the admiral's answer. He desired that it should be twice repeated to him, when, stamping his foot, with his eyes flashing fire with anger, he sent off an immediate order that the admiral should come to him without delay. His extreme impatience, however, did not allow him to wait till his arrival, but he set off to meet him, which he did half-way. His staff ranged themselves in order behind him, in fearful silence, for the emperor was more than usually irritated.

"Admiral," said he, in an agitated tone of voice, "why have not my orders been obeyed?"

"Sire," replied Admiral Bruix, with firmness and respect, "a frightful storm may every moment be expected. Can your majesty wish to expose so many brave men to inevitable destruction?"

"Sir," exclaimed the emperor, more and more irritated, "I have given my orders, and, again I ask, why are they not obeyed? I take the consequences on myself; your part is to obey."

"Sire," said the admiral, "I cannot obey in this instance."

"Sir," cried the emperor, "you are insolent!"

At these words, Napoleon, who held his whip in his hand, advanced towards the admiral, who drew back a step, put his hand to his sword, and said, turning very pale—

"Sire—beware!"

All those who looked on shuddered. The emperor stood motionless, with his arm still raised and his eyes fixed on the admiral, who retained the menacing attitude he had assumed. At length, as if with an effort over himself, the emperor dashed his whip on the ground, and at the same instant the admiral removed his hand from the pommel of his sword, and, bareheaded, waited in silence the result of this conference.

"Second Admiral Magon," said Napoleon, "I give you orders to execute instantly the manoeuvres I have commanded. With respect to you, sir," added he, sternly, addressing Admiral Bruix, "you will quit Boulogne in twenty-four hours, and retire to Holland."

The emperor then rode away to observe the movement which Admiral Magon, the second in command, was about to execute. But scarcely had the first changes been made according to the emperor's direction, when the sky became obscured with thick dark clouds, the thunder growled sullenly, and the wind came bursting and howling along with such force as to break all the lines in a moment.

Exactly what the admiral predicted had happened. A horrible storm overtook the fleet and threatened it with instant destruction.

The emperor remained as if transfixed, with his head bent down, his countenance overspread with gloom, and his arms crossed. Presently he began to pace the shore with rapid strides, when, on a sudden, piercing cries of distress were heard on all sides. More than twenty gun-sloops had just been stranded, the unfortunate mariners were struggling in the midst of the waves and shrieking for help, but so appalling was the danger that no one answered these heartrending appeals.

Napoleon seemed almost distracted at these sounds and sights, and, breaking from amongst those who, seeing his intention, were striving to retain him, he threw himself into a safety-boat, calling out—

"Let me go, let me go—they must be rescued from such peril as this!"

In a moment the boat he had entered was filled with water; one wave, larger than the rest, burst quite over his head and dashed off his hat, throwing it overboard. At the same moment, animated by his example, officers, soldiers, fishermen, and townsmen in crowds, leaped into boats, or dashed into the waves to endeavour to save their drowning fellow-countrymen. But their efforts were attended with but little success; very few of the unfortunate crew of the gun-boats were saved, and the next morning the inexorable sea threw on shore not less than two hundred dead bodies, together with *the hat* of the hero of Marengo!

One poor drummer, from whose recital Constant has transcribed the same account, vouched by many others, after suffering frightful dangers for more than twelve hours, at length quietly floated on shore seated on his chest, having escaped with a fractured thigh.

The dreadful morning after this sad event was one of horror and desolation throughout the camp, for but too numerous were the friends recognised amongst the bodies which strewed the sand. The emperor's grief and remorse were extreme, and he doubtless bitterly reproached himself for his injustice towards the admiral, who was, nevertheless, much blamed for his laconic answers to the orders given him, which, in the unlucky humour Napoleon was then in, were not likely to calm or make him hear reason.

It is true that the admiral did his duty nobly in resisting such absurd commands, but his end in wishing to save so many lives would have been better answered by humouring the emperor's weakness, and by condescending to explain, with more gentleness, the reasons of his disobedience.

The matter was, of course, hushed up as much as possible; but if Admiral Bruix had acted like another Constable of Bourbon he would have had as good an excuse as the ill-treated cousin of Francis I.

The other circumstance mentioned in the emperor's letters to Josephine as having caused him so much merriment, was this:

Shortly after the grand *fête* of the distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honour, the emperor, on leaving the quay to reach a sloop, had to pass over a small plank which had been thrown across from the landing-place. Napoleon had stepped lightly and quickly over, but M. Crest, the minister of marine, being a heavy and unwieldy man, was less active and less fortunate, for, feeling the plank crack beneath his foot, he lost his equilibrium when about half-way over, the plank snapped, and the minister was precipitated into the water.

Some sailors leaped instantly in after him, and soon fished him up, but he was not got on board without much difficulty; and was received, as it appears, by the emperor with fits of uncontrollable laughter, which doubtless found an echo from many a voice.

Nothing was said by the discreet visitors of Josephine of the sad disaster of the storm at Boulogne; but the comic incident of the submerged minister furnished matter for infinite mirth and wit for some time at the lively court of Aix-la-Chapelle.

All on a sudden the whole of the department was thrown into a state of excitement by the announcement of the expected arrival of the emperor himself, who was preceded by several great personages, arriving one after the other with great celerity. Napoleon should have lived in the time of railroads, which would have exactly suited his rapidity of thought and execution. As it was, he reached Aix-la-Chapelle almost as soon as his



intention was known, and made a military entry into the town, accompanied by several of his marshals—Mortier in advance, and Mouton bringing up the rear, both men of striking exterior and demeanour, and highly admired by the people, who were also in raptures with the magnificent appearance of the staff, but, it must be confessed, were disappointed in the sight of the great conqueror himself, particularly after the flowery and fairy-like accounts which had been spread of the remarkable resemblance borne by him to the idol of their fancies, the Emperor Charlemagne.

M. Maret, the secretary of Napoleon, was with him, and used to relate many amusing anecdotes of the freedom with which the great general was treated by the army, and how much these familiarities amused him. On one occasion the army of Italy, seeing Napoleon always in the same dusty and battered hat in which he had braved so many battles, entered into a subscription to buy him a new one, which present flattered and entertained him in the highest degree.

When his leisure permitted him to read a few of the innumerable letters addressed to him by the common soldiers, who were accustomed to write as if he was a near relation, deeply interested in their family affairs, he was extremely diverted, and almost always complied with the requests contained in such epistles; for instance, as the following:—

"Your majesty is too just, and too well acquainted with my uncle Eustace, not to be certain that he never will give me my share of my mother's property, except I go right home to claim it. This is the reason I want a short leave."

Sometimes a soldier would confide to him his disappointments in love, and a variety of domestic matters, requesting his interference to put affairs straight for him, which not unfrequently happened according to the writer's desire.

Of course, on the emperor's arrival at Aix-la-Chapelle, there was a grand exhibition of the famous relics. The chemise of the Virgin, and the linen which wrapped the Holy Infant, were duly paraded, together with the bones of St. Stephen, and an arm of *Saint* Charlemagne. The latter relic particularly attracted the attention of Napoleon, who summoned Dr. Corvisart, who was in his suite, in order to ask him what part of this formidable arm the enormous bone preserved in a glass case for so many ages might be.

The doctor, at this question, could not repress a smile, but remained silent, till the question being urged, replied, in an undertone, that the bone was in fact a *tibia*, which might have belonged to the leg of Charlemagne, but could never have formed any part of his arm.

"Well, well," said the emperor; "keep your discovery to yourself; we must respect people's prejudices."

But this anatomical remark did not pass unheard or uncommented on by the curious and amused bystanders.

The door of the iron coffer in which these precious relics are kept is hermetically closed, and only re-opened at the end of seven years in favour of crowned heads. Napoleon was, therefore, much pleased at the opening taking place in compliment to him.

Amongst the marvels shown was a beautiful little enamelled box, the sight of which sent the empress into ecstasies of admiration. The archbishop told her that an ancient tradition prophesied great good fortune to whoever should be able to open it; but this had never yet been done. There was neither hinge nor lock to be seen, and it appeared entirely and

safely closed ; but no sooner did the empress take it into her hands than she was able to open it without difficulty, much to her amusement and delight.

The priests, finding that Josephine was particularly attracted towards a fine antique cameo, ventured to offer it for her acceptance, but she received a peremptory command from the emperor to decline the present.

The tomb of Charlemagne was not left unvisited by the imperial pair, and Napoleon seated himself in the rude chair in which the great Emperor of the West was crowned. It is said that this chair was taken from the tomb of Charlemagne by the Emperor Otho, who, when he had the tomb opened, found the body of the mighty king seated in it, adorned partly with the appendages of a Christian penitent, and partly with the ornaments of a king. The crown and cimeter Otho removed from the mouldering remains, and had the bones placed in a coffin, ever since the object of pious veneration ; but it would seem that the pride of Charlemagne had not permitted him to assume a reclining posture even after death, and that he was buried, still seated in his chair of state—

Every inch a king.

The sight of this tomb, and of the palace of the great emperor, no doubt stirred within Napoleon's mind many thoughts of ambition and future conquest and glory, such as would place his name on an even level with that of the conqueror whose relics he beheld ; he read the inscription over his ruined palace, and, perhaps, saw in idea the Empire of the East restored ; and thought that, like him, he would make Aix-la-Chapelle the capital of the empire he would found. His star was at that hour in the ascendant ; Fortune smiled upon him in all his attempts, and some of the greatest powers of Europe had lately acknowledged him as a legitimate sovereign. The Emperor of Austria had just sent an ambassador, with fresh letters of credit, to Napoleon. Portugal had done the same ; and Naples had followed the example. Inferior courts had done him the same reverence, and, in spite of the sulkiness of Russia and of England, he could not but feel that his triumph was great.

Napoleon's enmity to the obstinate "island of the sage and free" could be, for the present, shown in no other way (not counting his plaything fleet, which was tossed about at the mercy of the winds at Boulogne) than in prohibiting any part of the manufactures of England from entering France. Nothing could be stricter than his laws on this subject ; and nothing annoyed him more than to find them infringed. In spite, however, of this, he could not take a walk in the morning, or talk to a lady in the *salon* of his wife in the evening, without being shocked and enraged by observing that the whole female court, with the empress at their head, were dressed in English muslins, cottons, and every kind of article manufactured on the other side of the water.

The violent opposition which existed against this anti-national conduct rendered it the more piquant, and the fashion became a perfect mania, so that no lady was looked upon as fit to appear whose dress was not procured entirely from England. As, of course, the boast of it was even more delightful than the thing itself, no one made a secret of her acquisitions ; and the emperor fretted, and fumed, and frowned, and chid in vain. Female vanity contrived to conquer the conqueror and outwit the wisest.

Napoleon found that the only way to forget these petty vexations was to entrench himself in visions of Charlemagne during his stay at Aix-la-Chapelle, and he delighted to climb the Louisberg, once visited in pil-

grimage by the great Charles, "the lord of all the castles from the Rhine to the Danube, and from the Danube to the sea."

The castle of Franckenberg was a great source of interest to him, and from thence he looked upon the lake into which the ring of Charlemagne being once thrown, he could never detach himself from his love for that spot. Napoleon listened with interest to the legends of this charmed place, and lingered about the tower where Emma received her lover Eginhard.

The first time he visited this castle he had ridden so fast down the mountain that his attendants had some difficulty in keeping up with him along the rugged and stony road, now smooth and fair, and planted with rich trees, a fit walk for lovers, even though their footprints might appear in the snow. He had but just arrived, when the ringing laughter of Josephine was heard amongst the old walls, and she and all her ladies issued forth to surprise him.

The celebrated tower stands on a rocky height, accessible by a ruined stair, which the emperor mounted on horseback with considerable difficulty, and surveyed the fine old ruins with enthusiasm which lay scattered far over the height and the descent; bridge, ramparts, and long defences, all covered with moss and ivy, as beautiful in decay as glorious in prosperity. The two streams that border the road leading to this spot hold their course in contrast, for one rolls along a boiling torrent, and the other a tide of cool waters—emblems of the fury of ambition and the tranquillity of content.—Alas! the great conqueror was never destined to know the latter.

## THE GREAT LITTLE.

"SENNOCK!—It is not an aristocratic name!" said Mrs. St. Maur, with a sneer and toss of her head.

"Certainly it has no pretensions to assume any such distinction; but what does that signify in England?—in England, where the road to distinction is open to all. We are proud of tracing back our ancestry, and rejoice when we can make out a good claim to a very old name; we talk of descending from a follower of the Conqueror with exultation, and do not care to ascertain the exact rank of that adventuring soldier who confers such distinction upon us at this distance of time."

"Well," returned Mrs. St. Maur, "I don't suppose Mr. William Sennock traces his pedigree down quite so far."

"I believe not; he has no means of doing so beyond the latter years of Edward III. At that period he loses all clue, though it is by no means impossible, if the secret of his birth were discovered, that he might be able to claim relationship to the illustrious son of Arlette himself."

"You are resolved," said Mrs. St. Maur, impatiently, "to make a hero of romance of this young man with the vulgar name. Ellen thinks him handsome, which I do not; so you had better address yourself to her rather than to me, for I care nothing about him one way or the other."

So saying, the married sister of Ellen de Grey threw herself back on her cushions, and occupied her attention with a fashionable novel, in which occurred none but aristocratic names,

"But what *can* you mean," said Ellen, looking suddenly up from her sketching, "by young Sennock tracing back his family so far? His name certainly does not recommend him so much as his manners and his looks; but you are, I know, fond of defending your friends on their weakest side, so pray let me hear by what ingenious invention you will contrive to gain our new acquaintance a place in my sister's consideration."

"There is no occasion for invention at all. I have only to narrate plain facts, and you, who are fond of romance, will agree that the story is sufficiently remarkable to attract notice from the most resolute lover of the commonplace. Sennock's friend, Popkins, was telling me the circumstances only the other day."

Mrs. St. Maur interrupted the narrative at this moment by a burst of contemptuous laughter.

"My good friend, for Heaven's sake, spare my nerves as much as you can, and repeat the odious appellations of this pair of hero-friends as seldom as possible. Popkins, I confess, jars upon my ear worse than Sennock! Surely you will not venture to defend either of them from the charge of being plebeian, root and branch?"

"Popkins, madam, is undoubtedly a distinguished name; of that there is no doubt, as I shall be happy to prove if you will do me the honour of listening to a plain unvarnished tale."

"Say on," exclaimed Ellen, "and do not heed the interruptions of my prejudiced sister; try to prove as much as you can, and I beg you to suppress nothing, however inharmonious. I can bear discord, and she must accustom her ears to it, for the sake of the real, though dissembled, admiration she has for the exquisite dancing of our lately-acquired beaux."

"I need not ask you if you know the town of Sevenoaks?"

"Of course we do," interposed Mrs. St. Maur; "didn't we have our horses at the inn there, when we went to see Knole; it is no otherwise remarkable than being close to that beautiful park."

"Where that still rustic town, more like a town in Normandy, bating the cleanliness, now stands, formerly grew on the summit of the chalk hill, on which it is built, seven large oaks, celebrated throughout the country for their beauty, and the admiration of the whole weald."

"What do they mean by weald, I wonder," said Ellen, with a smile; "one is always hearing of the Weald of Kent, and the Weald of Sussex. You, who pretend to antiquarian knowledge, pray, before you continue the history of those seven oaks, satisfy me on this point?"

"When the church of a parish was placed on a hill, and the parish extended along the level below it, it was called 'in the weald'—the word 'weald' itself means a woody country."

"But you have left the seven trees growing on the hill above the weald. I suppose you are going to tell us that the town of Sevenoaks took their place in due course of time?"

"It did so; but the seven oaks remained sacred—they were not destroyed—and for several centuries still flourished. One, however, alone, is the object of our present attention, for to that one belongs the history of your new partner, William Sennock."

"It was about the time when the mature charms of the beautiful princess Joan, called 'The Fair Maid of Kent,' had subdued the susceptible heart of the Black Prince, that the largest and oldest of these oaks be-

gan to exhibit symptoms of decay; its enormous trunk gaped, and showed through its rents that all within was hollow, and, though young shoots sprung forth, and with duteous branches tried to conceal the ravages of time, yet it could be no longer doubted that the patriarch had reached an age when every succeeding year must tell upon his strength.

"One evening, after a long day's hunting, on his return to his manor, not far from the town, Sir William Bumpsted——"

"More hideous names!" cried Mrs. St. Maur; "can't you contrive to give your heroes better designations?"

"I am telling truth, not fiction; you must endure it as you will. I repeat it, Sir William Bumpsted, having dismounted from his tired horse, had led him to the top of the hill, and, being fatigued, sat himself down beneath this ancient oak, while his horse grazed at his side.

"The sun was setting in great splendour over the weald, and the extensive forests which spread far away into the distance were glowing with the rich golden light: all was perfectly still, except when a fragrance was borne upon the slight breeze, which occasionally passed over the short grass and nodding wild flowers around him. The moon was slowly rising, and with it an attendant nightingale roused himself from a long day-dream and began his song, when suddenly Sir William's ear was caught by another sound which, from time to time, interrupted the perfect harmony of the lay he listened to.

"The tone was like the low wail of a new-born infant, and seemed to proceed from the branches of the oak under which he sat. Again and again he heard the sound, and could not doubt that it really was a child's voice. He rose and looked about him, but all was silence and solitude; and as he walked round the gigantic stem of the great oak, he could discern no indication to direct him.

"He paused when he had made a second circuit, and his eye rested on a rent which disclosed a hollow as high up as his shoulder, and, as he placed his hand within, part of the bark, which had evidently been removed, and replaced, gave way, and he discovered the form of a young child, whose cries were now sufficiently loud to prevent the possibility of his mistaking its vicinity.

"Sir William, groping in the hollow, presently pulled forth a babe, so young that he could not doubt that it was but recently introduced to this world which had so unceremoniously received it.

"It had on it no clothing whatever, and rested on a bed of dry leaves, some of which it grasped in its small, but nervous hands, together with an acorn which almost filled its palm. As soon as the old knight had the infant in his arms it ceased its cries, and, opening upon him a pair of bright dark eyes, regarded him with an intelligence which almost startled its unaccustomed nurse. This glance was followed by a smile which dimpled over the little face, as with its disengaged hand it entwined its fingers round the thumb of Sir William, as if clinging to him for support.

"'By Saint Bartholomew of Shoreham,' exclaimed the knight, 'propitious to the prayers of parents! it is a fine, hearty boy, and seems to claim my protection; a strange treasure the fairies have sent me!—what can I do with it?'

"This was a grave consideration, and one which greatly perplexed the knight; so much so, indeed, that he stood as if fixed to the spot, and was

only roused from the reverie into which he had fallen by the approach of one of his attendants, whose astonishment equalled his own, when he saw his master engaged in so unwonted an occupation.

"'Anthony,' said the knight, 'you come in good time, for I am in a sore strait; see what fruit this tree has dropped into my hands. I found this youngster in the hollow of the oak, and having unluckily taken it from thence, it were poor charity to cast it back again. How shall I bestow it?'

"Anthony looked bewildered, but calling up his wits, replied, after a moment's pause,

"If you carried the babe to Bumpsted, we should have but cold welcome from Dame Peche, who does not love intruders, and would not, perchance, believe our tale. Besides, your honour being a bachelor as well as myself, she would say we had nothing to do with such gear. Yet it were a heathen act to leave the child to starve in the night air. What if I take it to good Master Hugh de Bois, who has more than once served us at a pinch. His dame has children of her own, and would show kindness to the poor forlorn thing. Foul befall the parents who could desert it!"

"But," interrupted Mrs. St. Maur, "what has this long old-world story to do with young Sennock. I can see by no possibility that it concerns him."

"Have patience, madam. I see Miss Ellen sets you a good example. This child, so strangely found, was in due course consigned to the keeping of Hugh de Bois, citizen, *ferrer*, and grocer, of London, then on a visit to his kinsfolk at Sevenoaks; and from that time the stars, which seemed to shine adversely on his birth, were propitious to the young foundling, about whom the mystery was never cleared up.

"It was generally supposed that he was placed in the oak by persons, strangers to that part of the country, as no clue could be in any way obtained to his story. No suspicious circumstances ever came out at the time; no family mystery existed; in fact, it was found impossible to fix on any one in the neighbourhood likely to be concerned in the sudden appearance of the little stranger, who was adopted, nurtured, cared for, and educated with the utmost benevolence between the good old knight who had found him, and the generous citizen who accepted the charge of him.

"He was forthwith christened William de Sevenoke, or Sennock, as the name of the town was indifferently called, was taken to London, and there apprenticed to De Bois, and, growing up, healthy in body and mind, when the term of his apprenticeship was expired was admitted to the freedom of the grocers' company, succeeded in all his undertakings, became wealthy and important, and in the sixth year of King Henry V. was Lord Mayor of London, with the title of Sir William Sevenoke, bearing on his shield of arms—seven acorns, three, three and one.

"It was then that, as an old chronicler relates, 'Calling to remembrance the goodness of Almighty God, and the favour of his patron and the inhabitants of Sevenoke extended towards him, he determined to leave behind him a lasting memorial of his thankfulness; therefore, at his own cost and charge, he founded an hospital, consisting of certain almshouses for twenty poor people, and a free school for the education of youth, within the town, endowing them both with a proper and sufficient maintenance. To effect which, he, by his last will and testament, dated July, 1432,

devised certain lands and tenements, to maintain for ever one master, well skilled in grammar, and a bachelor of arts, who should keep a grammar-school in some convenient house within the same town, to be purchased with his goods, and likewise to give and pay to twenty poor men and women of the said parish, quarterly, ten shillings a-piece, who should live in the said town, in houses to be purchased by his executors; and for other charitable purposes in the said will mentioned.'

"Have I not made out a good descent for my young friend? Is it not as illustrious as that of any of the Conqueror's adventurers; and can you object to his name now?"

Mrs. St. Maur was silent, and bit her lip, as she rose and stepped out into the flower-garden, which opened before the window, while Ellen, with a blushing cheek, confessed herself perfectly reconciled to the name which so much annoyed her sister.

"And now for Popkins," said she, laughing.

"John Popkins was a learned and benevolent man, of a respectable family in the same town, and, holding in high esteem and admiration the act of the foundling William, he devoted much of his fortune to augment the charity; so that the names of Popkins and Sennock are immortalised in the minds of Kentish men from that time, and the descendants of the two families have been always friends through the four centuries which have elapsed since these events took place."

"I have not the least doubt," exclaimed Mrs. St. Maur, unexpectedly returning, and standing at the open window, "that if the truth were known, the foundling—since he turned out to have such noble sentiments—was, after all, the son of a noble family."

"Such may have been the case; for who shall say he was not the child supposed to have been murdered by John Holand, the son of the Fair Maid of Kent?"

"What child was that?" exclaimed Mrs. St. Maur. "If the son of a great man—I feel certain it was so, and am ready to give testimony if called upon to prove it."

"You will be more ready to do so when you know—you, who are so wedded to the ideal of high birth—that the child in question was the son and heir of Hugh Earl Stafford, which disappeared strangely and suddenly immediately after its birth, and, it was afterwards confessed by its nurse, had been sold by her to John Holand, the enemy of his father, by whom it was said to have been made away with. John Holand stoutly denied the charge of the murder; but refused to reply to other accusations, in consequence of which the king, Richard II., remained deaf to the prayers and tears of his mother, the fair Joan, whose pride was thereby so much offended, that she shut herself up in Wallingford Castle, and, after four days' indulgence in the extremity of grief, died of the sickness brought on by it. The culprit was afterwards pardoned, and became Duke of Exeter. Would you rather our hero descended from him?"

"No," said Mrs. St. Maur; "since we have established that he is the Earl of Stafford's son, I am content; and as one never knows, in this land of ugly names, who any one may turn out to be, I think, Ellen, I shall no longer object to your asking Sennock and Popkins to my *soirée dansante* to-morrow evening."

## THE WAR OF RACES.

THE rapid and general diffusion of geological science has familiarised most persons with the fact that the existing order of things is but one of a succession, and that, but for the knowledge which has been vouchsafed to us through revelation, we know nothing correctly of man's origin. It is certain that there were periods when he existed not, and, in this respect, he holds the identical relation to time and space which we find all other animals do. This is almost all we know of his history. A pseudo-philosophical and popular work, "The Vestiges of Creation," and, still more lately, Humboldt, in his "Kosmos," have also familiarised the minds of the more enlightened, to a certain extent, with the transcendental theories of Goethe, Spix, Von Martius, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, and others of the same school; but the theory of unity of organisation, and of man himself passing, in the embryo state, through a series of metamorphoses, expressed briefly by the term development—passing through forms which represent the permanent forms of other adult beings belonging to the organic world, not human, but bestial, of whom some belong to the existing world, whilst others may represent forms which once existed, but are now extinct; or, finally, forms which may be destined some day to appear running their destined course, then to perish as their predecessors—was at once of too refined a nature, and too humiliating to the pride of man, to meet with a ready or a general acceptance. Add to this, that the author of "The Vestiges of Creation" jumbled up a theory of human progress with the theory of development; he misstated the doctrines of St. Hilaire; those of Humboldt were withheld; and, finally, the critics—the Church and colleges—compelled the anonymous compiler to seek a refuge in the doctrine of a final cause.

Still, prepared as we were by the great movement brought about by the geological and zoological generalisations which have succeeded to the era of Cuvier, for striking results, we scarcely anticipated seeing in our times what are, at the best, speculative ideas, brought before the public in so bold and overt a manner as that in which it has pleased Dr. Knox to convey his views and theories of the human nature and character, taken individually or nationally—views which the author himself acknowledges at the onset are wholly at variance with long-received doctrines, stereotyped prejudices, national delusions, and a physiology and a cosmogony based on a fantastic myth as old as the Hebrew record:\*

That human character, individual and national, is traceable solely to the nature of that race to which the individual or nation belongs, is a statement which I know must meet with the severest opposition. It runs counter to nearly all the chronicles of events called histories; it overturns the theories of statesmen, of theologians, of philanthropists of all shades—from the dreamy essayist whose remedy for every ill that flesh is heir to, is summed up in "the coming man," to the "whitened sepulchres of England," the hard-handed, spatular-fingered Saxon utilitarian, whose best plea for religion, and sound morals, and philanthropy, is "the profitableness thereof"—impostors all! to such the truths in this little work must ever be most unpalatable. Nevertheless, that race in human affairs is

\* The Races of Men. A Fragment. By Robert Knox, M.D. II. Renshaw.



everything, is simply a fact, the most remarkable, the most comprehensive, which philosophy has ever announced. Race is everything: literature, science, art—in a word, civilisation, depends on it.

Each race treated of in this little work will complain of my *not* having done *them* justice; of all others they will admit that I have spoken the truth. The placing the Slavonian and Gothic races foremost amongst men, first and greatest in philosophy, will much, I believe, astonish the men of other races; the Saxon and Celt; the Italian and Sarmatian: the inordinate self-esteem of the Saxon will be especially shocked thereby; nor will he listen with composure to a theory which tells him, proves to him, that his race cannot domineer over the earth—cannot even exist permanently on any continent to which he is not indigenous—cannot ever become native, true-born Americans—cannot hold in permanency any portion of any continent but the one on which he *first* originated. Physiologists will dispute with me the great laws I have endeavoured to substitute for the effete commonplace of the schools; geologists will think me hasty in declaring the æra of Cuvier at an end; theologians—but here I stop; a reply shall not be wanting.

The basis of the views thus expounded is made to repose upon the physical structure, or, in other words, the zoological history of man. From these great elements the author deduces that men are of various races; call them species, if you will; call them permanent varieties; it matters not. The fact, the simple fact, remains just as it was: men are of different races. The mind of the race, instinctive and reasoning, naturally differs, in correspondence with the organisation. Thus, even Christianity itself has its character altered by each race; Celtic, Saxon, Sarmatian, express, in so many words, the Greek, Roman, and Lutheran forms of worship. M. Daubigny has expended many words in explaining the rejection of the Reformation by certain nations, its adoption by others; let him look to the map, and he will find that, with a single exception, the Celtic race universally rejected the reformation of Luther; the Saxon race as certainly adopted it. The *morale* of a race, we are told, has little or nothing to do with its religion; and the English invasion of Hindostan, the invasion of Scinde and Affghan, and the plunder of China, are offered as proofs. A profitable war is a pleasant thing for a Saxon nation; and a crusade against the heathen has always been declared praiseworthy:—

Empires, monarchies, nations, are human contrivances; often held together by fraud and violence: Ireland, for example, and England; Prussia and Posen; Austria and Hungary. Does an *émeute* take place in Canada? See with what anxiety it is attempted to be shown in parliament that it is not a fight of race against race! All in vain! The terrible question cannot be concealed any longer. The savage rule of the Tedeschi will no longer be endured in Italy; the Saxon-German detests the Slavonian, who repays his hatred with defiance. Long-headed statesmen, like Metternich and Guizot, who knew so well the nature of the races they governed, would fain mystify the question, ascribing the war of race to a wild spirit of democracy—to peripatetic agitators; in Ireland, to the smallness of the holdings; and perhaps, in Canada, to the largeness of the holdings! Profound observers, who could pass their lives amongst a race of men without discovering their nature! Let the Norman government of England look to it. Its views and policy are antagonistic to the Saxon race it governs; 1888 may complete what 1688 left imperfect, and an Anglo-Saxon republic, looking again towards Scandinavia, may found a European confederacy, against which the dynasty-loving Celt and the swinish, abject Cossaque, may strike in vain. Then, and not till then, will terminate the evil effects of the conquest of England by the Normans.

The author considers that, apart from the sprinkling of gipsies, Jews, &c., in Britain, that there are in this country three distinct races—the Celtic, Saxon, and Belgian or Flemish. He is wrong, however, in

supposing that all statesmen have overlooked the bearing of this great fact. Montgomery Martin, in his "Ireland before and after the Union," has traced the evils that affect that country solely to the difference between the two races; and we have ourselves repeatedly dwelt upon the same fact. The Celtic character is, however, presented to us, considered as a race, in a very forcible manner, which, if somewhat exaggerated, contains much that is true:—

On four eventful occasions the supreme power has returned into the hands of the Celtic men of France: never was the destruction of a dynasty more complete. What use have they made of this power? Have the conscript laws been abolished? Have the passport laws for Frenchmen ceased to exist? Is the press free? Paris open, and unfortified? The population peaceably armed? Or is it true that they have turned their capital into a fortified camp?—elected as a military leader the nephew of the greatest of men, whom they betrayed?—conscription, passports, all in force. I appeal to the Saxon men of all countries whether I am right or not in my estimate of the Celtic character. Furious fanaticism; a love of war and disorder; a hatred for order and patient industry; no accumulative habits; restless, treacherous, uncertain: look at Ireland. This is the dark side of the character. But there is a bright and brilliant view which my readers will find I have not failed to observe. What race has done such glorious deeds? Still it is never to be forgotten that the continental Celt deserted and betrayed the greatest of men, Napoleon, thus losing the sovereignty of the world: here the fatal blow was struck from which the continental Celt cannot hope to recover. Culloden decided the fate, not of Scotland, as the *Times* has it, but of the Caledonian Celt: the Lowland Saxon Scotch took part against them: Celtic Ireland fell at the Boyne; this was their Waterloo. Sir Robert Peel's Encumbered Estate Bill aims simply at the quiet and gradual extinction of the Celtic race in Ireland: this is its sole aim, and it will prove successful. A similar bill is wanted for Caledonia, or may be required shortly: the Celtic race cannot too soon escape from under Saxon rule.

The qualities of the Saxon or Scandinavian differ from this. According to our author, they are love of liberty and dominion, and yet abhorrence of dynasties:—

What had induced the ancient Scandinavians to cross the Rhine in Cæsar's time? What had led them long before into Italy, where they encountered Marius? Ask the South-African Saxon Boor what induces him to spread himself over a land, one twentieth part of which could easily maintain him in comfort and affluence. What urges him against Caffraria—against Natal? It has been said, that the Scandinavian or Saxon tribes were pressed for space; that more numerous barbarous tribes pushed them on. The over-populousness of their woods and their retiring before another force do not well agree; there is some contradiction here. But the Cape Boor of Saxon origin has no such excuse for spreading himself in a few years over a vast region, which he leaves uncultivated; neither has the Anglo-Saxon American. To me it seems referable simply to the qualities of the race; to their inordinate self-esteem; to their love of independence, which makes them dislike the proximity of a neighbour; to their hatred for dynasties and governments; democrats by their nature, the only democrats on the earth, the only race which truly comprehends the meaning of the word liberty.

As a result, following out the geographical position of the Saxon race, we find him in Europe, intersected, but not amalgamated, with the Sarmatian and Slavonian, in Eastern Europe; with the Celtic, in Switzerland; deeply with the Slavonian and Fleming, in Austria and on the Rhine; thinly spread throughout Wales; in possession, as occupants of the soil of northern and eastern Ireland; lastly, carrying out the destinies of his race, obeying his physical and moral nature, the Anglo-Saxon, aided by his insular position, takes possession of the ocean, becomes the great tyrant at sea; ships, colonies, commerce—these are his wealth, therefore his strength. A nation of shopkeepers grasps at universal

power; founds a colony (the States of America) such as the world never saw before: loses it as a result of the principle of race. Nothing daunted, founds others, to lose them all in succession, and for the same reasons—race. A handful of large-handed, spatula-fingered Saxon traders hold military possession of India; meantime, though divided by nationalities into different groups—as English, Dutch, German, United States men (strange that the so-called United States men should be the only nation without a name)—cordially hating each other, the race still hopes ultimately to be masters of the world. As opposed to this ambition of a race, the disciples of the transcendental school assures us that, under the influence of climate, the Saxon decays in northern America and in Australia, and he rears his offspring with difficulty. He has changed his continental locality; the physiological law is against his naturalisation there. Were the supplies from Europe not incessant, he could not stand his ground in these new continents. The author does not argue with Barton, that the Anglo-Saxon will degenerate in America into the Cherokee Indian: he argues, that the physiological law entails his extinction, and his absorption into, or his being superseded by, the native races. A real native permanent American or Australian race, of pure Saxon blood, is a dream, he says, which can never be realised. What will the populations of New York, of Rio Janeiro, of Sydney, say to this unpleasant prospect of the future, promulgated as a law of human physiology?

The Saxon (our author argues) is fair, not because he lives in a temperate or cold climate, but because he is Saxon. The Esquimaux are nearly black, yet they live amidst eternal snows; the Tasmanian is, if possible, darker than the negro, under a climate as mild as England. Climate, he says, in opposition to a large school of ethnologists, has no influence in permanently altering the varieties or races of men; destroy them it may, and does, but it cannot convert them into any other race; nor can this be done even by act of parliament, which to a thorough-going Englishman, with all his amusing nationalities, will appear as something amazing. It has been tried in Wales, in Ireland, in Caledonia—and failed. It appears strangely inconsistent with these views of the gradual degeneration and extinction of the Anglo-Saxon race in America, that the said race is, through Providence, to be the instrument of humiliation to the mother country:—

The social condition of the Saxon (says the doctor) can only be seen in the free states of America, which I have not yet visited. In Britain he was enslaved by a Norman dynasty, antagonistic of his race. His efforts to throw it off have not yet succeeded, though oft repeated. On the Continent, the Saxon race, broken up into petty monarchies, without wealth or power; miserably enslaved and crushed down by the dynasties of Hapsburgh, Brandenburg, and a host of others, presents a condition seemingly hopeless. In their last struggle for liberty, or in other words for institutions suited to their race, they were not joined by the Scandinavian nations, the very best of their blood. Holland, too, would have risen, but she remembered the Celtic treachery; the betrayal of the cause of liberty by the French Celt in '92; the plunder of Europe by a body of disciplined savages under Napoleon; so she responded not to the Celt. The cap of liberty was raised in vain in Paris; the cautious Hollander was not again to be deceived. He knew also that England, commercial England, was sure to betray him into the hands of the brutal Pruss and Russ. Thus the noblest blood of the race is in abeyance: sunk into political insignificance. Sweden, Denmark, Norway, Holstein, Holland, commercial England have overshadowed you. A colony of your own (England), your first, your greatest colony, has exercised over your fortunes that fatal influence which

England's first and greatest colony may some day exercise over hers: we are to you, what America seems destined to be to us. Of the same race, commercial, naval, the only really good sailors in the world, our American colony already disputes with us the empire of the seas; a future Paul Jones may yet repay Britain the affair of Copenhagen; but it must come from a Saxon race, for the Saxons alone are sailors.

The Saxon, we are told, excels other nations in an abstract sense of justice, but only to Saxons. Aware of his strength of chest and arms, he uses them in self-defence: the Celt flies uniformly to the sword. To-day and to-morrow is all the Saxon looks to; yesterday he cares not for—it is past and gone. The absence of genius in his race he feels; he dislikes to be told it; he attempts to crush it whenever it appears. Men of genius he calls humbugs—impostors. In a political point of view, the selfish character of the Saxon, and the slavish propensities of the Celt, are denounced in pretty broad terms:—

The failure of the Continental Saxon during the late struggle for liberty, I ventured to foretell at the commencement. They desired to be united, free; disenthralled from the hideous iron despotism which crushes them down: in a German unity, a race mustering at least sixty millions, they hoped to find a counterpoise to Celtic France, and Swinish Russia: that is, to the two *dominant races* of Europe, the Celt and the Sarmatian. But true to their selfish nature, they had not the soul to offer the same freedom to the Slavonian, whom they neglected and despised. They fought with the Slavonians in Posen; they resisted them in Bohemia; they contended with them in Austria; liberty for the German was the war-cry; slavery for all the rest. They now reap the fruits of their selfish nature; hopeless slavery for centuries: the dynasties are in the ascendant: they have alarmed the holders of *property*, always timid, always cowardly: as a class, the property men are sure to back any dynasty if well supported by the bayonet. No sympathies can be extended to a selfish, grasping race, without feelings for others. To their eternal dishonour, they suffered an infamous coward, the first who fled from Potsdam to Windsor, to return and butcher their brethren in Baden and Saxony. When the imbecile House of Hapsburgh fled from Vienna, then was the time to have said to the Slavonian race—"Arise, and form a nation." But *self* prevailed with the Saxon, and ruin followed. The words of Napoleon have now been verified; Europe is "all Cossaque." All fear of a *Celtic Republic* has vanished: the character of the Celt is now fully understood. Rome has settled the question for a time. Celtic liberty is now well comprehended by all Europe. The world thought Celtic France a great and free people; but the world was wrong if they did, for the world forgot the element of race in its calculation on the probable destinies of the French Celt; that element, duly weighed, would have shown them, that a race being composed of individuals resembling each other must, even in its greatest efforts, merely shadow forth the character of the individual. When the French Celt drove out the insupportable and paltry Orleans dynasty, they were merely a fighting clan without a chief; having no self-esteem, how could they act without a leader? That leader had not then, and has not yet appeared.

It is almost needless to remark, that a law of unity of organisation which insists upon distinct races of men, will not admit that such can amalgamate any more than races of animals. Nature, they say, produces no mules, no hybrids, neither in man nor animals; when they accidentally appear they soon cease to be, for they are either non-productive, or one or other of the pure breeds speedily predominates, and the weaker disappears. The manner in which the unity of organisation men apply this to the progress of humanity, may be judged of by what is said of the South American populations:—

When the best blood of Spain migrated to America, they killed as many of the natives, that is, the copper-coloured Indians, indigenous to the soil, as they could.

But this could not go on, labourers to till the soil being required. The old Spaniard was found unequal to this; *he could not colonise the conquered country*; he required other aid, native or imported. Then came the admixture with the Indian blood and the Celt-Iberian blood; the produce being the mulatto. But now that the supplies of Spanish blood have ceased, the mulatto must cease, too, for as a hybrid he becomes non-productive after a time, if he intermarries only with the mulatto: he can no longer go back to the Spanish blood: that stock has ceased; of necessity, then, he is forced upon the Indian breed. Thus, year by year, the Spanish blood disappears, and with it the mulatto, and the population retrograding towards the indigenous inhabitants, returns to that Indian population, the hereditary descendants of those whom Cortes found there; whom nature seemingly placed there; not aliens, nor foreigners, but aboriginal. As it is with Mexico, so it is with Peru.

When Mr. Canning made his celebrated boast in parliament, that he had created the republics of Mexico and Peru, Columbia, Bolivia, and Argentine, I made to some friends the remark, that to create races of men was beyond his power, and that the result of his measure would merely be to precipitate that return, sure to come at last, the return to the aboriginal Indian population, from whom no good could come, from whom nothing could be expected; a race whose vital energies were wound up; expiring: hastening onwards also to ultimate extinction.

If we look to the period of Rome's conquests, we shall find that no amalgamation of races ever happened; in Greece it was the same. It would seem, indeed, that happen what will, no race, however victorious they may be, has ever succeeded in utterly destroying a native population and occupying their place. Two laws seem to me the cause of this. Should the conquering party be numerous, there is still the climate against them; and if few, the native race, antagonistic of the conquerors, again predominates; so that after most conquests the country remains in the hands of the original race.

In the same manner, there has been no amalgamation of the Celtic and Saxon races in Ireland. They abhor each other cordially. The late O'Connell was perpetually dwelling upon this race-hatred. Mr Macaulay and other modern historians will have it that the pitiable state of the Irish is owing to their religion; but the Caledonian Celt is an Evangelical Protestant:—

The races of men (assert the disciples of the new school) still remain distinct—the gipsies mingle not, neither do the Jews. In Swedish and Russian Lapland, the Lappes remain apart; the Fins are Slavonians, they mingle not with the adjoining Saxon race; the Saxons remain distinct from the Slavonians in the Grand Duchy of Posen, and in all eastern Prussia. An attempt was made by the Germans to destroy the Slavonian race in Bohemia; it was a thirty years' war, conducted by the savage and imbecile House of Hapsburgh against the Bohemians. It utterly failed, and the inhabitants are still Slavonian. The Muscovite has grasped all northern Asia, yet he has not succeeded in destroying any race, neither do they amalgamate with the Russ. The French Celt has never yet been able to live and thrive in Corsica; Algeria he can, I fear, hold only as a military possession: a colonist, in the proper sense of the term, he never can become. On the banks of the Nile still wander in considerable numbers the descendants of the men who built the pyramids, and carved the Memnon and the Sphinx. Yet Egypt is in other hands, as if the destinies of the Coptic race had been decided. No one has yet clearly explained to the world the precise nature of the dominant race in Egypt; I mean here, the character of the great bulk of the population. They do not seem to increase in numbers; if this, then, be the case, their ultimate possession of Egypt may be doubted: the Coptic blood still lingers in the land, waiting the return of an Amenoph, a Sesostri, a Leader.

There is such a deep, such a real interest connected with the progress of the Anglo-Saxons in America, that we cannot forbear quoting one more expletive passage on the subject:—

The man planted there by Nature, the Red Indian, differs from all others on the

face of the earth; he gives way before the European races, the Saxon and the Celtic: the Celt-Iberian and Lusitanian in the south; the Celt and Saxon in the north. Of the tropical regions of the new world I need not speak; every one knows that none but those whom Nature placed there can live there: that no Europeans can colonise a tropical country. But may there not be some doubts of their self-support in milder regions? take the Northern States themselves. There the Saxon and the Celt seem to thrive beyond all that is recorded in history. But are we quite sure that this success is fated to be permanent? Annually from Europe is poured a hundred thousand men and women of the best blood of the Scandinavian, and twice that number of the pure Celt; and so long as this continues he is sure to thrive. But check it; arrest it suddenly, as in the case of Mexico and Peru; throw the *onus* of reproduction upon the population, no longer European, but native, or born on the spot; then will come the struggle between the European alien and his adopted fatherland. The climate; the forests; the remains of the aborigines not yet extinct; last, not least, that unknown and mysterious degradation of life and energy which in ancient times seems to have decided the fate of all the Phœnician, Grecian, and Coptic colonies. Cut off from their original stock they gradually withered and faded, and finally died away. The Phœnician never became acclimatised in Africa, nor in Cornwall, nor in Wales; vestiges of his race, it is true, still remain, but they are mere vestiges. Peru and Mexico are fast retrograding to their primitive condition; may not the Northern States, under similar circumstances, do the same? Already the United States man differs in appearance from the European: the ladies early lose their teeth; in both sexes the adipose cellular cushion interposed between the skin and the aponeuroses and muscles disappears, or, at least, loses its adipose portion; the muscles become stringy, and show themselves; the tendons appear on the surface; symptoms of premature decay manifest themselves. Now what do these signs, added to the uncertainty of infant life in the Southern States, and the smallness of their families in the Northern, indicate? Not the conversion of the Anglo-Saxon into the Red Indian, but warnings, that the climate has not been made for him, nor he for the climate. See what even a small amount of insulation has done for the French Celt in Lower Canada. Look at the race there! small men; small horses; small cattle; still smaller carts; ideas smallest of all; he is not even the Celt of modern France! He is the French Celt of the Regency; the thing of Louis XIII. Stationary, absolutely stationary, his numbers, I believe, depend on the occasional admixture of fresh blood from Europe. He has increased to about a million since his first settlement in Canada; but much of this has come from Britain, and not from France. Give us the statistics of the original families who keep themselves apart from the fresh blood imported into the province; let us have the real and solid increase of the original habitants, as they are pleased to call themselves, and then we may calculate on the result. Had the colony been left to itself, cut off from Europe for a century or two, it is my belief that the forest, the buffalo, the *wilde*, and the Red Indian, would have pushed him into the St. Lawrence, from the banks of which he never had the courage to wander far; amalgamating readily with the Red Indian by intermarriage (for the Celt has not that antipathy to the dark races which so peculiarly characterise the Saxon); amalgamating with the Red Indian, the population would speedily have assumed the appearance it has in Mexico and Peru; to follow the same fate, perish or return to the original Indian; and finally, to terminate in the all but utter destruction of the original race itself.

The physiological law which determines that the produce of intermarriage between races of men shall not be permanent, and of which many other examples might be adduced, as the intercallation for ten centuries of the Slavonian with the Saxon races, without any mixed race being the result of frequent admixture—the Dutch Boors and the Bosjemen—also determines that no race of men can permanently change their locality:—

Can any race of men live and thrive in any climate? Need I discuss this question seriously? Will any one venture to affirm it of man? Travel to the Antilles, and see the European struggling with existence, a prey to fever and dysentery, unequal to all labour, wasted and wan, finally perishing, and becoming

rapidly extinct as a race, but for the constant influx of fresh European blood. European inhabitants of Jamaica, of Cuba, of Hispaniola, and of the Windward and Leeward Isles, what progress have you made since your first establishment there? Can you say you are established? Cease importing fresh European blood, and watch the results. Labour you cannot, hence the necessity for a black population; your pale, wan, and sickly offspring would in half a century be non-productive; face to face with the energetic negro race, your colour must alter—first brown, then black; look at Hayti: with a deepening colour vanishes civilisation, the arts of peace, science, literature, abstract justice; Christianity becomes a mere name, or puts on a fetichian robe—why not? The Roman robe *was*, and is, Pagan; the Byzantine, misnamed Greek, has an outrageous oriental look; the Protestant is a calculating, sober, drab-coloured cloak; why may not the fetiche be attached to the cloak, as well as the mitre and the incense-box? Is the one superior to the other? The European, then, cannot colonise a tropical country; he cannot identify himself with it; hold it he may, with the sword, as we hold India, and as Spain once held Central America, but inhabitants of it, in the strict sense of the term, they cannot become. It never can absolutely become theirs; Nature gave it not to them as an inheritance; they seized it by fraud and violence, holding it by deeds of blood and infamy, as we hold India; still it may be for a short tenure, nay, it may even be at any time measured. Withdraw from a tropical country the annual fresh influx of European blood, and in a century its European inhabitants cease to exist.

If these prophecies of the physiologists be true, then the man of the United States, who as yet delights in no name, has called himself *American* too soon. He has no more right to the denomination than the West Indian to the title of Carib, or the man of New South Wales or New Zealand to that of the aborigines. As it was with the past, so it will be with the future. The Roman empire extended from the Clyde to the Euphrates. Where are the Romans now? What races have they supplanted? The Greeks who, under Alexander, marched victorious to the Indus, supplanted no other race. Rome and Carthage failed. Attila and his Huns also failed; so did the Mongol; and so will the Anglo-Saxon, according to these physiologists, in America, in India, and in Australasia.

There are many other questions of deep interest; and where the past, the present, and the future of man is concerned, what question does not possess deep interest? connected with these strange, unorthodox views, which claim the sciences of observation and experiment as their basis! There are still the intricate questions connected with the Gipsy, Copt, and Jewish races to be discussed, the history of the Dark races of men, the antagonism of man to Nature's work, the antipathy of race to race; the Celtic, the Slavonian, and the Sarmatian races to be investigated. But the Anglo-Saxon alone, taken in this humiliating, afflicting point of view, of Saxon genius swayed by Norman rule, of the little permanency of Saxon and Celtic intermarriages, of the slow but certain extinction that awaits Saxon and Celtic emigrants, and of the perpetual wars of race against race, has presented sufficient that is new and suggestive for the time being.

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### THE RINGING SADDLE.

As long as the "exulting and abounding" Rhine flows joyfully on through its banks, covered with the finest vintage in the world, both its scenery and its endless legends must possess a charm, which not even the most constantly-repeated visits can impair; although it is true that the beautiful river has been of late years looked upon as a mere high-road to some region more remote, and more exciting from the novelty it may possess.

Every season, however, carries a host of strangers to gaze upon the ruins which no familiar descriptions can make common, and, in spite of the often-repeated tales told of them, there always seems room for more. The following is one belonging to the ruined castle of Ingelheim, which stands at the entrance of one of the many romantic valleys not so frequently visited as they deserve.

The translator found it in an old German chronicle, and was struck with it as one which has never yet found its way into the guide-books, nor is likely to be known to the numerous wanderers who have passed the old castle of Charlemagne, without being aware of what visions disturbed the repose of that renowned emperor.

Charles the Great was one night sleeping in his strong castle of Ingelheim, which stands on a rock above the Rhine, from whence all the country he could see was his own.

In his dreams an angel appeared to him, and addressed him in a voice of anger, commanding him to rise without delay, to arm himself from top to toe, and to set forth in search of an adventure, which it was the will of Heaven he should attempt, not in his own character, but in that of a *robber*.

This extraordinary order greatly distressed the emperor, to whom the idea of committing ravages was always hateful.

"I must have misunderstood the words that seemed to sound on my ear," said he. "Heaven could not command me to act in a way which I have always so much disapproved; have I not done my utmost to repress the evil which is but too rife in all the country? Too many are the castles of felon knights who set my laws aside, and shall I become as guilty as they are? Besides," he continued, musing, "the whole country is mine, not only from Cologne, all along the Rhine, but as far as Rome itself; and my imperial sway extends to the farthest bank of the Danube, and, towards the west, to the wild ocean. Galicia and Spain I have conquered by the force of my arms, what therefore should I seek, and why in such a capacity? I would rather lose seven of my castles on the Rhine than commit so great a crime."

But still, night after night, no sooner had the emperor retired to rest than the angry angel reappeared, uttering the same command.

"Charles, God wills thee to set forth as a *robber*; life itself depends on it. Go, and thou art saved; remain, and offend thy Maker."

The emperor at length, unable to withstand the heavenly direction, found he must perforce obey, but he did so with grief of heart, and resolved to steal away from his court unperceived, that the shame of assuming a robber's character might be spared him. He rose, armed himself, and descended to the stables, where he prepared his steed with his own



hands, and, mounting, left the palace gates, the sentinel there, as well as every other domestic within the walls, being sunk in a lethargic sleep.

When he found himself in the open air beneath the clear moonlight, he began to reflect whither he should direct his steps, for the angel had indicated no spot where his predatory adventures were to begin.

He allowed his horse to take his own way, and soon entered a deep forest. The calm beauty of the night, the soft and balmy air, the myriads of stars that illumined the blue depths of heaven, and the broad shadows across his path, all infused a quiet feeling into his bosom, agitated for several nights by the reappearance of the mysterious vision.

His thoughts took a philosophical direction, and he reasoned with himself on the cruelty of condemning to death, for slight faults, men who, perhaps, were forced into them by unavoidable distress and misfortune.

"I can conceive now," said he, "how persons live in these forests concealed, and how hard their lives are, in continual peril of being taken and executed; obliged to rob for their existence, yet knowing that by doing so they risk a capital punishment. I will henceforth be cautious of inflicting it without ascertaining that it is well deserved. Alas! for a small fault I have exiled the brave knight, Elegast, from my dominions, and he is become a robber and a wanderer from necessity. I took from him his castles and estates, because I was ignorant of the truth concerning him, and all those whom I had punished in a similar way immediately hurried to him, and their band now ravages the land. Elegast has no asylum; he must live in the woods. He never attacks the poor, the pilgrim, or the merchant; it is only against the rich that he directs his vengeance; and against the dignitaries of the church, in particular, is he a sworn foe. He is so subtle and rapid, that no one can trace him, and vain have been all efforts to take him prisoner. Would he were my companion for the night!"

Scarcely had Charles uttered this wish, than he heard near him the sound of horse's hoofs gently approaching, as if the rider wished to be unobserved. Presently he was aware of a knight advancing towards him, who was clothed in black armour from head to foot; and so strange did he appear in this costume, his horse being caparisoned in black also, that the emperor feared he was looking upon the Spirit of Evil himself.

The knight, meanwhile, had observed the king, and was much struck with the resplendency of his armour, which glittered in the moonlight, and offered a rich prize to the fortunate adversary who should become its possessor. He was surprised at his appearance in the forest, and did not attack him, considering that it was as well first to reconnoitre whether he were followed by any friends or attendants. The king had covered his shield to conceal the royal ensign, so that the strange knight knew him not; but, after having passed without saluting him, he resolved to return and insist on knowing his business in the forest, and the object of his midnight ride. He accordingly rode back, and haughtily accosted Charles, who replied as haughtily, refusing to give an explanation of his motives to a stranger.

There was in this part of the forest an open space, surrounded by trees, which gave room for the combat, which instantly began between the Dark Knight and the emperor; and so furiously did they attack each other, and so long did the struggle continue, that it lasted while one might have walked a league.

The emperor was surprised at the extraordinary prowess and valour of the Dark Knight, who dealt him such tremendous blows that his armour was split and dented all over; nor did he spare his adversary, so that the still forest re-echoed to the clashing sound of their mutual strokes, and at length Charles found it necessary to exert all his energy or he should be overpowered by this dauntless stranger. After a great struggle the king got the better, for the sword of the knight was broken upon his helmet, and he remained at his mercy. On this the Black Knight exclaimed, in pitiful accents—

“Alas! since I am deprived of my good sword, of what use is existence to me in future?—how shall I now be able to seek adventures, or defend myself? When one has no longer a good blade in one’s hand, life is not worth *two pears*!”

Meanwhile, Charles debated with himself whether it would not be disgraceful to kill an unarmed man; and, as they both paused, a sudden silence fell upon the forest, lately ringing with the noise of the combat. Both were wondering who each might be.

“By the God who gave me life!” cried the king, at length; “sir knight, you speak to me not a word; if honour permit, when I know who you are, I will let you go in peace—tell me, therefore, your name.”

“I object not to tell it,” replied the knight, “provided you inform me why you came into this forest, and who you intended to make your victim here.”

“Speak first,” answered the royal hero, “and I will tell you what I seek, and why I cannot ride in this forest by day. A great necessity has forced me to arm myself thus. I will recount my motives when you have told me your name, how you gain your livelihood, and what your employments are.”

After a few more words the knight confessed himself to be, as the emperor had begun to suspect, no other than Elegast himself.

“I will not conceal from you, noble knight,” said he, “that I live by robbery; that I spare the poor, but show no mercy to the rich. From the day I was dispossessed of all my goods by King Charles, I have lived in forests and wild places, associated with companions who do as I do. Bishops, abbots, and rich monks, can tell how adroit we are in pillaging their coffers, and possessing ourselves of their jewels. My people are at this moment engaged in some such action, while I was seeking adventures alone. Alas! I have met with an unlucky one to have lost my good sword, which I would give worlds to see mine again; and I have this night received from you the hardest blows that ever yet were given at one time. In your turn now, sir knight, tell me what makes you an armed wanderer in the forest; is the power of your enemies so great that you must shun the light of day to avoid them? Can you not, with your knowledge of arms, crush at once those who seek you harm?”

The emperor reflected a little what disguise he had better assume before he replied, as necessity dictated.

“By the God who commands me,” said he, “you shall find in me a good and faithful companion, and I will not conceal my habits from you. Why should one deceive one’s friends? I have stolen so many things, that if I was taken with half what I have wrested from others, I give you my word I should not be allowed to escape. But necessity, which you know has no law, has forced me to it.”

"But," said the Black Knight, "what is your name?"

"I am called Adelbert," replied the king. "I have been in the habit of robbing, in contempt of the law, in churches, hermitages, and hospitals. I take all that comes to hand, leaving no one at peace, either rich or poor. My present pursuit is a rich treasure which I know of, in a manor, the environs of which are known to me. It was ill-gotten, and Heaven will not punish those who take possession of it: if you will join me in this attempt, we will share the booty between us."

"But where is it?" said Elegast. "Let me know, or I will not follow you."

"To tell you the truth, then," said Charles, "the treasure belongs to the king, who has so much that he will never miss what we take, and I know exactly where to lay my hand upon it."

On hearing this, Elegast drew back, and uttered a cry of indignation.

"What do you propose to me?" said he. "God forbid that I should commit so unworthy an action; those who imagine it are unfit to live. No, the king is just and honourable; and though his severity has deprived me of all I possessed, he did it through his evil counsellors, and not from cruelty. I have ever been, and will ever continue, to be loyal and true to him, whatever betide me. Cease, therefore, to speak of such an adventure as this, which I reject altogether."

It may easily be imagined that Charles heard this with gratified feelings, and that esteem sprung in his heart for the unfortunate knight.

"Well," said he, "since this does not please you, propose some other plan, and rely on my arm and support."

"Willingly," replied Elegast; "but do not jest with me. Listen: there will be no crime in robbing Eggerik of Eggermonde, who has married the king's sister. It is a positive calamity that this man continues to exist; he has betrayed a multitude of persons, and would not hesitate to betray the king himself if he had the opportunity. And yet the wretch owes all he has to the emperor, both castles and estates. Let us go and rob him; it will be but justice. If you like, therefore, we will direct our steps that way."

At first the king was startled at this proposition; but finding the Black Knight resolved, and having reflected in silence awhile, he decided to accept the adventure.

They accordingly set out, and coming to an open field, Charles perceived a plough there; while the Black Knight rode on, the emperor dismounted, and with a powerful arm wrested the coulter from the plough, thinking it would serve them at their need.

They soon arrived at the formidable castle of Eggerik, the finest and strongest on the banks of the Rhine.

"This is the place," said the Black Knight. "I will now follow your counsels, for I should never forgive myself if harm should come to you in this affair."

"I should never," said the king, "be able to penetrate into this manor, and I would rather you undertook it than I."

"Well, so be it then," said Elegast. "I shall soon see if you are a clever thief or not. Come, help me to dig a hole under this wall by which we may enter."

Charles accordingly set himself to his work, but with more vigour than

ability, and when he produced his coultter, great was the amusement of Elegast, who was not aware where he had procured it.

When the hole was large enough to admit them, it was agreed that the Black Knight should go in and leave the emperor to watch outside and receive the booty.

Now, Elegast had learnt several mysterious customs of robbers, and practised them. He took care to provide himself with a certain herb, which has the power of revealing to those who put a few leaves of it into their mouths the meaning of the language of animals. By this means he knew what the cocks said when they crowed, and the dogs when they barked. Great was his surprise, then, when he heard them saying that King Charles was on the spot, outside the walls of the manor.

"How is this!" exclaimed he. "I am, then, in fine danger! I am betrayed! Or is some evil spirit leading me into error?"

He hurried back to tell this to his friend, who laughed heartily at the supposition that he could understand what the animals said.

"What should the king do here?" said he. "Are you a man to believe what a cock crows and a dog barks? You are telling me fables."

"Listen, then, yourself," said Elegast, as he placed a few leaves in his mouth; and assuredly the emperor heard the same words. He, however, continued to rally him, and to reproach him for fearing the king more than another man, and urged him to return and finish the adventure. As he agreed to do so, Elegast took the herb from the king's mouth, who, not aware of its virtues, asked how he obtained it.

"I see," said Elegast, laughing, "that you are but a clumsy robber, after all, not to know this secret. I am only surprised that you have not been taken long ago, for you have not the slightest knowledge of your profession."

The Black Knight knew a charm which, repeated, could keep every person in the castle asleep; and this he used for his present security. He knew where Eggerik's great treasure lay, and, with stealthy step, approached the spot, where he found no difficulty in possessing himself of it. He returned, and gave it into the keeping of Charles, who began to be impatient to leave the place.

"Stop awhile," said Elegast; "Eggerik has a saddle of the most beautiful make that ever was seen. The pommel is a wonder to be beheld, and there are a hundred gold bells attached to it, which ring every time it is moved. This saddle I will have, even if I am punished with hanging."

Charles was very uneasy at this, and entreated him to give it up; but he would not be persuaded, and returned to the very room where Eggerik and his wife slept, for it was kept there for the more security.

He had already got the saddle in his hand, when the bells began to ring, and Eggerik woke.

"Who touches my saddle?" said he, half-rising, and drawing his dagger; but his lady attempted to calm his fears.

"What possesses you," said she; "what demons are always tormenting you?" So saying, she deprived him of his dagger, and implored him to betake himself to sleep; but, as he still continued restless, she resolved to take that opportunity to discover what it was that weighed so much on his mind, and prevented his sleeping peacefully for so many nights.

Elegast lay still, without daring to move the saddle, and listened to their conversation. The lady entreated, and her husband tried to resist for some time; at last, by degrees, he was led to confess that he had formed a plot for the destruction of the emperor, and had leagued himself with a party who had sworn his ruin; and even that three persons had been fixed upon who were to murder Charles, and whose arrival at his castle he was daily expecting. He named them all by name, and revealed the whole of his intentions to his wife. But she had no sooner heard this strange revelation than she burst forth into cries and lamentations, deploring the fate of her brother in moving accents, which so enraged Eggerik that he struck her violently on the nose and mouth. As the unhappy lady leaned out of the bed on receiving the blow, her blood flowed plentifully, and Elegast, extending his steel gauntlet, received the crimson stream on his hand.

He once more uttered his charm, and presently the pair fell into a deep sleep; on which he rose, took possession of the saddle, and a fine sword which he greatly desired. After this he made as much haste as he could to reach the outer wall, where he found his companion in an agony of impatience and uneasiness.

"What has kept you so long?" exclaimed he.

Elegast then, with an agitated voice, related what he had discovered, and, giving the saddle and sword to the king, insisted on returning instantly and putting the traitor to death in his bed, in order to prevent his carrying his horrible plans into execution.

"Not so," said Charles; "your plan is a bad one; you would rouse the castle and be taken. You have all the booty you wanted, and what is the rest to you. If the emperor is killed, it is not your concern; he is no friend of yours."

Elegast was so enraged at the manner in which his companion spoke of the emperor, that he vowed if he had not owed him his life and sworn friendship, he would make him rue his words; but he at length began to listen to his persuasions not to return.

"Go yourself to-morrow morning to the court," said Charles, "and state what you know; depend upon it the emperor will listen favourably to you, and henceforth you will be brothers."

"Oh, no," said the Black Knight; "nothing would induce me to come near him by night or day: he entertains too great an enmity to me for a trifling fault which malice has magnified to him. This is my misfortune, and I have no remedy."

"I will tell you what I will do," said his companion. "Return to your retreat and to your comrades, carry them your booty, and we can divide it at leisure. I will go to the king myself and instruct him in this affair, for if he were to be assassinated, no one would feel more on the occasion than I should."

On this the two knights separated, the Black Knight into the depths of the forest, and Charles towards his castle of Ingelheim, where he found the gates all open as he had left them, his people asleep, and all in profound repose.

He regained his chamber, divested himself of his armour, and no one knew of his midnight ramble. His heart was very heavy as he reflected that those he trusted the most were traitors to him, and he waited for the rising of morning with a perturbed spirit.

The sentinel from the highest tower of Ingelheim announced the rising of a pure and serene day, and Charles came from his chamber, having given immediate orders to convene his council, to whom he related the traitorous projects of the Lord of Eggermonde, entreating their advice and support.

The Duke of Bavaria took up the word, and represented that all were ready to die for their prince. He recommended that every one of Charles's followers should arm, and hold themselves in readiness for the arrival of Eggerik, and having permitted them to enter the courts of the castle, that the traitors should be secured, and justice done upon them.

It was not long before Eggerik and a large band arrived, as if on a friendly visit; his friends were lords who possessed domains on both banks of the Rhine, and who were glad to put themselves under his powerful protection. No sooner were they entered than the watchful men-at-arms seized and examined them, when it was found that beneath their garments of peace they wore armour, and were armed with sharp daggers for their murderous purpose. They were all made prisoners with as little noise as possible, and the Lord of Eggermonde himself, unconscious of the discovery of his plot, advanced with the intention of entering the presence chamber. He was seized and found to be armed like the rest; but when he was dragged before the emperor, he stoutly denied the accusation made against him.

"Beware, my lord," said he, "how you accuse me. I have, as you know, many friends, who are more willing to espouse my cause than yours. Neither you nor any here would dare appear in arms, mounted, to sustain against my lance the truth of what you advance. If there be any, however, so bold, he has only to appear."

As soon as the king heard this, he bethought him immediately of Elegast, and lost no time in sending off messengers to the Black Knight, promising him great riches and pardon for all his misdeeds, if he would instantly come and fight with Eggerik.

The messengers were not long in finding Elegast, and in informing him of the desire of Charles; nor did he desire any better fortune, and was exceedingly joyous to find so good an occasion of showing his zeal for his sovereign. He accordingly set out with the messengers, and arrived speedily at the palace; when, entering, he exclaimed aloud—

"God preserve all this court, and the king, and all whom I see here; but as to Eggerik, I hold him unworthy of my salutations. The holy Lord who allowed himself to be crucified for us, and the blessed Lady and Virgin Mary, will this day show their power, and prove to all the world that Eggerik of Eggermonde is worthy of being hanged. And if it were possible that the King of Heaven could commit sin, he would sin this day if he saved from the gibbet a traitor who has sworn the death of the king our sire, without either cause or necessity."

Encouraged by Charles, Elegast then proceeded formally to accuse the false knight, detailing the conversation he had with his wife, and his having struck her for lamenting; and he then produced his gauntlet stained with her blood. There was great horror and consternation in the court at this revelation, and the king exclaimed that he should do better to send at once for the executioner and hang up the traitor, but that, as he had defied the knights, he was willing that he should abide the combat.

Not a single voice was raised in his favour, and the lists were accordingly prepared.

Charles prayed to Heaven to permit the just cause to triumph; and promised Elegast, if he was victor, to give him his sister, the widow of Eggerik, to wife. Elegast knelt down before all present, imploring the aid of the holy Virgin, and vowing, if he conquered in this fight, never again to pursue the profession of a robber, but to dedicate his future life to deeds of honour.

Then began the combat between the two knights, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, and always with singular fury, so that it lasted long after the hours of vespers, and never, in one day, was seen so desperate a battle.

Then the king took up the word. "In the name of the true and all-powerful God!" said he, "put an end to this struggle."

Then Elegast, making a vigorous effort, aimed a tremendous blow with the magnificent sword covered with gold and jewels, which the king had given him, and cleft the skull of his adversary, who fell dead at his feet.

The body of Eggerik was then dragged to the gibbet, and hanged in the sight of all. King Charles returned public thanks to God who had thus interfered to preserve him: he loaded Elegast with thanks and praise; gave him honours and riches, and his sister in marriage, and the pair lived together many years in joy and contentment.

Thus, says the old German chronicle, God arranges all for the best. May the Celestial Father accord us His grace! Now let us all say, Amen."

## ANATOLE DE SALIS.

### CHAPTER XIV.

ANATOLE, having found Mr. Arthur Lloyd's card at his rooms one afternoon, determined to take the earliest opportunity of availing himself of Mrs. Berkeley's permission to call at her house, as he felt disposed to improve his acquaintance with such nice people as she and her brother appeared to be.

He found her at home; and there was a gentleman there also, who was named to him as Mr. Francis Pitt. They seemed to be engaged in an argument on politics, which was carried on in the most lively manner by Mrs. Berkeley. She was turning the ministry into ridicule with great cleverness and vivacity, whilst he defended them with equal warmth.

"I am glad you are come," said she to Anatole, "for I am sure you will take my side, and help me to convince Mr. Pitt how badly England is governed."

"I fear you must apply to some one better informed than I am," replied Anatole, "as I am altogether in the dark on that subject, for I have not yet heard the ministerial side of the question."

"Well, now, Mr. Pitt is the very person to enlighten you on their specious policy," said Susan, slyly.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Pitt; "pray do not suppose that I join the cabinet in all their views, I only mean to support their measures; when I like them."

"So you all say when you are on the hustings," answered Susan—"measures, not men, is the old cant; but now that you are in parliament, you must either belong to the ministry or to the opposition, and vote with them or against them on all party questions."

"I hope not; at least I have no intention of doing so at present."

"But I should like," said Anatole, "to hear it proved that their measures are ever good, as I have hitherto heard nothing but censure and condemnation in the most wholesale and sweeping fashion since I have been in England."

"I am sure," said Mr. Pitt, "that you are too impartial to judge without having first heard both sides of the question; and although I do not mean to defend the cabinet indiscriminately, still I confess that I perfectly concur in most of their great principles."

"Great principles!" exclaimed Susan; "well, I must say that I have no faith in the existence either of greatness or of principles in anything concerning the present government. But I suppose you mean free trade."

"And supposing I do mean free trade, Mrs. Berkeley, what have you to say against it? By yielding in time to the universal wish of the nation, and by abolishing an iniquitous law, which must have plunged this country into a state of anarchy and revolution, peace and tranquillity have been secured to Great Britain alone, in the midst of confusion and rebellions which agitate almost every other state in the world. Foresight, and the timely abrogation of the corn-laws, have saved this country."

"Now, Monsieur de Salis, speak for me, as I know nothing about it."

"I cannot say that I know much more," said Anatole; "and probably I do not understand the subject nearly so well as you do. But I have heard," continued he, turning to Mr. Pitt, "that, although provisions are cheaper in consequence of these measures, distress is rife in the country, because they have diminished the demand for labour both in the agricultural and manufacturing classes."

"I am ready to allow," said Mr. Pitt, "that the large imports of foreign grain may have produced a temporary depression, but permanent good cannot always be effected without a limited period of comparative suffering. The transition from protection to free trade cannot be passed without some distress. The equilibrium must be disturbed more than it was originally, before it can be perfectly established."

"You assume that the equilibrium did not exist formerly, because the agricultural interests predominated, and you would establish it by destroying them; you would heal the supposed sore by cutting off the limb; and you mean that a radical cure requires amputation. But you must recollect that the patient, even if restored to health, which is doubtful, must always remain a cripple."

"Bravo, Monsieur de Salis!" cried Susan, clapping her hands.

"Wait a little, if you please, Mrs. Berkeley," resumed Mr. Pitt. "I have said that the fall in the price of corn *may* have been productive of distress, but now I add that its real and permanent cause is *excessive and unequal taxation*."



"Hear, hear," from the Protectionist benches," interrupted Mrs. Berkeley.

"Ah! this is new to me," said Anatole.

"Moreover," continued Mr. Pitt, "it is not just to attribute any evil consequences which may have arisen from the commercial policy of the present government to *their* misrule, for that policy had been pursued for some years before their accession to office."

"Cheers from the Ministerial benches," interrupted Mrs. Berkeley.

"Allow me for one moment," said Anatole. "I am really quite perplexed. I suppose you, Mr. Pitt, who are, as I understand, a member of parliament, to represent one class of the prevalent opinions; how is it possible that they can be applauded, as Mrs. Berkeley has just insinuated they are, both by the Protectionists and by the Ministerial party?"

"Loud cheers from the Opposition!" exclaimed Mrs. Berkeley.

"Will no one explain this to me? it is a riddle."

"Immense and continued cheering," added Mrs. Berkeley.

"Why, what have I said?" asked Anatole.

"You have spoken the truth, Monsieur de Salis," said Mrs. Berkeley; "it is a riddle."

"Which is most easily read," said Mr. Pitt.

"Well, pray tell me how you can please both parties," said Anatole.

"Or neither," added Mrs. Berkeley.

"You are too severe, Mrs. Berkeley," continued Mr. Pitt; "but if you will but listen for one moment——"

"You call me to order," interrupted Mrs. Berkeley.

"I must say that your countryman, Monsieur de Salis, who has lately proposed that both sexes should have seats in the national assembly, must be a bold man."

"Oh, I am sure that there are many ladies," said Susan, "who would legislate a great deal better than your members of parliament—look at Miss Martineau."

"Well, we will not dispute that point at present," rejoined Mr. Pitt; "let me explain how we view the existing political state of England."

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Berkeley.

"People complain of want of encouragement to our domestic industry—they treat it as a simple question of the accumulation of wealth; but they greatly underrate its importance, for higher national interests are involved in it than mere material advantages. The social progress of the people is at stake, and that is a consideration which should overrule every other."

"I confess I cannot follow you," said Anatole. "In other words, you would let the labouring classes starve, in order that they may advance in refinement of taste and civilisation."

Susan smiled, and nodded her approbation to Anatole.

"Perhaps you legislate," continued he, "on the same principle as Lord Byron fasted—because he thought that beefsteaks made him ferocious."

Susan laughed heartily at this illustration, and said—

"Ah, Mr Pitt, sophistry will not stand against plain matter of fact and straightforward truth."

"But you have not heard what I was going to say," said Mr. Pitt. "It is argued, that as long as hostile tariffs exist abroad, free imports at home prevent a profitable exchange; but this theory of commercial reciprocity is

altogether illusory, for the only way to fight hostile tariffs is by free imports; and the more the principle of protection is extended, the greater will be the injury inflicted on the best interests of the nation."

"Now we are coming to the point," replied Anatole; "this, at least, is a doctrine propounded in intelligible terms. But it cannot be denied that immediate disadvantages accrue from the admission of foreign produce without countervailing duties, and it is self-evident that those evils should and can only be counterbalanced by protection."

"You talk of immediate evils," said Mr. Pitt; "pray remember that they are occasioned through the instrumentality of cheapness and abundance."

"I do not lose sight of that; but a degree of cheapness which makes it unprofitable to grow or manufacture in the country, and an amount of abundance, not of your own produce, but of that of others, for the purchase of which your capital leaves the country, are advantages which, to say the least of them, are rather hypothetical. I may be wrong—most probably I am—but really I think I should prefer both scarcity and dearness, 'ceteris paribus,' in such circumstances."

"If you would follow out your idea of restoring protection by countervailing duties," said Mr. Pitt, "I think you would find that it comes to a 'reductio ad absurdum.' You would propose to meet hostile tariffs in this way. Take America, for instance. The United States burden our cotton goods with a duty of twenty per cent. On the reciprocity principle, you must have a high duty on the importation of raw cotton. But it is quite evident that you should purchase the raw material at the cheapest rate that is possible; and by raising the price of the produce of countries hostile to you, no compensation is given to the manufacturer of any one particular article at home. By so doing, you will only impair the national capital, and the means of stimulating national industry will consequently be decreased. Take France—our hardwares are burdened there; would you impose a heavy duty on French wines? What good would that do you?"

"None at all," replied Anatole, "excepting that the balance would be preserved; and when France and America take their duties off your hardware and cotton goods, it will be time enough for you to import their wines and raw cotton free. Why do they not abolish their import duties?"

"Because the influence of powerful individuals induces their governments to keep them up, to the inevitable detriment of the nation at large."

"But wine is not food," again objected Anatole; "and although those who wish to enjoy a luxury may pay for it, still it might be cheapened. But I confess I cannot understand how the consistency of a mere theory should prevail with an enlightened people like the English, and make them ruin their own produce, such as grain, in order that wine, cotton, and other articles which are not grown in England, should be imported duty free."

"Now, listen. I think I can convince you that you are mistaken. Is not the capital of the country the real fund on which national industry should be supported?"

"Yes."

"Is not industry at home encouraged in proportion to the amount of capital employed?"

"Yes."

"Is not national capital increased by the saving of national revenue?"

"Yes."

"Is not the purchase at home of certain articles, at a higher rate than they can be procured for abroad, a diminution of annual revenue?"

"No."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because, if you import them, you cannot produce so much at home, and your capital will be spent abroad, instead of being invested in the encouragement of domestic industry."

"Well done; plain sense against political economy!" exclaimed Susan.

"Oh, you need not jump at a conclusion," said Mr. Pitt; "I cannot admit this."

"Well, perhaps I may be able to convince you," said Anatole, "as you have not convinced me."

"We shall see."

"Is not capital employed only according as it can be invested with profit?"

"Certainly."

"Can labour be remunerative when foreign produce undersells the market to a degree which leaves no profit?"

"Undoubtedly not."

"Well, then, if duties, not prohibitory, but countervailing, are abolished, and leave native industry unprotected, will not capital be withdrawn from it, and be invested elsewhere and otherwise?—and will not the inevitable consequences be, that less will be produced—fewer labourers will be employed—those who cannot get work will not have wages—and without wages, how can they purchase food, be it ever so cheap? The result is distress; and the cause appears to me, although my poor opinions can have neither weight nor value, to be a vicious principle of commercial policy."

"I am convinced, Mr. Pitt," said Mrs. Berkeley; "are you?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, you must indeed be very obstinate. But have we not had enough of these tiresome politics? I wonder if Arthur is at home. I am sure he would like to see you."

Mrs. Berkeley rang the bell, and directed that Mr. Lloyd should be informed that Mr. Pitt and Monsieur de Salis were in the drawing-room.

Mr. Lloyd soon appeared, and he shook hands most cordially with Anatole, while he bowed to Mr. Pitt, with whom he was made acquainted by his sister.

"I hope you will allow me to say one thing, Mrs. Berkeley," said Mr. Pitt, "before dismissing the subject of the present government."

"Most certainly," said Susan.

"I declared that I fully concurred with them in most of their measures, but their efficiency as administrators of office is quite another affair, and there we might possibly agree."

"I am glad to hear that, at least," said Susan; "and, indeed, most people seem to be somewhat sceptical on that point, even although they support them in parliament."

"I fear that there is a great deal to find fault with in Downing-street," continued Mr. Pitt. "I witnessed a scene the other day in the waiting-room of one of the departments, which was most heartrending."

"What was it?" asked Susan.

"I had occasion to write a note there, and among the expectants for audiences was a gentleman of the name of Somerville, who, I have reason to think, is an innocent victim of injustice, and he was, indeed, much to be pitied."

"Do you know the particulars of his case?" asked Arthur Lloyd.

"By what I could gather from the conversation of the bystanders, I believe that he had held some appointment abroad, which he has lost without any fault of his own, and he has even been refused a hearing to justify himself."

"Very sad," said Susan; "and perhaps he has a family."

"Yes—a wife and several children, depending solely on his own exertions. I felt most deeply for him—he was the picture of despair."

"How shocking!" said Lloyd; "but could nothing be done for him?"

"I would be very glad if you could point out the way," said Mr. Pitt, "as I am very much mistaken in character if he is not deserving."

"It is really too bad," said Arthur, "that great men should so often be unfeeling and without conscience."

Mr. Pitt then bowed and left them, while Anatole was expressing to Arthur his regret at not having been at home when he was kind enough to call. Arthur hoped that they might meet frequently.

## CHAPTER XV.

SHORTLY after Mr. Pitt had taken leave of Mrs. Berkeley and Mr. Lloyd, Anatole rose to wish them good morning. Susan said that she expected Sir Henry Brooke to come in a few minutes, with a letter from Italy, which he meant to read to her, as she had lived so much among the Italians that she was deeply interested in their cause; and if Monsieur de Salis was disengaged, he might like to hear it also. Anatole thanked her, and sat down again, quite willing to find any good excuse for remaining with her and her brother. He felt that an intimacy with them would be most agreeable, and he perceived that they were as much disposed, as he was, to allow their acquaintance to ripen into friendship.

"And who is Sir Henry Brooke?" asked Anatole.

"He is a near relation of mine," answered Susan, "and, unfortunately, he is a great Whig; but he has an intimate friend, a Conservative, who is always trying to convert him, and he has written him a long letter on the foreign policy of the ministry, which Sir Henry promised to bring me to-day."

"And his friend is in Italy at present?"

"Yes; Mr. Beaumont left Elmington, where he has a villa and keeps his hunters, to make a short tour on the Continent; and as he is very much attached to Sir Henry Brooke, he keeps up the most voluminous correspondence with him."

"His letters must be curious," said Arthur, "for he never seems to know his own mind. He says he is a Protectionist, but his ideas are always rather confused, and, as he is most seriously afflicted with the 'cacoethes scribendi,' I dare say he writes very oddly."

"And then he keeps a note-book," added Susan, "which he pulls out at every moment to insert his memoranda—especially when he has to record anything of Henry Brooke, who is his idol."

"I hope there is no indiscretion in my being present at the reading of a private correspondence?" said Anatole.

"Oh, not in the least," answered Susan; "I'll tell Henry that I asked you to stay to hear it, and he will be delighted to make your acquaintance. Here he comes."

When Sir Henry Brooke was announced, Anatole expected to see a grave personage appear, and he was much astonished to find in him a very young and gay-looking man. He was gentlemanly and prepossessing in manners and in appearance, and when he and Anatole were introduced to each other, he bowed and smiled with frank good-humour.

"If you had come a few minutes sooner, Henry," said Susan, "you would have seen Mr. Francis Pitt, who is just gone, and we have had such an argument!"

"On what subject?" asked Sir Henry, carelessly.

"About the ministry."

"Ah! I should like to have heard it."

"I dare say you would, as you are all so afraid of losing his father's support; and you detestable Whigs would like to know from the son's conversation how the land lies. But you shall know nothing from me; and Monsieur de Salis is too good a Conservative to give you any assistance."

"Pray do not consider me as anything, Mrs. Berkeley," said Anatole, "for, to tell the truth, I hardly yet understand the difference between Whigs and Tories."

"You have not been long in England, I presume?" inquired Sir Henry.

"Only a few days."

"But there are Conservatives and Liberals in all countries; they must be pretty much the same everywhere."

"Why, I confess that I find a very great difference in England from anything I have ever seen or even heard of elsewhere."

"How so?"

"Sir Richard Pitt, for instance, has always been called the great Conservative; his son is probably tutored by him, and yet he has just been talking warmly in favour of free trade."

"Oh, Monsieur de Salis!" exclaimed Susan; "why do you tell Sir Henry what Mr. Pitt said?"

"Is there any reason for concealment?" asked Anatole, with astonishment.

"None in the world, Monsieur de Salis," said Arthur Lloyd, as he rose to leave the room. "I hope you will never lose your candour and straightforwardness in the contaminating atmosphere of politics. Pray excuse me, as I have an appointment. Good morning."

"But if Mr. Pitt defended free-trade principles," said Brooke, when Lloyd was gone, "it is a natural inference that they were attacked."

"Oh, no; not by me at least," said Anatole; "I only made objections for the avowed purpose of obtaining information."

"And you were convinced, I hope?"

"I cannot say I was."

"And who could be?" added Susan, "except you odious Whigs."

"We are certainly very unfortunate not to meet with your approval; but I should like to hear what Monsieur de Salis can say against us."

"I do not venture to condemn," said Anatole, "for I do not consider myself to be competent to judge. I am only desirous of gaining an insight into the political state of England, which is, as yet, quite incomprehensible to me."

"Well, let us see; where lie the difficulties?"

"First, the depressed condition of the labouring classes is surely the result of misgovernment."

"I deny that it exists."

"Oh, come," said Susan, "that is rather too much."

"But are there no undeniable facts in England," said Anatole, "which are borne out by official documents?"

"Certainly, and it is to official documents laid upon the table of the House of Commons that I appeal," said Sir Henry, "in support of my assertion."

"Ah, that is speaking to some purpose," said Anatole.

"First, we have reports from the principal seats of manufacturing industry in England, Scotland, and Ireland, which represent generally that work is plentiful and that provisions are cheap, which are the two main points in the prosperity or adversity of the operatives. The fall in the price of commodities is equal to an advance of twenty-five per cent. in wages. The declared value of exports for the first five months of this year is upwards of twenty-one millions sterling, whilst that of the corresponding months of last year was not quite nineteen millions, giving an increase of more than two millions."

"And the agricultural interests?" asked Anatole.

"Ah, that is the question," added Mrs. Berkeley. "Well, I cannot deny that the agriculturists are suffering a certain degree of distress; but there is a great deal more complaint and alarm amongst them than the circumstances justify."

"Oh, but that is a matter of opinion," objected Anatole; "you promised us facts, proved by documents."

"The facts are, that they were not better off in the halcyon days of protection; and high protective duties afford no guarantee to the farmer."

"Facts, if you please," insisted Anatole.

"I have no objections to come to figures, if you like," answered Sir Henry; "in 1847 the number of foreign beasts imported was sixty-three thousand, while that of 1848 was only forty-seven thousand."

"And did you expect that farmers and graziers abroad would have cattle ready reared for the British market in anticipation of the change of commercial policy?"

"I do not know about that; but your argument can hardly hold good, for in some kinds of cattle the importation *has* increased, so that the cause cannot be the one you assign."

"Facts, again, I beg you," said Anatole.

"Well, the number of calves imported last year was fifteen thousand, that of the year before having been only twelve thousand."

"On the contrary, that is a corroboration of my argument, as calves are sooner fit for sale than grown cattle. But can your objection not be explained in another way? Perhaps salted meats, such as bacon, may have been imported to a larger extent than they were formerly."

"Yes, they have; but not in a degree to supply the deficiency of the importation of pigs from Ireland."

"Ah, that has decreased, has it?" asked Anatole.

"Yes it has."

"Do you recollect the proportions?"

"In the first quarter of 1846, it was a hundred and fifty-two thousand; in 1847, it was forty-five thousand; in 1848, fifty-two thousand; and in 1849, twenty-seven thousand."

"Indeed?—it is now little more than a sixth-part of what it was. Poor Ireland! And whose fault is that?"

"Oh, that is a different question—do not wander from the point."

"With all my heart—let us continue the first investigation; how is it with corn, then?"

"The Protectionists vociferated that we should be overwhelmed with wheat from the Baltic and the United States when it could be imported free; well, we have not had nearly as much from these directions as from France and Belgium—nearly five hundred thousand from each, I believe, within the last year."

"That proves nothing," said Anatole, "as it was an evident consequence of events on the Continent; and what does it matter to the English farmer where the corn comes from that ruins him?"

"Well, then, the harvest was bad."

"Natural vicissitudes are no grounds for altering the laws. But you have never answered my question about the depressed condition of the agricultural labourers."

"Agriculture must do what manufactures have done. Trade has been thrown open—our manufacturers had no longer a monopoly—they improved their machinery, and will still bear the palm from foreign competition; let our farmers do the same."

"I confess this appears to me to be rather a strange theory; you ruin them, in order that they may render their practice more perfect. Strange legislation this!"

"Very good, Monsieur de Salis," said Susan.

"You admit that the agricultural interests are in a certain degree sacrificed to those of the manufacturing classes, and you argue that cultivators will be induced to follow the example of the manufacturers by improving their system; but I think it much more probable that the manufacturers will follow the cultivators, and that they will in the mean time be unavoidably involved in the ruin of the farming classes. And then I always understood," continued Anatole, "that the English husbandry was the best in the world."

"Everything is susceptible of amelioration," answered Brooke; "our manufactures were also the first in the world, and they are being rapidly improved."

"Perhaps; but manufacturers are generally wealthy capitalists, with the command of money and mechanical science to make experiments

with; farmers are in a very different position, for they cannot venture to trifle with their crops, which are so dependent on weather and seasons. And if distress does not exist to a great extent, how do you account for the increase of pauperism?"

"You allude to Ireland," said Brooke.

"No, to England; I have heard that the workhouses are filling."

● "Ah! yes, the eastern division of Kent has been talked of—I suppose you mean that. It has been quoted as a test of the distress of the agricultural labourers, because the number of able-bodied paupers has increased. But that involves another question, and a very complicated one, the merits of the poor-law."

"Pray do not begin another subject," interrupted Mrs. Berkeley, "if you expect to have time to read Mr. Beaumont's letter. Have you brought it, Henry?"

"Yes; here it is."

"I have asked Monsieur de Salis to stay to hear it, if you have no objections; it may interest him as a diplomatist; so pray begin."

"I shall be very glad," said Brooke, "that Monsieur de Salis should be one of the audience, but I fear that poor Beaumont does not make himself very intelligible, as he is sometimes a little muddle-headed in his conclusions."

"Why, I have been able to make so little of English politics," said Anatole, "that I do not feel much encouraged to attempt the investigation of another such subject."

"Have you studied the state of England much?" inquired Brooke.

"Oh, no. I have only been a few days in London, but I am most anxious to see daylight before me; though, as yet, I have found that the more I converse on English political affairs, the more bewildered I become."

"Whom have you applied to for information?" asked Sir Henry; "for much must necessarily depend on the persons you talk with."

"I have only spoken with Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Pitt, and yourself."

"Well, that is odd—Lloyd is a Protectionist, I am a Whig——"

"A Whig-Radical," interrupted Susan.

"And Mr. Pitt?" asked Anatole.

"Mr. Pitt?" said Sir Henry, and he seemed embarrassed; "Mr. Pitt goes with his father, I suppose."

"And his father," continued Anatole; "what is he?"

"He is the head of a considerable party."

"Conservative or Whig?" inquired Anatole again.

"Why, that is a question," hesitated Brooke.

"He is neither one thing nor another," said Susan, quickly. "Now begin your letter, Henry."

Brooke commenced the reading of the letter, which must be left for another chapter, whilst Anatole looked perfectly amazed at the discovery that the head of a considerable political party was neither one thing nor another.

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## SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

## CHAPTER LI.

## HUNTING THE HOUNDS.

MR. SPONGE was a good deal more put out by the incident with which we closed our last chapter than his porky host, Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey. Indeed, Jog had got all he wanted—all he came out for—two undeniable gibbies, and a holly that would make a four-in-hand whipstick. His great anxiety now was to get safe home without any of the busybody police seeing them, for though he might secrete the gibbies in the folds of the phaeton apron, the holly was too long and intractable for such a performance.

Tramington Hill, whose summit they had just reached as the hounds broke cover, commanded an extensive view over the adjoining vale, and, as Mr. Sponge sat shading his eyes with his hands from a bright wintry sun, he thought he saw them come to a check, and afterwards bend to the left.

"I really think," said he, addressing his still perspiring companion, "that if you were to make for that road (pointing one out on the left, as seen between the low hedge-rows in the distance), "we might catch them up yet."

"Left (puff), left (wheeze)?" replied Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey, staring about with anything but the quickness that marked his movements when he wanted to go into Hackberry Dean.

"Don't you see," asked Sponge, tartly, "there's a road by the corn-stacks yonder?" pointing them out.

"I see," replied Jogglebury, blowing freely into his shirt-frill. "I see," repeated he, staring that way; "but I think (puff) that's a mere (wheeze) occupation road, leading to (gasp) nowhere."

"Never mind, let's try!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, giving the rein a jerk, to get the horse into motion again; adding, "it's no use sitting here, you know, like a couple of fools, when the hounds are running."

"Couple of (puff)!" growled Jog, not liking the appellation, and wishing to be home with the long holly. "I don't see anything (wheeze) foolish in the (puff) business."

"*There they are!*" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, who had kept his eye on the spot he last viewed them, and now saw the horsemen titt-uping across a grass field in the easy way that distance makes very uneasy riding look. "*Cut along!*" exclaimed he, laying into the horse's hind-quarters with his hunting-whip.

"*Don't!* the horse is (puff) tired," retorted Jog, angrily, holding the horse, instead of letting him go to Sponge's salute.

"Not a bit on't!" exclaimed Sponge; "fresh as paint! Spring him a bit, that's a good fellow!" added he.

Jog didn't fancy being dictated to in this way, and just ground along at his own pace, some six miles an hour, his dull phlegmatic look contrasting strongly with the eager excitement of Mr. Sponge's countenance. If it had not been that he wanted to see that Leather did not play any tricks with his horse, he would not have gone a yard to please Mr. Sponge.

He might, however, have been easy on that score, for Leather had just buckled the curb-rein of the horse's bridle round a tree in the plantations where they formed, and the animal, being used to this sort of work, had fallen-to quite contentedly upon the grass within reach.

Bilkington Pike now appeared in view, and Jog drew in as he spied it. He knew the damage: it was sixpence for carriages, and he doubted whether Mr. Sponge would pay it.

"It's no (puff) use going any (wheeze) further," observed he, drawing up into a walk, as he eyed the red-brick gable end of the toll-house, and the formidable white gate across the road.

Tom Taketin had heard the hounds, and, knowing the hurry sportsmen were often in, had taken the precaution to lock the gate.

"Just a *leettle* further!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, soothingly, whose anxiety in looking after the hounds had prevented his seeing this formidable impediment. "If you would just drive up to that farm-house on the hill," pointing to one about half a mile off, "I think we should be able to decide whether it's worth going on or not."

"Well (puff), well (wheeze), well (gasp)," pondered Jogglebury, still staring at the gate, "if you (puff) think it's worth (wheeze) while going through the (gasp) gate," nodding towards it as he spoke.

"Oh, never mind the gate," replied Mr. Sponge, with an ostentatious dive into his breeches pocket, as if he was going to pay it.

He kept his hand in his pocket till he came close up to the gate, when, suddenly drawing it out, he said—

"Oh, I've left my purse at home! Never mind, drive on," said he to his host; exclaiming to the man, "it's Mr. Crowdey's carriage—Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey's carriage! Mr. Crowdey, the chairman of the Stir-it-stiff-Poor-Law Union!"

"*Sixpence!*" shouted the man, following the phaeton with his hand out.

"Ord, hang it (puff)! I could have done that (wheeze)," growled Jogglebury, pulling up.

"You ain't got no ticket," said Tom Taketin, coming up, "and ain't goin' to not never no meetin' o' trustees, are you?" asked he, seeing the importance of the person with whom he had to deal;—a trustee of that and other roads, and one who always availed himself of his privilege of going to the meetings toll-free.

"No," replied Jog, pompously handing Sponge the whip and reins.

He then rose deliberately from his seat, and slowly unbuttoned each particular button of the brown great-coat he had on over the tight black hunting one. He then unbuttoned the black, and next the right-hand pocket of the white moleskins, in which he carried his money. He then deliberately fished up a green-and-gold purse, a *souvenir* of Miss Smiler (the plaintiff in the breach-of-promise action, *Smiler v. Jogglebury*), and holding it with both hands before his eyes, to see which contained the silver, slowly drew the slide, and took out a shilling, though he saw there were several sixpences.

This gave the man an errand into his cottage to get one, and, by way of marking his attention, when he returned he said, in the negative way that country people put a question—

"You'll not need a ticket, will you?"

"Ticket (puff), ticket (wheeze)?" repeated Jog, thoughtfully. "Yes, I'll take a ticket," said he.

"Oh! hang it, no," replied Sponge; "let's get on!" stamping against the bottom of the phaeton to set the horse a-going.

"Costs nothin'," observed Jog, dryly, drawing the reins, as the man again returned to the gate-house.

A considerable delay then took place; first, Pikey had to find his glasses, as he called his spectacles, to look out a one-horse-chaise ticket. Then he had to look out the tickets, and found he had all sorts except a one-horse-chaise one—waggon, hearses, mourning-coaches, saddle horses, chaises and pair, asses, every sort but the one that was wanted. Well, then he had to fill one up, and to do this he had, first, to find the ink-bottle, and then a pen that would "mark," so that, altogether, a delay took place that would have been peculiarly edifying to a Kennington Common or Lambeth toll-keeper to witness.

But it was not all over yet. Having got the ticket, Jog examined it minutely, to see that it was all right, then held it to his nose, to smell it, and ultimately drew the purse-slide, and deposited it among the sovereigns. He then restored that expensive trophy to his pocket, shook his leg, to send it down, then buttoned the pocket, and took the tight black coat with both hands and dragged it across his chest, so as to get his stomach in. He then gasped and held his breath, making himself as small as possible, while he coaxed the buttons into the holes; and that difficult process being at length accomplished, he stood still awhile, to take breath after the exertion. Then he commenced to rebutton the easy, brown great-coat, and went deliberately up the whole series, from the small button below, to keep the laps together, up to the one on the neck, or where the neck would have been if Jogglebury had not been all stomach up to the chin. He then soused himself into his seat, and, snorting heavily through his nostrils, took the reins and whip and long holly from Mr. Sponge, and drove leisurely on. Sponge sat anathematising his slowness.

When they reached the farm-house on the hill the hounds were fairly in view. The huntsman was casting them, and the horsemen were grouped about as usual, while the laggards were stealing quietly up by the lanes and roads, thinking nobody would observe them. Save the whites or the greys, our friends in the "chay" were not sufficiently near to descry the colour of the horses; but Mr. Sponge could not help thinking that he recognised the outline of the wicked chestnut, *Multum in Pavo*.

"By the powers, but if it is him," muttered he to himself, clenching his fist and grinding his teeth as he spoke; "but I'll—I'll—I'll make *sich* an example of him."

Mr. Sponge could not exactly say what he would do, for it was by no means a settled point whether Leather or he were master. But to the hounds. If it had not been for Mr. Sponge's shabbiness at the turnpike-gate, we really believe he might now have caught them up, for the road to them was down hill all the way, and the impetus of the vehicle would send the old screw along. That delay, however, was fatal. Before they had gone a quarter of the distance the hounds suddenly struck the scent at a hedge-row, and, with heads up and sterns down, went straight away at a pace that annihilated all hope. They were out of sight in a minute. It was clearly a case of kill.

"Well, d—mme, there's a go!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, folding his arms, and throwing himself back in the phaeton in disgust. "I think I never saw such a mess as we've made this morning."

And he looked at the gibbies in the apron, and the long holly between Jog's legs, and longed to lay them about his great back.

"Well (puff), I 'spose (wheeze) we may as well (puff) home now?" observed Jog, looking about him quite unconcernedly.

"I *think* so," snapped Sponge; adding, "we've *done* it for once, at all events."

The observation, however, was lost upon Jog, whose mind was occupied with thinking how to get the phaeton turned without upsetting. The road was narrow at best, and the newly-laid stone-heaps had encroached upon its bounds. He first tried to back between stone-heaps, but only succeeded in running a wheel into them; then he tried the forward tack, with no better success; till Mr. Sponge, seeing matters were getting worse, just jumped out, and taking the old horse by the head, executed the manœuvre that Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey first attempted. They then commenced retracing their steps, rather a long trail, even for people in the amiable mood, but a terribly long one for those who did not agree.

Jog, to be sure, was pretty comfortable. He had got all he wanted—all he went out a-hunting for; and as he hissed and jerked the old horse along, he kept casting an eye at the contents of the apron, thinking what crowned head, or great man's head, the now rough, club-headed knobs should be fashioned to represent; and indulged in speculations as to their prospective worth and possible destination. He had about made up his mind not to send his stock of sticks to the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851. He did not fancy the insecurity of the glass-house, and thought, if the mob broke in, they would be sure to appropriate one or two apiece, and he was by no means sure that the country would pay for them. Moreover, the commissioners had not written to ask him to send them, which he thought was disrespectful, considering his celebrity and the importance of his position as chairman of the Stir-it-stiff Union. Altogether, he thought the sticks would be best at home, and had not the slightest doubt that a thousand sticks to each of his children would be as good as a couple of thousand pounds to them; sometimes he thought more, but never less. Mr. Sponge, on the other hand, brooded over the loss of the run; indulged in all sorts of speculations as to the splendour of the affair; pictured the figure he would have cut on the chestnut, and the price he might have got for him in the field. Then he thought of the bucketing Leather would give him; the way he would ram him at everything; how he would let him go with a slack rein in the deep—very likely give him a devil of an over-reach—perhaps two—nay, there was no saying but he might stake him.

Then he thought over all the misfortunes and mishaps of the day. The unpropitious *toilet*; the aggravation of "Obin and Ichard;" the delay caused by Jog being sick with his cigar; the divergence into Hackberry Dean; and the long protracted wait at Bilkington Toll-bar. Reviewing all the circumstances fairly and dispassionately, Mr. Soapey Sponge came to the determination of having nothing more to do with Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey in the hunting way. These, or similar cogitations and resolutions were, at length, interrupted by the outburst of the children rushing from the half Swiss, half Gothic lodge, to meet them. Gustavus James brought up the rear, with his nurse, with his blue curly feather nodding over his nose.

## CHAPTER LII.

## COUNTRY QUARTERS.

SIR HARRY SCATTERCASH'S were only an ill-conducted pack of hounds; they were not kept upon any fixed principles. We do not mean to say that they had not plenty to eat, but their management was only of the scrimmaging order. Sir Harry was, what is technically called, "going it." Like our noble friend, Lord Hardup, now Earl of Scampdale, he had worked through the morning of life without knowing what it was to be troubled with money; but, unlike his lordship, now that he had unexpectedly come into some, he seemed bent upon trying how fast he could make away with it. In this laudable endeavour he was ably assisted by Lady Scattercash, late the elegant and tolerably virtuous Miss Spangles, of the "Theatres Royal, Sadler's and Bagnigge Wells." Sir Harry had married her off-hand before he was Sir Harry, having, at the time, some intention of trying his luck on the stage, but the windfall happened shortly after he married, and he always declared that he never regretted his choice; on the contrary, if he had gone among the "duchesses," he could not have suited himself better. She could ride—indeed, she used to do scenes in the circle (two horses and flags)—and she could drive, and she could smoke, and she could sing, and she could swear, and drink not a little. Sir Harry was capricious in this latter respect. Sometimes he would drink, straight an end, for a week, and then not taste wine again for a month; sometimes the hounds hunted, and sometimes they did not; sometimes they were advertised, and sometimes they were not; sometimes they hunted on certain days, sometimes on others; sometimes they were fixed to be at such a place, and went to quite a different one. When Sir Harry was on a drinking-bout, they were shut up altogether; and the huntsman, Tom Watchorn, late of the "Camberwell and Balham Hill Union Harriers," an early acquaintance of Miss Spangles—indeed, some said he was her uncle—used to go away on a drinking excursion too. Altogether, they were what the country people called a very "promiscuous set." The hounds were of all sorts and sizes; the horses of no particular stamp; and the men all vagabonds of the first class.

With such a master and such an establishment, we need hardly say that no stranger ever came into the country for the purpose of hunting. Sir Harry's fields were entirely composed of his own "set"—a very pretty set they were—and a few neighbouring farmers, whom he could abuse, and lick, and do what he liked with. Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey, to be sure, as the reader may remember, had mentioned Sir Harry approvingly, when he went to Mr. Puffington's to inveigle Mr. Sponge over to Puddingpote Bower; but what might suit Mr. Jogglebury, who went out to seek for gibbey sticks, might not suit a person who went out for the purpose of hunting a fox. In fact, Puddingpote Bower was an exceedingly bad hunting quarter, as things turned out. Sir Harry Scattercash having had the run described in our two preceding chapters, and having just imported a few of the "sock-and-buskin" sort from town, was not likely to be going out again for a time; while Mr. Puffington, finding where Mr. Sponge had taken refuge, determined not to meet within reach of Puddingpote Bower if he could

possibly help it; and Lord Scamperdale was almost always beyond distance, unless horse and rider lay out over-night—a proceeding always to be deprecated by prudent sportsmen. Mr. Sponge, therefore, got more of Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey's company than he wanted, and Mr. Crowdey got more of Mr. Sponge's than he desired. In vain Jog took him up into his attics and his closets, and his various holes and corners, and showed him his enormous crops of gibbey-sticks—some tied in large sheaves, like corn; some put up more sparingly; and others, again, wrapped in silver paper, with the valuable heads enveloped in old gloves. Jog would untie the strings of these, and, placing the heads in the most favourable position before our friend, just as an artist would a portrait, question him as to whom he thought they were.

"There, now (puff)," said he, holding up one that he thought there could be no mistake about; "who do you (wheeze) that is?"

"Deaf Burke," replied Mr. Sponge, after a stare.

"Deaf Burke! (puff,)" replied Jog, indignantly.

"Who is it, then?" asked Mr. Sponge.

"Can't you see? (wheeze,)" replied Jog, tartly.

"No," replied Sponge, after another examination. "It's not Scroggins, is it?"

"Napoleon (puff) Bonaparte," replied Jog, with great dignity, returning the head to the glove.

He showed several others, with little better success, Mr. Sponge seeming rather to take a pleasure in finding ridiculous likenesses, instead of helping his host out in his conceits. The stick-mania was a failure, as far as Mr. Sponge was concerned. Neither were the peregrinations about the farms, or ter-ri-to-ry, as Jog called his estate, more successful; a man's estate, like his children, is seldom of interest to any one but himself.

In vain Mr. Jogglebury puffed and wheezed, and pointed out the boundaries of Jackey Steelstraw's land, and the commencement of Tommy Hemmington's. In vain he showed the narrow neck of land belonging to Mrs. Moses, that run right up into his property, and prevented him having the entire range of country up Cockwhistle Park. Wasted were his denunciations of his uncle for not buying it when old Harry Griperon died. Indeed, there was scarcely a property he pointed out that he did not blame his uncle for not buying, notwithstanding the old boy had saddled a pretty substantial mortgage on what he did leave. That, however, was between the mortgagee and Jog, it being fortunate that land, like other beasts of burden, does not show what it carries. Jog generally wound up his censures with a heavy puff into his frill and the observation, "Moy (puff) name was (wheeze) Jogglebury before my uncle died," as if his uncle had done him an injury by making him change it for Crowdey, or rather add the name of Crowdey to that of Jogglebury. Jog, we may here observe, was a hatter at the respectable market-town of Edgington where his uncle died; and we understand there are hats still extant with the name, "Jogglebury, Hatter to the King," in the crown. But to the entertainment of Mr. Sponge in these our country quarters.

Despite these two failures, Jogglebury thought he had something that would interest his guest,—which was the meeting of the Board of Guardians,—whither he always went in state: Bartholomew Badger, in his gold-threaded hat with the acorn on the crown, clean Berlin gloves, the phaeton clean-washed, and the old brown horse adorned,

summer and winter, with a white net head-dress with tassels at the ears, and a white net over the hind-quarters. Thus caparisoned, Jog drove up to the picturesque rose-entwined porch of the red-brick union workhouse, where two policemen stood sentry to salute him; and Griper, the master, and Scrapewell, the relieving-officer, and the old porter and all the house-staff, rushed out to receive him. The resident paupers, and the vagrants, and the casual poor, scanned his vacant countenance through the lattice windows as acutely as ever capital offenders scanned those of judge and jury from the well-fenced area of the prisoners' dock. The "Stir-it-stiff" Union was not a large one. It was composed of some half-dozen agricultural townships; and the novelty of the thing having subsided, one great gun had retired after another, until it was found convenient to place that most punctual guardian, Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey, of Puddingpote Bower, in the chair,—or rather in the vice-chair, which was the same thing, seeing the chairman was absent in Italy. Jog was very great. He *did* rule the roast. He did not say much, but he looked so solemn and wise, and pryed so inquisitively into the pots and pans, and tasted the samples, and tried the food, and listened to what people had to say, that he had a great run of business, and, as he said, was "very much looked up to." Mr. Sponge saw him rather to disadvantage on this occasion, for a rebellious vagrant, with a turn for the fine arts, had drawn such an accurate caricature-full-length likeness of him with a burnt stick on the whitewashed wall above the fireplace in the vagrant ward, that there was no mistaking it, and Jog did not recover his equanimity throughout the day's proceedings. However, that was not of much importance, for Mr. Sponge took no more interest in the affairs of the union than he did in the farms, or in the gibbey-sticks. Jog and he returned to Puddingpote Bower most heartily sick of each other. Nor did even Mrs. Jog's charms, or the voluble enunciation of "Obin and Ichard," followed by "Bah, bah, black sheep," &c., from that wonderful boy, Gustavus James, make matters better; for the young rogue had been in Mr. Sponge's bedroom while Murry Ann was doing it out, and had torn the back off his "Mog," and made such a mess of his tooth-brush, by cleaning his shoes with it, as never was seen.

Mr. Sponge began to think it was not worth while continuing at Puddingpote Bower for the sake of his keep, seeing there was no hunting to be had from it, and it did not do to keep hack hunters idle, especially in such fine open weather. Leather and he for once were of the same opinion, and that worthily shook his head, and said Mr. Crowdey was "awful mean," at the same time pulling out a sample of bad ship oats, that he had got from a neighbouring ostler, and showed it as the "stuff" their "osses" were eating. The fact was, the ex-hatter's beer was nothing like so strong as Mr. Puffington's; added to which, Mr. Crowdey carried the principles of the poor-law union into his own establishment, and dieted his servants upon certain rules. Sunday, roast beef, potatoes, and pudding under the meat; Monday, fried beef, and stick-saw (as they profanely called a certain baked pudding); Wednesday, leg of mutton, and so on. The allowance of beer was a pint and a half per diem to Bartholomew, and a pint to each woman; and Mr. Crowdey used to observe from the head of the servants' dinner-table on the arrival of each cargo, "Now this (puff) beer is to (wheeze) a month, and, if you choose to drink it in a (gasp) day, you'll go without any for the rest of the (wheeze) time;" an intimation that had

a very favourable effect upon the tap. Mr. Leather, however, did not like it. "Puffington's servants," he said, "had beer whenever they liked," and he thought it "awful mean" restricting the quantity. Mr. Jog, however, was not to be moved. As chairman of the Stir-it-stiff Union, he was accustomed to command and not obey. That, however, is more between Leather and him, our business is with Mr. Sponge.

Mr. and Mrs. Jog had a long confab on the night of the visit to the union as to the expediency of getting rid of Mr. Sponge. Mrs. Jog wanted to keep him till after the christening; and Jog combated her reasonings by representing the improbability of its doing Gustavus James any good to have him for a godfather, seeing his age, and the probability of his marrying himself. Mrs. Jog, however, was very determined; rather too much so, indeed, for she awakened Jog's jealousy, who lay tossing and tumbling about all through the night.

He was up very early, and as Mrs. Jog was falling into a comfortable nap, she was aroused by his well-known voice holloaing as loud as he could in the middle of the entrance-passageway,

"BARTHOLO-me-e-w!" the last syllable being pronounced or prolonged like the mew of a cat.

"BARTHOLO-me-e-w!" repeated he, not getting an answer to the first shout.

"MURRY ANN!" shouted he, after another pause.

"MURRY ANN!" exclaimed he, still louder.

Just then, the iron latch of a door at the top of the house opened, and a female voice replied hurriedly over the banisters,—

"Yes, sir! here, sir! coming, sir!"

"Oh, Murry Ann (puff), that's (wheeze) you, is it?" asked he, still speaking at the top of his voice.

"Yes, sir," replied Mary Ann.

"Oh! then, Murry Ann, I wanted to (puff)—that you'd better get the (puff) breakfast ready early. I think the (gasp)—Mr. Sponge will be (wheezing) away to-day."

"Yes, sir," replied Mary Ann.

All this was said in such a tone as could not fail to be heard all over the house; certainly into Mr. Sponge's room, which was midway between the speakers.

What prevented Mr. Sponge wheezing away, as predicted, will appear in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER LIII.

### SIR HARRY SCATTERCASH'S HOUNDS.

THE reason Mr. Sponge did not take his departure, in accordance with his overnight resolution, especially after the pretty intelligible hint given by his host, Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey, was, that, as he was passing his John Heifor's shilling army razor over his soapy chin, he saw a stockingless lad, in a purple coat and faded hunting-cap, making his way up to the house, at a pace that betokened more than ordinary vagrancy. It was the kennel, stable, and servants' hall courier of Nonsuch House, come to say that Sir Harry hunted that day.



Presently Mr. Leather knocked at Mr. Sponge's bedroom door, and, being invited in, announced the fact.

"Sir Harry's 'ounds 'unt," said he, twisting the door handle as he spoke.

"What time?" asked Mr. Sponge, with his half-shaved face turned towards him.

"Meet at eleven," replied Leather.

"Where?" inquired Mr. Sponge.

"Nonsuch House, 'bout nine miles off."

It *was* thirteen, but Mr. Leather heard the malt was good, and wanted to taste it.

"Take the brown on, then," said Mr. Sponge, quite pompously; "and tell Bartholomew to have the hack at the door at ten—or say a quarter to. Tell him, I'll lick him for every minute he's late; and, mind, don't let Old Guts here know," meaning our friend Jog, "or he may take a fancy to go, and we shall never get there," alluding to their former excursion.

"No, no," replied Mr. Leather, leaving the room.

Mr. Sponge then arrayed himself in his hunting costume—scarlet coat, green tie, blue vest, creamy leathers, and brown tops; and was greeted with a round of applause from the little Jogs as he entered the breakfast room. Gustavus James would handle him, and, considering that his paws were all over raspberry jam, our friend would as soon have dispensed with his attentions. Mrs. Jog was all smiles, and Mr. Jog all scowls.

A little after ten our friend was in the saddle, a cigar in his mouth, and all cap-à-pie. Mrs. Jog, with Gustavus James in her arms, and all the children clustering about, stood in the passage to see him start, and watch the capers and caprioles of the pie-bald, as he ambled down the avenue.

"Nine miles—nine miles," said Mr. Sponge to himself, as he passed through the Comical Lodge or turned up the Quarryburn Road; "do it in an hour well enough," said he, sticking the spurs into the hack, and going away at a canter.

Having kept this pace up for about five miles, till he thought from the view he had taken of the map it was about time to be turning, he hailed a blacksmith in his shop, who, next to saddlers, are generally the most intelligent people about hounds and hunting, and asked how far it was to Sir Harry's?"

"Eight miles," replied the man, in a minute.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge. "It was only nine at starting, and I've come I don't know how many."

The next person Mr. Sponge met told him it was ten miles; the third, after asking him where he had come from, said he was a stranger in the country, and had never heard of the place; and, what with Mr. Leather's original misstatement, misdirections from other people, and mistakes of his own, it was more good luck than good management that got Mr. Sponge there in time.

The fact was, the whole thing was knocked up in a hurry. Sir Harry, and the choice spirits by whom he was surrounded, had not finished celebrating the triumphs of the Snobston Green day, and as it was not likely that the hounds would be out again soon, the people of the hunting establishment were taking their ease. Watchorn had gone to be entertained

at a public supper given by the poachers and fox-stealers of the village of Bark-shot, as a "mark of respect for his abilities as a sportsman and his integrity as a man," meaning his indifference to his master's interests; while the first-whip had gone to visit that usual servant's relation, his aunt, and the groom was away negotiating the exchange of a cow. With things in this state, wily Tom of Tinklerhatch, a noted fox-stealer in Lord Scamperdale's country, arrived with a great thundering dog fox, stolen from his lordship's cover near the cross roads at Dallington Burn, which being communicated to our friend about midnight in the smoking room at Nonsuch House, it was resolved to hunt him forthwith, especially as one of the guests, Mr. Orlando Bugles, of the Surrey Theatre, was obliged to return to town immediately, and, as he sometimes enacted the part of Squire Tallyho, it was thought a little of the reality might correct the Tom and Jerry style in which he represented it. Accordingly, orders were issued for a hunt, notwithstanding the hounds were fed and the horses watered. Sir Harry didn't "care a d—n; let them go as fast as they could," he said.

All these circumstances conspired to make them late; added to which, when Watchorn, the huntsman, cast up, which he did on a higgler's horse, he found the only sound one in his stud had gone to the neighbouring town to get some fiddlers, her ladyship having determined to compliment Mr. Bugles' visit by a quadrille party. Bugles and she were old friends. When Mr. Sponge cast up at half-past eleven, things were still behind-hand.

Sir Harry and party had had a wet night of it, and were all more or less drunk. They had kept up the excitement with a champagne breakfast and various liqueurs, to say nothing of cigars. They were a sad debauched-looking set, some of them scarcely out of their teens, with trembling hands, sunken eyes, and all the symptoms of premature decay. Others—the sock and buskin ones—were a made-up, wigged, and padded set. Bugles was resplendent. He had on a dress scarlet coat, lined and faced with yellow satin (one of the properties, we believe, of the Surrey), a beautifully worked pink shirt-front, a pitch-plaster coloured waistcoat, white ducks and jack-boots, with brass heel spurs. He carried his whip in the arm's-length way of a circus master following a horse. Some dozen of these curiosities were staggering, and swaggering, and smoking in front of Nonsuch House, to the edification of a lot of gaping grooms and chawbacons, when Mr. Sponge cantered up on the piebald. Lady Scattercash, with a cigar in her mouth, and several elegantly-dressed females around her, conversed with them from the open drawing-room windows on the first-floor, while sundry good-looking servants ogled them from the above. This was the *tableau* that presented itself to Mr. Sponge as he cantered round the turn that brought him in front of the Elizabethan mansion of Nonsuch House.

Sir Harry, who was still rather drunk, thinking that every person there must be either one of his party, or a friend of one of his party, or a neighbour, or some one that he had seen before, reeled up to our friend, and, shaking him heartily by the hand, asked him to come in and have something to eat. This was a godsend to Mr. Sponge, who accepted the proffered hand most readily, shaking it in a way that quite satisfied Sir Harry he was right in some one or other of his conjectures. Bugles, and all the reeling swaggering bucks, looked respectfully at the well-

appointed man, and Bugles determined to have a pair of brown tops as soon as he got to town.

Sir Harry was a tall, wan, pale young man, with a strong tendency to *delirium tremens*; that, and consumption, appeared to be running a match for his person. He was a harum-scarum fellow, all strings, and tapes, and ends, and flue. He looked as if he slept in his clothes. His hat was fastened on with a ribbon, or rather a ribbon passed round near the band, in order to fasten it on, for it was seldom or ever applied to the purpose, and the ends went flying out behind like a Chinaman's tail. Then his flashy, many-coloured cravats, stared and straggled in all directions, while his untied waistcoat-strings protruded between the laps of his old short-waisted swallow-tailed scarlet, mixing in glorious confusion with those of his breeches behind. The knee-strings were generally also loose; the tapes of his boots were seldom put in, and what with one set of strings and another he generally went by the name of Sixteen-string'd Jack. Mr. Sponge having dismounted, and given his hack to the now half-drunken Leather, followed Sir Harry through a foil and four-in-hand whip-hung hall to the deserted breakfast-room, where chairs stood in all directions, and crumpled napkins strewed the floor, and the litter of eggs, and remnants of muffins, and diminished piles of toast, and broken bread and empty toast racks, and cups and saucers, and half-emptied glasses, and wholly emptied champagne bottles, were scattered up and down a disorderly table, further littered with newspapers, letter backs, mustard pots, anchovies, pickles—all the odds and ends of a most miscellaneous meal. The side-table groaned with cold joints, cold game, cold poultry, lukewarm hashed venison, and sundry lamp-warmed dishes of savoury grills.

"Here you are!" exclaimed Sir Harry, taking his hunting-whip and sweeping the contents of one end of the table on to the floor, with a crash that brought in the butler and some theatrical-looking servants.

"Take those beastly things away! (hiccup)," exclaimed Sir Harry, crushing the broken china still smaller under his heels; "and (hiccup) bring some red-herrings and soda-water. What the devil does the (hiccup) cook mean by not hiccuping things as he ought? Now," said he, addressing Mr. Sponge, and raking the plates and dishes up to him with the handle of his whip, just as a gaming-table keeper rakes up the stakes,—“now,” said he, “make your (hiccup) game. There'll be some hot (hiccup) in directly.” He meant to say “tea,” but the word failed him.

Mr. Sponge fell too with avidity. He was always ready to eat, and attacked first one thing and then another, as though he had not had any breakfast at Puddingpote Bower.

Sir Harry remained mute for some minutes, sitting cross-legged and backwards in his chair, with his throbbing forehead resting upon the rail, wondering where it was that he had met Mr. Sponge. He looked different without his hat; and though he saw it was no one he knew particularly, he could not help thinking he had seen him before.

Indeed, he thought it was clear, from Mr. Sponge's manner, that they had met, and he was just going to ask him whether it was at Offley's or the Coal Hole, when a sudden move outside attracted his attention. It was the hounds.

The huntsman's horse having at length returned from the fiddler hunt, and being whisped over, and made tolerably decent, Mr. Watchorn,

having exchanged the postilion saddle in which it had been ridden, for a horn-cased hunting one, had mounted, and proceeded to open the kennel door and liberate the pent-up pack, who came tearing out full cry, and spread themselves over the country, regardless alike of the *twang, twang, twang* of the horn, and the furious onslaught of a couple of stable-helpers, in scarlet and caps, who, true to the title of "whippers-in," now commenced a furious onslaught on all that they could get within reach of. The hounds had not been out, even to exercise, since the Snobston-Green day, and were as wild as hawks. They were ready to run anything. Furious and Furrier tackled with a cow. Bountiful ran a black cart-colt, and made him leap the haugh-haugh. Sempstress, Singwell, and Saladin, puppies, went after some crows. Mercury took after the stable cat, while old Thunderer and Come-by-chance (supposed to be one of Lord Scamperdale's) joined in pursuit of a cur. Watchorn, however, did not care for these little ebullitions of spirit, and never having been accustomed to exercise the Camberwell and Balam Hill Union harriers, he did not see any occasion for bothering with the fox hounds. "They would soon settle," he said, "when they got a scent."

It was this riotous start that diverted Sixteen-string'd Jack's attention from our friend, and, looking out of the window, Mr. Sponge saw all the company preparing to be off. There was the elegant Bugles mounting her ladyship's white Arab; the brothers Spangles climbing on to their cream-colours; Mr. This getting on to the postman's pony, and Mr. That on to the gamekeeper's. Mr. Sponge hurried out to get to the brown before his anger rose at being left behind, and provoked a scene. He only just arrived in time, for the twang of the horn, the cracks of the whips, the clamorous rates of the servants, the yelping of the hounds, and the general commotion, had got up his courage, and he launched out in such a way, when Mr. Sponge mounted, as would have shot a loose rider into the next township. As it was, Mr. Sponge grappled manfully with him, and, letting the Latchfords into his sides, shoved him in front of the throng, as if nothing had happened. Mr. Leather then slunk back to the stable, to get out the hack to have a hunt at a distance.

The hounds, as we said before, were desperately wild; but at length, by dint of coaxing and cracking, and hooping and halloaing, they got some ten couple out of the five-and-twenty gathered together, and Mr. Watchorn, putting himself at their head, trotted briskly on, blowing most lustily, in the hopes that the rest would follow. So he clattered along the avenue formed between rows of sombre-headed firs and sweeping spruce, out of which whirled clouds of pheasants; and scuttling rabbits and stupid hares kept crossing and recrossing, to the derangement of Mr. Watchorn's temper and the detriment of the unsteady pack. Squeak, squeak, squeak, sounded right and left, followed sometimes by the heavy retributive hand of Justice on the offenders' hides, and sometimes by the snarl, snap, and worry of a couple of hounds contending for the prey. *Twang, twang, twang*, still went the horn; and when the huntsman reached the unicorn-crested gates, with tea-caddy looking lodges, he found himself in possession of a clear majority of his unsizable pack. Some were rather bloody, to be sure, and a few carried scraps of game, which fastidious masters would as soon have seen them without; but neither Sir Harry nor his huntsman cared about appearances.

On clearing the lodges, and passing about a quarter of a mile on the Hardington Road, hedge-rows ceased, and they came all upon Farleyfair Downs, across which Mr. Watchorn now struck, making for a square plantation, near the first hill-top, where it had been arranged the bag-fox should be shook. It was a fine bright day, rather brighter, perhaps, than sportsmen like, and there was a crispiness in the air indicative of frost, but then there is generally a burning scent just before a frost. So thought Mr. Watchorn, as he turned his feverish face up to the bright, blue sky, imbibing the fine fresh air of the wide-extending downs, instead of the stale tobacco smoke of the beer shop. As he trotted over the springy sward, up the gently rising ground, he stood up in his stirrups, and laying hold of his horse's mane turned to survey the long-drawn, lagging field behind.

"You'll have to look sharp, my hearties," said he to himself, as he run them over in his eye, and thought there might be twenty or five-and-twenty horsemen; "you'll have to look sharp, my hearties," said he, "if you mean to get away, for Wily Tom has his hat on the ground, which shows he has put him down, and if he's the sort of gem'man I expect he'll not be long in cover."

So saying, he resumed his seat in the saddle, and easing his horse, endeavoured by sundry dog noises—such as, "*Yooi doi, Ravager!*" "*Gently, Paragon!*" "*Here again, Mercury!*"—to restrain the ardour of the leading hounds, so as to let the rebellious tail ones up and go into cover with something like a body. 'This was rather a difficult task to accomplish, for those with him being light, and consequently anxious to be doing and ready for riot, were difficult to restrain from dashing into cover; while those that had taken their diversion and refreshment among the game, were easy whether they did anything more or not.

While Watchorn was thus manœuvring his forces Wily Tom beckoned him on, and old Cruiser and Marmion, who had often been at the game before, and knew what Wily Tom's hat on the ground meant, flew to him full cry, drawing all their companions after them.

"I think he's away to the west," said Tom, in an undertone, resting his hand on Watchorn's horse's shoulder; "*back home,*" added he, jerking his head with a knowing leer of his roguish eye.

"They're on him!" exclaimed he after a pause, as the outburst of melody proclaimed that the hounds had crossed his line. Then there was such racing and striving among the field to get up, and such squeezing and crowding, and "Mind, my horse kicks!" at the little white hunting wicket leading into cover. "D—mn it, knock down the wall!" exclaimed one. "Get out of the way; I'll ride over it," roared another. "We shall be here all day!" vociferated a third. "That's a header!" cried another as a clatter of stones was followed by a pair of white breeches summersetting in the air with a horse undermost. "It's Tom Sawbones, the doctor!" exclaimed one, "and he can mend himself." "By Jove! but he's killed!" shrieked another. "Not a bit of it," added a third, as the dead man rose and ran after his horse. "Let Mr. Bugles through," cried Sir Harry, seeing his friend, or rather his wife's friend, was fretting the Arab.

Meanwhile the melody of hounds increased, and each man, as he got through the little gate, rose in his stirrups and hustled his horse along the green ride to catch up those on before, regardless of the pack. The

plantation was about twenty acres, rather thick and briary at the bottom; and master Renard, finding it was pretty safe, and, moreover, having attempted to break just by where some chawbacons were ploughing, had headed suddenly back, so that when the excited field rushed through the parallel gate on the far side of the plantation, expecting to see the pack streaming over the downs, they found most of the hounds with their heads in the air, some looking for holloas, others watching their companions trying to carry the scent over the fallow.

Watchorn galloped up in the frantic state half-witted huntsmen generally are, and one of the impromptu whips being in attendance, quickly got round the hounds, and commenced a series of assaults upon them that very soon sent them scuttling to Mr. Watchorn for safety. If they had been at the hares again, or even worrying sheep, he could not have rated or flogged more severely.

"MARKSMAN! MARKSMAN! *ough, ye ould Divil, get to him!*" roared he, aiming a stinging cut, with his heavy knotty-pointed whip, at a venerable sage that still snuffed down a furrow to satisfy himself the fox was not on before he returned to cover,—an exertion that over-balanced the whip, and would have landed him on the ground had not he caught by the spur in the old mare's flank. Then he went on scrambling and rating after Marksman, the field exclaiming, as the Edmonton people did, by Johnny Gilpin,

He's on! no, he's off, he hangs by the mane!

At last he got shuffled back into the saddle, and the cry of hounds in cover attracting the outsiders back, the scene quickly changed, and the horsemen were again hemmed in by the trees. They now swept up the grass ride to the exposed part of the higher ground, the trees gradually diminishing in size, till on reaching the top they did not come much above a horse's shoulder. This point commanded a fine view over the adjacent country. Behind, was the rich vale of Dairylow, with its villages and spires, and trees and inclosures, while in front was nothing but the undulating, wide-stretching downs, reaching to the grey outline in the distance. There was not, however, much time for contemplating scenery on this occasion, for Wily Tom, who had stolen to this point immediately the hounds took up the scent, now viewed the fox stealing through a gap in the wall, and, the field catching sight, there was such a hulla-baloo as would have made a more composed and orderly-minded fox think it better to break instead of running the outside of the wall as this one intended to do. What wind there was swept across the downs, and putting himself straight to catch it, he went away whisking his brush in the air, as if he was just out of his kennel instead of a sack. Then what a commotion there was! Such jumpings off to lead down, such huggings and holdings, and wooings of those that sat on, such slidings and scramblings, and loosening and rollings of stones. Then the frantic horses began to bound, and the frightened riders to exclaim,

"For God's sake get out of my way, sir!"

"Mind, sir! I'm a top of you!"

"Give him his head and let him go!" exclaimed the still drunk brother Bob Spangles, sliding his horse down with a slack rein.

"That's your sort!" roared Sir Harry, and just as he said it his horse

dropped on his hind-quarters like a rabbit, landing Sir Harry comfortably on his feet, amid the roars of the foot-people, and the mirth of such of the horsemen as were not too frightened to laugh.

"I think I'll stay where I am," said Mr. Bugles, preparing for a bird's-eye view where he was. "This hunting," said he, getting off the fid-gety Arab, "seems dangerous."

The parties who accomplished the descent had now some fine plain sailing for their trouble. The line lay across the open downs, composed of sound, springy, racing-like turf, extremely well adapted for trying the pace either of horses or hounds. And very soon it did try the pace of them, for they had not gone above a mile before there was very considerable tailing with both. To be sure they had never been very well together, but still the telescope lengthened instead of contracting. Horses that could hardly be held down the hill, and that applied themselves to the turf on landing as if they could never have enough of it, now began to bear upon the rein and hang back to those behind; while the hounds came straggling along like wild geese, with full half a mile between the leader and the last. However, they all threw their tongues, and each man flattered himself that the hound he was with was the first. In vain the galloping Watchorn looked back and tootled his horn; in vain he worked with his cap; in vain the whips rode at them cursing and swearing, and vowing they would cut them in two.

There was no getting them together. Every now and then the fox might be seen, looking about the size of a marble, rolling over the top of some distant hill; but each successive view made him less and less, till, at last, he seemed no bigger than a pea. Five and twenty minutes best pace over downs is calculated to try the mettle of anything, and long before the leading hounds reached Cockthrottle Dean, the field was choked by the pace. Sir Harry had long been tailed off; both the brothers, Spangles, had dropped astern; the horse of one had dropped too; Sawbones, the doctor's, had got a stiff neck; Willing, the road surveyor, and Mr. Lavender, the grocer, pulled up together. Muddyman, the farmer's four-year old, had enough at the end of ten minutes; both the whips tired theirs in a quarter of an hour; and in less than twenty minutes, Watchorn and Sponge were alone in their glory, or rather, Sponge was in his glory, for Watchorn's horse was beat.

"Lend me your horn!" exclaimed Sponge, as he saw, by the contracting strides of Watchorn's horse, it was all U P with him.

The horse stopped, as if shot; and getting the horn, Mr. Sponge went on, the brown laying himself out as if he was still full of running. Cockthrottle Deans was now close at hand, and in all probability the fox would not leave it. So thought Mr. Sponge as he dived into its depths, astonished at the way the hounds made the wood echo.

"*Tally ho!*" cried a countryman on the opposite side; and the road he had taken being favourable to the point, he made for it at a hand-gallop, horn in hand, to blow as soon as he got there.

"He's away!" cried the man as soon as our friend appeared; "*reet* 'cross the tornops!" pointing with his hoe.

Mr. Sponge then put his horse's head that way, and blew a long shrill blast. As he stopped to take breath and listen, he heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and presently a stentorian voice, half frantic with rage, exclaimed from behind,

"WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?"

"Who the hell are you?" retorted Mr. Sponge, without looking round.

"They commonly call me the EARL OF SCAMPERDALE," replied the voice, "and those are my hounds."

"They're not your hounds!" retorted Mr. Sponge, looking round on his big-spectacled flat-hatted lordship, who was closely followed by his double, Mr. Spraggon.

"Not my hounds!" screeched his lordship. "Sing out, Jack! sing out! For Heaven's sake, sing out!" added he.

"Not his lordship's hounds!" roared Jack, rising in his stirrups and brandishing his whip. "Not his lordship's hounds! Tell me *that*, when they cost him five-and-twenty 'under'd—two thousand five 'under'd a year! Oh, my eye and Betty Martin, but that's a pretty go! If they're not his lordship's hounds, I should like to know whose they are?" and thereupon Jack wiped the foam from his mouth with his sleeves.

"Sir Harry's!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, again putting the horn to his lips.

"*Sir Harry's!*" screeched his lordship in disgust, for he hated the very sound of his name—"Sir Harry's! Oh, you d—d rusty-booted ruffian!"

"Sir Harry's!" repeated Jack again, standing in his stirrups. "What! impeach his lordship's integrity—oh, by God, there's an end of everything! Death before dishonour! Slugs in a saw pit! Pistols and coffee for two!" And Jack again wiped the foam from his mouth.

His lordship then went at him again.

"Oh, you d—d sanctified, putrified, pestilential-looking snob, you think because I'm a lord and can't swear or use coarse language, that you may do what you like; but I'll let you see the contrary," said he, brandishing his whip. "D—n you, sir, I'll fight you, sir, any non-hunting day you like, sir, except Sunday."

Just then the clatter and blowing of horses was heard, and Frostyface emerged from the wood followed by the hounds, who, swinging themselves over the turnips, hit off the scent and went away full cry, followed by his lordship and Jack, leaving Mr. Sponge staring with astonishment.

"Changed foxes," at length said he, with a shake of his head; and just then the cry of hounds on the opposite bank confirmed his conjecture, and he got to them in time to take up his lordship's fox.

His lordship's hounds ran into Sir Harry's fox about two miles farther on, but the hounds would not break him up; and, on examining him, he was found to have been well rubbed with aniseed; and, worst of all, by the mark on his ear to be one that they had turned down themselves some seasons before, being one of a litter that Sly had stolen from Sir Harry's cover at Seedeysgorse.



## THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

A Recipe for Good Humour—"Giralda," Mademoiselle Félix Miolan—Mademoiselle Delorme, "Le Mari d'une Camargo." Leclère—Miss Glascock's Ranajee Waltzes—Stationary Queries—Cirque, Mesdames Lejars, Caroline Loyo, and Annato. The Kabyles—Mabille—Fête at Asnières, Mademoiselle Rigolette—Château des Fleurs. Mademoiselle Marguerite—Gossip. *Enfants les Russes.*

A RECIPE FOR GOOD HUMOUR.—Convalescence, especially after a tedious illness, is a wonderful promoter of enjoyment and good-humour. One is so thankful to exchange the dulness of a sick room for the open air, and chicken broth for a chop, that one never pauses to inquire if the weather be fine or the mutton tender. Such, at least, is my case at present; a month's confinement to the sofa has rendered me marvellously indifferent as well to the ups and downs of the barometer, as to any sins of omission or commission on the part of my cook.

This equanimity, which, as far as I am concerned, is, I fear, only temporary, is possessed in a very enviable degree by a friend of mine, the most perfect specimen of placidity and contentment I ever met with. His countenance has more than once reminded me of the Bay of Naples on a calm, cloudless, sunshining day; with this difference, that a slight breeze is enough to set the Bay of Naples and everything upon it dancing like the listeners to the magic fiddle in the German story, whereas my friend's tranquillity would be proof against a tornado. Nothing ever comes amiss to him; he has always an excuse ready for every annoyance, for every little misery of human life. I have tried him on all possible topics, and never knew him at a loss for a redeeming point. It is never too hot nor too cold for him; if he has to wait a long time for his dinner at a *restaurant*, he rubs his hands, says it is a good sign, and shows that business is improving. Nay, I once found him getting through an atrociously corked bottle of St. Julien, with a perseverance equal to that of Bruce's spider, and congratulating himself on his being no judge of wine, and having a cold into the bargain. Once I *did* expect I had driven him into a corner: it was one day last November, we were walking together under the arcades of the Palais Royal, it being perfectly impossible to take exercise anywhere else, the rain coming down in torrents, and a damp searching fog penetrating even the thickest *paletôt*.

"Well," I began, as we were going round and round like horses in a circus, and just as we had turned a corner, and been thereby exposed to a pitiless gust of wind and a cross fire of sleet; "well, I *don't* think that even you can say anything in favour of weather like this!"

"Why," replied he, as distinctly as a double-twisted *cache-nez*, enveloping the lower portion of his face, would allow him—"it is not over pleasant certainly, *but*" (I shivered involuntarily) "it is very *seasonable*!"

This was a settler, and I at once gave him up as incurable.

"GIRALDA," MADEMOISELLE FÉLIX MIOLAN.—To return to myself: although I have no great faith in the duration of my present take-it-easy frame of mind, yet I by no means regret it, especially at this

season of the year. For it is some comfort, when everybody around one is complaining of the heat, the dust, the President, the macadamized boulevards, the law on the press, and half a hundred other real or fancied nuisances, to be able to keep one's thoughts and spirits at a perpetual *beau fixe*. Thus it follows that to me Paris never appeared more charming, more attractive, than it does at this moment. The air seems to have gained in purity and elasticity, the shops in brilliancy, the ladies' toilettes in taste, and the ladies themselves in beauty; while the thousand and one enjoyments with which this metropolis of pleasure teems seem at least ten-thousand times more enjoyable than they ever seemed before.

Nor do the theatres—my ever favourite haunts—offer the *revers de la médaille* invariably expected and usually experienced during the dead season. Don't talk to me of empty houses, of unpaid actors, and managerial bankruptcies; more than one flourishing treasury will tell a very different tale. And, above all, that of the Opéra Comique; a happy state of things partly due to its indefatigable director, M. Perrin, and partly to the "Giralda" of Scribe and Adolphe Adam.

I doubt if the admirable *répertoire* of this delightful theatre contains any one piece which more correctly and more successfully represents the peculiar *spécialité* of the Salle Vavart,—a most ingeniously constructed and interesting plot, full of amusing *imbroglios*, which no one but Scribe would venture on, because no one but him could ever get out of them, and a succession of light and graceful melodies, unhampered by recitative or ambitious straining after grand opera, and, on that very account, clinging to the memory with magnetic tenacity; such are the rarely united characteristics of "Giralda, ou la Nouvelle Psyché." A young *débutante*, Mademoiselle Félix Miolan, hitherto merely known as a concert-singer, has, by her creation of the heroine, at once taken her place among the promising vocalists of the day. Nor, unlike the milkmaid in the play, can she say with any truth, that her face is her fortune; her *ramage*, contrary to that of the crow in La Fontaine's fable, being unquestionably superior to her *plumage*.

But, if not strictly pretty, Mademoiselle Miolan is very far removed from the other extreme; her countenance is what a practised novelist would call interesting, and a polite Frenchman, *agréable*. There is a juvenile *naïveté* in her acting, which contrasts advantageously with the conventional attitudes of her more experienced associates; nor is her very natural timidity a stumbling-block to her success. *Bien au contraire!*

The peculiar quality of her voice is its extreme freshness and purity: its range is not extensive; but one may say of it, as Mrs. Keeley used to say of herself, when revelling in the top-boots and cords of *Bailey, junior*: "There isn't much of me, but what there is, is *good*." Mademoiselle Miolan also vocalises with ease and taste, and, in passages requiring tenderness of expression, is peculiarly happy; so that I think we may look forward to her being considered, one of these days, a very fair substitute for Mademoiselle Darcier; since it is but too true that the charming Célestine, weary of captivating, has in her turn become a captive; and, as an atonement for having so long enchained the public to her triumphal car, has at length surrendered herself to the bonds of Hymen—and eighty thousand francs a year!

MADemoiselle DELORME, "LE MARI D'UNE CAMARGO." LECLÈRE. —Very few Parisian actresses have made greater progress during the last year or two than Mademoiselle Delorme—and why? Simply because very few have devoted themselves to their art with the same steady and unflinching perseverance. Such exertions on her part, and such a result, are the more creditable, inasmuch as she has had to overcome an obstacle which might well have seemed insuperable. Not only has she had to contend against the recollection, but against the actual presence of Déjazet, both ladies simultaneously performing the same line of parts in the same theatre. Such a task was sufficient to dishearten any young actress less buoyed up by courageous determination than Mademoiselle Delorme. The attempt was a bold one, and its success was long doubtful: energy and patience, however, have carried the day; and I am much mistaken if that energy and patience will be allowed to lie dormant for many a long year. "Anch'io son pittore," said Correggio; and it requires no sorcery to divine that Mademoiselle Delorme's motto has been from the beginning—"Moi aussi, je serai comédienne!"

But, without proper materials to exert her skill upon, the cleverest embroideress in the world would be at a nonplus: luckily, in the case of the accomplished workwoman in question, such materials have hitherto not been wanting. "Le Mari d'une Camargo," her last creation, not only gives her versatile powers full play, but also brings into strong relief the sterling qualities of her excellent comrade Leclère; an actor whose acquaintance Mr. Mitchell's *habitués* have yet to make—a treat, no doubt, slyly kept back by the shrewd manager, as a *bonne bouche*. *Aux derniers les bons*; is it not so, Mitchell, *mon ami*?

MISS GLASCOCK'S "RANAJEE WALTZES."—La Camargo necessarily puts one in mind of dancing, and dancing as necessarily reminds me of Miss Glascock's "Ranjee Waltzes," dedicated by permission to the swarthy lion of the season—the Nepaulese Ambassador. Like a mountain stream, whose origin may be traced to some wild dell overhung by gloomy beetling crags, the source of these charming productions is unquestionably a *dark* one; but the imagination and fancy of the composer have invested them with a brilliancy rivalling that of the jewels of her prototypes. These waltzes are in the highest degree sparkling, *dansants*, and Lannerish; and have already, no doubt, largely contributed to the wearing out of no end of white satin shoes.

But even though their melody and *entrain* were to set all London capering, that wouldn't be enough for me: the only fit and obvious course for the turbaned dignitaries to pursue, is at once to put their gravity into their pockets (if they wear any; if not, into those of the interpreter), and dance away to these soul-stirring airs like *débardeurs*.

That would be a very proper return to Miss Glascock for her attention; and if they ever take the hint, and thus astonish the natives—and probably themselves into the bargain—all I can say is—

May I be there to see!

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STATIONARY QUERIES.—It struck me the other day that a fertile theme for the ingenuity of the authors of "Notes and Queries," would

be an inquiry as to the origin of the very peculiar names conferred on sundry stations of the Brighton Railway. For instance, Hassock's Gate; or, as the genuine Brightonians call it, "The 'Assock." Who *was* Hassock? and what right had he to a gate more than anybody else?

Again, was Burgess's Hill, at the outset, an eminence patronised by the *burgesses* of any adjoining town, when in want of a "constitutional?"

Was Hayward the original proprietor of the heath which bears his name? and if so, what has become of him? Does his ghost ever frequent the neighbourhood? and is it because the inn opposite the station is supposed to be honoured by his occasional visits that nobody ever stops there?

Above all, what was the history of that remarkable Stoat, whose nest is still figuratively—*perhaps really*—a feature on the line? Does this interesting member of an unappreciated race figure even to this day, in a stuffed form in the cabinet of some curious amateur? and does tradition still fondly point to the spot where its nest once existed?

If any one can solve these mysteries—unfathomable to the ordinary intellect—to him, in my thirst for information, do I address the following exquisitely persuasive specimen of transatlantic eloquence:—

"Du tell!"

CIRQUE—MESDAMES LEJARS, CAROLINE LOYO, AND ANNATO. THE KABYLES.—Madame Lejars, or as the bills now call her, Madame Lejears, after a long ramble in Russia, Spain, and the Lord knows where beside, has returned to the Cirque, where she goes through a variety of Spanish and other national dances on horseback, in a very picturesque and dashing style. If not quite so pretty as she used to be, she has decidedly gained on the score of *embonpoint*; a physical development rarely promoted by horse exercise. But there is an ancient and over true proverb, which says, "Les absens ont toujours tort;" or, as we word it, "out of sight out of mind," and Madame Lejars (old style) ought, ere this, to be aware that by her absence she has forfeited all claim to the Franconian sceptre.

As to ousting that female centaur, Caroline Loyo, from the throne on which she has as firm a seat as she has on her saddle, *quatre hommes et un corporal* would hardly succeed in so doing; while graceful Palmyre Annato, the bounding fawn of the Cirque, with her everlasting, but ever-attractive leaps over scarfs and through hoops, is still, as the title of a Boulevard vaudeville happily expresses it, "La Coqueluche du Quartier."

The Kabyles are very strong, very active, and very comical beings; their most astonishing feat, perhaps, is their construction of a human pyramid, the base of which is the Hercules of the party, while the others form the apex, clustering and twining about him in every conceivable way. When they are called on, after their performance, they twist and roll their bodies and limbs about as if, collectively, they had but one object in view, viz., the instantaneous dislocation of their joints; grinning all the time so fearfully, that the poor clowns are thrown altogether into the shade.

MABILLE.—From the Cirque to Mabile is but a step, and it being Saturday—the crack night—I strolled in for an hour or so; and a very pretty, lively, and thoroughly French scene it is; gaily illumined

displaying as goodly a show of smart *toilettes* and pretty women as the most fastidious amateur could desire.

Here we have the saucy Frisette, revelling in some newly-invented choreographic audacity, while her portrait and her favourite polka are being hawked about at the small charge of one franc. Here some ambitious *commis* is making a teetotum of himself, or throwing his arms and legs about like Polichinelle, with as grave a countenance as if he were quietly seated in a Quaker's meeting-house. Outside of the dancing-ring innumerable beves of fair Bréda colonists are ever and anon gliding and dispensing arch glances and seductive smiles; while in the more secluded recesses and darker walks, various little bits of courtship, in more or less advanced stages, as the case may be, are going on, the *dénouement* of which not unfrequently takes place in a *cabinet particulier* of the Maison Dorée or Café Anglais.

It may be a question, whether the atmosphere of Mabilie is improved by the mingled odours of panatellas, double regalias, and *cigares à quatre sous*—the latter predominating—which create a haze almost as thick as that on the Brighton racecourse the other day, especially in the immediate vicinity of the dancers. But this is a point, to decide which, pleading guilty as I do to having contributed an ample share to the said haze, I have no hesitation in declaring myself, after the fashion of the presidents of the French law-courts, when they wish to shift a troublesome case on other judges' shoulders, *incompétent*.

FÊTE AT ASNIÈRES—MADEMOISELLE RIGOLETTE.—The next day was a fête at Asnières, whither the St. Germain's railway transported hundreds upon hundreds, I might almost say thousands, of Parisians, between the hours of two and eight. The park is prettily situated, and the illuminated avenues and trees, festooned with coloured lamps, produce a very gay effect. As for the *château*, now a *restaurant*, the less said of it the better; the only trace left of its once high state is the adjective itself, coupled with the substantive *charges*. Roundabouts whirling round and round, swings going up and down, *jeux de quilles* and *billard Polonais*, eccentric *polkeuses* and their snobbish partners—as far as these items go, one might fancy oneself at Mabilie. But one glance at the lookers-on—the company, tells a very different tale: instead of the bewitching *demi-toilettes* of the *Allée des Veuves*, one sees little but bonnets of the third class. Lorette order; or worse still, bare arms with thread mittens, with here and there, by way of variety, a *bonne bourgeoisie endimanchée*, marching *gauffres*, or, *horresco referens*, a huge slice of that indigestible nastiness, *galette*.

The *lionne* of Asnières is a diminutive specimen of the *polkeuse* tribe, familiarly known as Mademoiselle Rigolette. She usually wears a straw bonnet and a red shawl, and, as far as personal attractions go, has no peculiar claim to notoriety: in fact, once out of the dancing-ring, she is a very ordinary little *boulotte*, whom no one in the world would ever think of looking at twice. But when engaged—body and soul—in the mysteries of her craft, her head thrown forward and her leg in air, skimming about with all the activity of an eel, and all the *chic* of a Magador—then she is in her glory, and she knows it. Alophe, the celebrated lithographer, has profited, by one of these triumphal moments, to

add the portrait of Mademoiselle Rigolette to his already numerous photographic collection; and the result of his inspirations is a most faithful copy of the lively original.

"C'est ça! mais c'est ça!" exclaimed an enthusiastic admirer of the *séillante polkeuse*, showing the print he had just purchased to his partner at the conclusion of a quadrille.

"Ah, oui!" replied his *danseuse*, with a half sigh, and a glance of mingled admiration and envy, first at the portrait and then at its prototype, who was at that moment surrounded by a legion of adorers, "the observed of all observers;" "ah, oui! c'est bien ça!"

The getting away at night is no easy matter; no one—*crede experto*—need go to the expense of a first-class ticket, for it is a moral certainty that whoever does will be thrust into a third-class carriage; and he may thank his stars if he be not left behind altogether. Such a jostling, punching, kicking, and squeezing never was seen, except at the pit-door of the Opera on a Jenny Lind night; *et encore!!* However, when once the train *does* begin to crawl along—which is generally in about half an hour after the appointed time, as the porters are perpetually threatening to shut the doors which exclude late arrivals, and never *do* shut them—six or seven minutes suffice to inundate the *débarcadère* of the Rue St. Lazare with its heterogeneous cargo; the tedium of the journey having probably been beguiled by the vocal talents of the passengers, to the accompaniment of *mirlitons* and penny whistles.

"On dit qu'il y a ici un monde *fou*," said a pretty actress of the Vaudeville to me, as we were watching, in the course of the evening, a polka executed by some hundred and fifty couples capering about like so many Bedlamites, "et, ma foi, on a raison."

I can give no better *résumé* of the *fête* at Asnières.

CHATEAU DES FLEURS—MADEMOISELLE MARGUERITE.—The Château des Fleurs, situated on the left side of the Champs Elysées as you approach the Arc de l'Etoile, is much in the style of Mabilly, and its *habitués* are mostly the same. The receipts are greatly benefited by the shoals of English brought hither by the *trains de plaisir*, many of whom, with their round white hats or plaid shawls—*selon le sexe*—are regarded by the Parisians *pur sang* with about as much curiosity as that displayed by Peter Wilkins when he first fell in with Youwarkee. A party of "fast" young travellers, after largely partaking of punch the other night, grew very uproarious, and knocked the stems off all their glasses. They then disposed of as many cigars *à quatre sous* as they conveniently could, and finally marched away with the intention of "finishing the evening" at the Paris shades in the Rue de Rivoli.

Chicard was among the visitors to the Château des Fleurs on this occasion; he, however, dances now but little, not being *quite* so slim as he used to be. Rigolette was also present, but refused all invitations to dance; and on being asked the reason, replied very demurely,

"J'ai marié ma sœur ce matin, et je lui ai promis vingt-quatre heures de sagesse."

Luckily, the tall and graceful Mademoiselle Marguerite of the Hippodrome had made no such promise, or the Redowa would have suffered irremediably. This young lady, in her theatrical, or rather equestrian

capacity, figures as a principal personage on the *Char du Printemps: à la ville* her distinguishing characteristics are a checked dress and an unchecked smile.

GOSSIP—ENFONCÉS LES RUSSES.—And now for a little bit of miscellaneous theatrical gossip—*saisi au vol*—as a wind-up. Madame Doche is about to enchant her native Brussels during the months of September and October, her brother having purchased a share in the management of the Vaudeville in that city. Madame Octave is staying at Bourbon les Bains—*pour cause de santé*. Mademoiselle Déjazet is gaining cartloads of laurels and five hundred francs a night at Rouen. Pitiless *huissiers* have laid their matter-of-fact hands on Mademoiselle Judith's luxurious *meublier*. Mademoiselle Plunkett is about to reappear fresh as a rose in Auber's "Enfant Prodigue." Madame Ugalde's recovery has already struck dismay to the hearts of her rivals. Mademoiselle Melcy has left the Gymnase for the Grand Theatre at Lyons: lucky fellows the Lyonnese! Mademoiselle Page is captivating the phlegmatic Dutchmen of the Hague with her seductive smiles. Rose Chéri and Bressant are revolutionising the play-going world in "Faust et Marguerite." Mademoiselle Gallois is more frequently visible to the frequenters of Asnières than to those of the Vaudeville; so much the better for the latter! Little Judith Ferreyra is appropriating, one by one, all the best rôles of Léontine Fay—and General Guedeonoff is making his annual *razzia* for St. Petersburg among the pretty and disposable young actresses. As long as he confines himself to mediocrities, *à la bonne heure!* but lo and behold, the keen *connaisseur* must needs lay his nets to ensnare one of our choicest pets, the pearl of Vaudeville *ingénues*, Mademoiselle Clary. You're a knowing hand, Monsieur le Boyard, but "we're Yorkshire too," and we intend to keep her.

Nous voulons bien,  
 Nous voulons bien  
 Céder toujours à la Russie  
 La femme qui n'est plus jolie,  
 Dont la perte n' nous nuit en rien,  
 Nous voulons bien! (*bis.*)  
 Mais que Tata, charmante fille,  
 Une ingénue aussi gentille,  
 Nous quitte pour trôner là-bas,  
 Nous n' voulons pas! (*bis.*)  
 Non, non, non, non, mon général, non, non, nous n' voulons pas,  
 Nous n' voulons pas!  
 Non, non, non, non, mon général, non, non, nous n' voulons pas,  
 Nous n' voulons pas! (*bis.*)

Paris, Aug. 22, 1850.

## LITERATURE.

## GERMANIA.\*

It is a matter of frequent surprise, even to those whose duty it is to watch the progress of literary and scientific publications, to find how soon when a work of a particular character is wanted, whether supplied by the pen of gentleman or lady, such is sure to make its appearance. The pages of the *New Monthly Magazine* furnish constant illustrations of this great fact in the history of literature. Should a railway be proposed across the Isthmus of Panama, a hundred communications from authentic quarters, as to the best and most available line of route, crowd upon us. Should an insurrection or a revolution break out, we not only receive the general details from an almost infinite number of "eye-witnesses," but not even a single fight is left untouched, and one combatant at least, at the fatal barricade of the Jagerzeile, remained to tell his tale.

Here, however, a work of a far more ambitious character presents itself to notice—a work which actually proposes to itself to depict to us the courts and camps and people of would-be Germania, as these various courts and camps and people existed, felt and acted, during one of the most trying and exciting epochs in the history of the fatherland; brief enough, certainly, in its existence to be remembered as a summer's night's dream, yet lasting long enough to be pregnant with meaning to the future.

"Here," says the authoress, quoting the speech of Donoso Cortes, "is the history of the German Assemblies. Do you know why they died as they did? I will tell you. They died, because they neither acted nor let others act—they died, because they neither governed nor let others govern—they died, because, after more than a year of discussion, nothing arose, or there rose only vain vapour and smoke, from all their interminable discussions."

A few pages we have devoted to the history of antagonistic races in the present magazine, will better explain this result than all the far-fetched politico-philosophical lucubrations of the Baroness Blaze de Bury—a dangerous name, one would have thought, with which to travel among courts and camps in times of general revolt and insurrection. Not that the baroness is insensible to the great fact of distinction of races; her very first story, with Cologne for a locality, finishes with, "He's a Bavarian! Oh, dreams of *united* Germany!"

There is scarcely a topic of the day to which these would-be politically united, but, by race and blood, incongruous, little nationalities have, in their modern frenzy of innovation, given birth to, from the republicanism of Baden, the revolts of Vienna, and the patriotism of the Magyars and Slaves, to the pseudo-aristocratic liberalism of the Archduke John and Frederick William IV., and the absolutism of Radetzky, Haynau, and the Tzar, not even omitting Baron Wrangel and the Schleswig-Holstein question, as it is still called, even after it has assumed so sadly a serious and sanguinary complexion, that has not been touched upon, and that

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\* Germania; its Courts, Camps, and People. By the Baroness Blaze de Bury. 2 Vols. Henry Colburn.



with as much ability as spirit and verve, by the ubiquitous baroness. Truly, "Germania," however misnamed, as recalling a dream rather than a reality, is, by the variety and well-timed character of its contents, a work that will take the reading public by surprise.

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### LIFE, POETRY, AND LETTERS OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT.\*

WE opened the pages of this book with considerable interest, and regret to say that we have been much disappointed. It has evidently been a hasty composition; and if the labour has been one of love, it has certainly been accomplished at the sacrifice of little time and research. The editor, unfortunately, knew scarcely anything of the habits and peculiarities of a poet worthy of a much more elaborate inquiry into his history and the circumstances which gave the colouring and direction to his genius. Ebenezer Elliott was a man of great original powers of mind, and many passages might be selected from his works, which, for beauty, truthfulness, and force, will bear a comparison with the best productions in the English language. He was, perhaps, one of the most unequal of poets; not, strictly speaking, from the want of taste—for he had this in a high degree when he pleased to exercise it—nor from an inability to sustain a prolonged flight, but, from a morbid feeling, arising partly from his many disappointments in life, and partly from a determination to produce effect by the irregularity and strangeness of his views and sentiments.

He knew and acknowledged that many of these were unworthy of his genius; but he gloried in them because they had, in the first instance, given him a name and a position among the distinguished poets of his country.

The weak points in Elliott's character were his vanity and his inordinate love of fame. The former was always made manifest by an assumed humility which was contemptible, and ought to have been beneath him. No man felt more strongly the sterling worth of his genius than the poet himself;—it was this, in fact, which had been the great source of his misery through life. The world was slow in the recognition of his poetical powers, and, at last stung with disappointment, he forced himself on public notice, by productions which harmonised with the extreme political opinions of the times. The politician marred the beauty and exquisite sweetness of the poet.

There are errors in the work which are inexcusable. Mr. Watkins states that the poet saw Byron at a Bank in Sheffield. It was at the Rotherham Bank where he saw the Bard of Childe Harold, while the latter was on a visit in the neighbourhood. The editor has, also, not shown good taste in the publication of many of the letters of Elliott. These contain sentiments objectionable on many grounds, and will be prejudicial to his character.

The poet flattered himself that his prose was better than his poetry. His prose, however, has little to recommend it. He is often exceedingly

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\* *Life, Poetry, and Letters, of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer, with an Abstract of his Politics.* By his Son-in-law, John Watkins, Author of the "Life of James Myers," "George Chambers," &c.

coarse in his language, and the subjects of which he treats possess little interest to the reader of taste.

The editor has placed himself too prominently in the foreground. His own literary achievements, of which we never heard anything before, are constantly brought under observation; and were we to form an estimate of their value, from the expressed opinions of the poet, they are certainly among the most remarkable productions of the age, whether we regard him in the light of a dramatist—a critic—a writer of prose, or of lay sermons. It would have been in much better taste had he said more of his subject and less of himself.

We regret that the poet has not fallen into abler hands. As one who rose from the mass, and distinguished himself by the strength and originality of his genius—by the display of poetical powers of a high order—he is worthy of being studied in the various lights of his character. He was not simply a poet, but a man of first-rate business habits, and never allowed these to be disturbed by the impulsive calls of imagination. He made an ample independency by his attention to the ledger, and qualified his literary taste in his moments of leisure. His business habits were not less remarkable than his genius.

#### ALTON LOCKE.\*

THE darkly depicted scenes of social grievances published in the *Morning Chronicle* were sure to bear fruit. A French democrat availed himself of them to illustrate the decline of England; a whole host of clever, dissatisfied workmen may be expected to follow in the same track, recording their woes in whining prose, or wailing their misfortunes in lugubrious rhymes. Alton Locke is a specimen of that description of literature in which a story of unmitigated evil is scarcely redeemed by the abundant evidences of great natural ability, and which a hope of remedy can scarcely make acceptable, for the remedy for this state of things lies within itself; for example, that tailors should pass *their days* of toil in so-called rheumatic wards, fever wards, *ashmy* wards and consumptive hospitals, is obviously an evil which can only be done away with by their employers. But we have more than a dissatisfied workman in Alton Locke; we have a would-be poet, philosopher, politician, and theologian. He hints that Cooper, and other Chartist poets, have taught the working classes things that they will not forget; their lot in life is truly hard enough not to seek for the further and greater oppression of teachings out of their way, and new and worse than useless cares.

#### THE SLAVE-TRADE.†

WE put these two works together, as both treating in a different manner,—the one practically, the other theoretically,—of the same sub-

\* Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

† Seven Years' Service on the Slave Coast of Western Africa. By Sir Henry Huntley. 2 vols. T. C. Newby.

Notes on the Slave Trade; with Remarks on the Measures adopted for its Suppression, &c. By Wm. Gore Ouseley, Esq.

ject; one which we hope will soon be generally known as Britain's great folly. To those who consider our honour or our philanthropy engaged in carrying out the outrageously expensive and fatal system of repression, we sincerely recommend a perusal of Sir Henry Hunter's very interesting details. To those who think that there is profit or advantage to be gained by the same measures, a few of Mr. Gore Ouseley's considerations on the so-called prejudices of race and colour will be of some use to teach them that the white man cannot compete in the tropics with the native, toiling not necessarily as a slave, but as a free labourer. The point at which to put down the slave-trade, is not the long line of coast, from whence the poor blacks are kidnapped, but at the separate strongholds of practical slavery. Were the great powers of Europe sincere and united upon this question, the day when slave-labour would be entirely suppressed might be confidently looked for; but with the present system of an African blockade, so absurdly costly in life and treasure to this over-taxed country, such a result is shown more and more by the experience of every day to be a mere delusion.

#### GOETHE.\*

SHIELDED by a great name in the world of poetry, and with the designation of a new pantomime, Mr. Edward Kenealy has produced an epic after the fashion of the great masters.

An image of the all,  
In earth, in heaven, in hell, and in the air;  
Wherever life, or soul, or spirit dwells,  
Or thought, or being are,  
In space or star.  
Our author, dipping his gold pen in gall  
And milk of Paradise, conceived the work;  
And here it is, brought forth for you, and you—  
Masculine, feminine, and neuter too.

The *dramatis personæ* are as numerous as in "Dante;" and, as in the immortal work of the great Florentine, part of the poem is transacted in the "Tartarus of Hades," and the "Abyss of Hell." There is also, as in his great predecessor, much terrific grandeur, and a wild display of creative genius, relieved at times by graceful, tender, and pathetic strains, and marred again at others by bitter allusions to politics, and questions of the day, unworthy of a genius that would seek for lasting renown.

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\* Goethe: a New Pantomime. By Edward Kenealy.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

WHEN Columbus and his followers first set foot on the islands and mainland of the so-called New World, they found nothing that could be said strictly to resemble the forms of animal and vegetable life which they had left behind them. There were trees and shrubs, and flowering plants, but they had a character of their own. The fish of the sea, the crawling, creeping, and running things of the earth, the very fowls of the air, differed from what they had previously seen. It was in vain that they looked about for horses, cattle, or sheep: there were none there. But while nothing was positively identical with the productions of the Old World, strange forms of animal and of vegetable life did present themselves to their curious gaze, peopling the rivers, the fields, and the forests, and which, if specifically, and even generically, distinct from the forms inhabiting the Old World, still bore a certain resemblance, and preserved a close analogy to the latter. There were apes, and there were alligators; but they differed from the apes and from the crocodiles of the Old World. The lions and tigers of the Old World were here represented by the puma and the jaguar; the buffalo and ox, by the bison of the prairies and the musk ox of the north; the camel, by the lama and the alpaca; the boar, by the tapir; the brown bear was replaced by the grizzly bear, and the reindeer by the caribou. Only in the south was some distant affinity established between the Peninsula and the Australian continent, by certain marsupial forms, as the Virginian opossum; and a still closer connexion was effected—probably through the facilities afforded by a frozen ocean—between the Arctic regions of the Old and the New World, by the perpetuation in both of the elk and the polar bear.

So also in the other kingdoms of nature; the lammergeyer of the Old World was represented by the white-headed eagle, the vulture by the condor, the ostrich by the rhea, the parrot by the macaw, the woodpecker by the toucan, the finches by humming-birds; and so also in the other kingdoms of nature there were representatives or analogies; but there was no identity.

But man was also found tenanting the newly-discovered world. No doubt he differed materially in what must always constitute the most marked distinctions between races of men—in outward aspect—from the man of the Old World, and he differed somewhat—as science has since discovered—in structure and in his moral and social condition; while these again, as also the basis of his language, were common, or nearly so, to the whole of this great department of the human race. But while it was readily admitted that all the other forms of animal life were distinct, few ventured to surmise that the American was a different man from the rest of the species. The men, it was argued, were Europeans or Asiatics, burned to a copper colour by the sun and wind. A more refined theory was invented to account for the darkness of the

polar races. Observations had shown that the sun's radiating power was greater in those regions than in more temperate realms. The Esquimaux was blackened by radiation! A hundred theories were proposed, in accordance with this view of the subject, to account for the population of the New World. According to some, the ancient Americans came from the East; according to others, they came from the West. They were Norwegians, Polynesians, Phœnicians, or Carthaginians, according to the speculative mania of the day; and there have not been wanting those among the United Statesmen, who have been ready to gratify the strong biblical tendencies of their countrymen, by advocating that they were the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel.

Strange, that if they were men of the Old World, that they journeyed without a single domestic animal, horse or dog, ox, or sheep, or cat. That they should emigrate to a new land without one domestic animal, or a grain of corn for their sustenance! The use among the Americans, from immemorial ages, of certain peculiar domesticated animals and cultivated plants, and the notions which they entertained of the first acquisition of these possessions, is not only illustrative of the intimate relations that exist between the Red man and the country in which he was found, and the animals and plants that also belonged to it; but it has also been brought forward by a learned naturalist, Dr. Martius, to confirm, what is attested by other evidence, that the natives of the New World have fallen from a state of greater refinement into a state of comparative barbarism. As in the Old World we know not whence our horses, our dogs, cattle, and the various kinds of corn grasses were obtained, so the American nations are equally at a loss when we inquire for the original stock of the dumb dog of the Mexicans, the lama, the root of the mandioca, the American corn, and of the quinoa. In the ancient world there were traditions of some mythical benefactors of mankind—Ceres, Triptolemus, Bacchus, Pallas, and Poseidon—who had contributed their gifts, corn and wine, the sacred olive, and the horse; and we infer that all these had been known from periods of remote antiquity. In America, likewise, tradition refers the knowledge of cultivated plants and domestic animals, and the art of tilling the earth, to some fabulous person who descended from the gods, or suddenly made his appearance among their ancestors, such as the Manco-Capac of the Peruvians, and the Xolotl and Xiuhltato of the Toltecas and Chichimecas.

The most strenuous advocates of the unity of the human race, as Dr. Prichard, admit that the aboriginal people of America are, as a department of the human family, very distinct from the inhabitants of the Old World. It must be admitted, they say, that certain characters are discoverable which are common, or nearly so, to the whole of this department of nations; that there are strong indications, if not proofs, of a community of origin, or of very ancient relationship among them; and that, in surveying collectively the people of the New World, we contemplate human nature under a peculiar aspect. On comparing the American tribes together, we find reasons to believe that they must have subsisted as a separate department of nations from the earliest ages of the world. Hence, in attempting to trace relations between them and the rest of mankind, we cannot expect to discover proofs of their derivation from any particular tribe or nation of the old continent.

The valuable work of Dr. Morton, which is well known to all who take an interest in ethnological inquiries, has added much to our knowledge of the craniology of the American nations. The doctor says, that, after examining a great number of skulls, he finds that a rounded head, with truncation of the occiput, and flattened forehead, is more or less generally characteristic in every existing tribe from Terra del Fuego to the Canadas. Dr. Morton adds, that the lowness of the forehead is in some measure compensated by its breadth, which is generally considerable. "The flat forehead," he adds, "was esteemed beautiful among a great number of tribes; and this fancy has been the principal incentive to the moulding of the head by art." On this point we are inclined to agree with Dr. Morton. The forehead of the Red Indian being naturally flat, such a shape became among the race the type of beauty, and Indian mothers no doubt endeavoured to improve upon nature, notwithstanding Dr. Knox's repudiation of the idea. We do not mean to say that such additional flattening became hereditary, any more than a small foot has become hereditary with Chinese women; we only mean to say that there are too many authorities to attest the practice that we should not put faith in it.

Interesting and important as Dr. Morton's observations are, and while they facilitate the grouping of the ancient Americans under one head, they do not afford the same facilities for separating the races of America, and arranging them according to affinity between different tribes. The affinity of languages affords at the present moment the most available ground for such arrangements; and this method has been followed by the great philologists of the American race, Du Ponceau, Pickering, and Gallatin.

The most decided and most clearly marked evidence of the relationship between these nations is to be found in the characteristic structure of their languages. This is a subject on which much light has been thrown of late years, principally through the labours of American philologists. Hervas, according to Prichard, collected some materials for this purpose; but Dr. Smith Barton, of Philadelphia, was the first who made any notable attempt to classify the idioms of North America. Humboldt and Vater pursued the work on a more extended scale, and with much more ample resources; but it is to M. du Ponceau that we owe the most important elucidations. The general result of these researches, Humboldt justly observes, is a fact of great importance to the history of mankind. "In America," says the great physical geographer, "from the country of the Esquimaux to the banks of the Oronoko, and, again, from these torrid banks to the frozen climate of the Straits of Magellan, mother tongues, entirely different with regard to their roots, have, if we may use the expression, the same physiognomy. Striking analogies of grammatical construction have been recognised, not only in the more perfect languages, as that of the Incas, the Aymara, the Guarani, the Mexican, and the Cora, but also in languages extremely rude. Idioms, the roots of which do not resemble each other more than the roots of the Slavonian and Biscayan, have resemblances of internal mechanism similar to those which are found in the Sanskrit, the Persian, the Greek, and the German languages."

These observations were made many years since by M. de Humbol

They have been confirmed by more extensive research, and the conclusion is thus stated by Mr. Gallatin:—

“Amidst that great diversity of American languages, considered only in reference to their vocabularies, the similarity of their structure and grammatical forms has been observed and pointed out by the American philologists. The result appears to confirm the opinions already entertained on the subject by M. du Ponceau, Mr. Pickering, and others, and to prove that all the languages, not only of our own Indians, but of the native inhabitants of America, from the Arctic Ocean to Cape Horn, have, as far as they have been investigated, a distinct character common to all, and apparently differing from any of those of the other continent with which we are most familiar.”

Whether we embrace the views of the transcendental anatomists, and give credence to an indigenous race of American men, or we adopt the more orthodox and generally received opinion of a migration of races, it thus appears, from all investigations, that the mutual diversities of the American languages, heretofore much exaggerated, are clearly indigenous, or at least present undoubted indications of having been originated since the migration of the race into America, while the few signs of affinity which these languages exhibit to those of the other continents, would appear to be almost decisive as to an indigenous origin. The scanty analogies which have been perceived, and which point towards Asia, would rather indicate a corruption of the original language by accidental intercourse with Asiatic races, than an Asiatic origin to the language itself. Thus, in eighty-three American languages, one hundred and seventy words have been found with similar roots, a great majority of which are related to similar words in the Tongoo, Mantchu, Mongul, Samoid, Ostiac, and other Siberian idioms. Other points of resemblance have been traced between the Indian languages and the Polynesian. The Aztec is said to possess a small number of affinities with the Chinese and Japanese; Tonquin words have been found in the Maya tongue; and the Otomite is thought to present some similitude to the Chinese. Other points of resemblance have been traced with the Coptic and Basque, but these have been sought for to support vain hypotheses, and, if existing, only prove accidents of analogy that may be met with in almost all languages. Much importance cannot be attached to the peculiarity of a court language in use among the Mexicans, Natchez, and Creeks; but as the Mexican particle *tsin*, added to the names of their kings, appears to have been borrowed, with the progress of civilisation, from the Chinese *tsin*, lord; so also it is far from improbable that a modification of speech, differing from the ordinary idiom, and used as a language of ceremony, was borrowed, at an advanced period of their history, by the Red Indians from the Oriental dialects.

The physical characters of the American races and their language uniting to attest independence of race—for we must leave the question of indigenous origin with the transcendentalists—it remains to be shown that there exist many remarkable traits in the moral, social, and intellectual state, past and present, of the American nations, which at once indicate some near relation between them, distinguish them from the races of the Old World, and, at the same time, show that they are not in a state of primitive barbarism, or living in the original simplicity of uncultivated

nature; but that they are, on the contrary, the last remains of a people once high in the scale of civilisation and mental improvement, now almost worn out and perishing, and sunk into the lowest state of decline and de-

Thus Dr. Martius has recorded the traces of ancient institutions of a kind which seem to imply the existence of much refinement and of an artificial state of society. Of this description are a complicated form of government, regulated despotisms or monarchies, privileged orders, hierarchical and sacerdotal ordinances, systematic laws, the results of reflection, and a settled purpose connected with marriage and inheritance, and family relationships and other customs, which are strongly contrasted with the simple and unreflective habits of rude and uncivilised nations.

The languages of these nations abound, according to the same authority, with words expressive of metaphysical views and abstract conceptions. Their opinion respecting a future state, the nature and attributes of invisible agents, are strikingly different from those of nations who have never emerged from barbarism. Another fact which tends, as Dr. Martius observes, to confirm the opinion that the natives of the New World have fallen from a state of greater refinement, is their use, from immemorial ages, of certain domesticated animals and cultivated plants, and the notions which they entertained, and which have been before alluded to, of the first acquisition of these possessions.

Chateaubriand, who was to a certain extent intimate with both races, but whose imagination was always in advance of his judgment, drew a more sparkling than correct parallel between the Arab and the Red Indian, in which he described the one as the fallen race, the other as a savage who has not yet attained civilisation. But this is not the case; the great distinction between the two lies in the pastoral habits of the one, and the hunting practices of the other.

"Whether we adopt," says Prichard, "the opinion of Dr. Martius, that the American nations in general have fallen from a higher degree of mental culture into their present barbarism, or attempt otherwise to account for the phenomena which have led to that supposition, it must be admitted that many traits are discoverable in the moral and intellectual history of the native American tribes, which serve to distinguish them, and give them a sort of national character, common, at least, to the great majority of the race. The structure of their languages indicates, perhaps, more reflective habits, and a more accurate observation of relations, than the rude idioms of many other races. The national customs and institutions, and many other traits which appeared so remarkable to Dr. Martius, if they are not fully sufficient to establish his hypothesis, prove, at least, habits of thought and reflection, and a cultivation of mind, very different from the state of savages in general. We may also observe among the nations of America some moral characteristics which serve to distinguish them. With a certain vigour and energy of character they are said to combine a tendency to cruelty and revenge. The social affections appear to have, in general, less influence over them than over most other races of men. The Bedouins of the Arabian desert are cruel and vindictive; but their evil passions have a more transitory influence over them than the stern malice of the Americans."

The remains of ancient sculpture and architecture met with the territory of the United States, in Central America, Mexico, Yucatan,



and Chiapa, as well as over the high plain of Quito, in Peru, and other parts of ~~South America~~, and the extensive works of art, consisting of fortifications ~~and other~~ relics discovered in the Tennessee country, as well as in the inland parts of New Mexico, afford, however, the most unquestionable proofs of ancient civilisation.

The ornaments, rude inscriptions, and paintings—not unlike the semi-hieroglyphic symbols at present employed by some of the aboriginal nations, the implements of warfare and domestic use, the sepulchral tumuli of earth and stone, and the rude intrenchments, which may be traced throughout the whole extent of the continent, belong to this class of remains. They possess the same uniformity of character that distinguishes the manners and institutions of all the barbarous Indian tribes; they exhibit indications of that mechanical talent and dexterity which have been observed as a peculiar trait of nearly all the American natives, and they vary but slightly from what are fabricated by the present tribes; and give few evidences of a much superior state of society. Many tribes continue to the present day to raise a tumulus over the grave of the departed—a green spot amid the barren waste of Indian apathy whereon to rest the eye—and a singular exception to that impenetrable, obdurate stoicism, which is their chief moral characteristic. These tumuli appearing, however, as they do, alike among the remains of art, and in the seats of ancient civilisation, and in remote regions whither civilisation never penetrated, they further develop one of the arguments tending to establish the common origin of all American aborigines, whether barbarous or cultivated.

The ancient relics met with in the territory of the United States, although not so remarkable as elsewhere, bear evident marks of being the production of a people elevated far above the savage state. Many of them indicate great elegance of taste, and a high degree of dexterous workmanship and mechanical skill in their construction; others betoken the existence of a decided form of religious worship; while the size and extent of the earthen fortifications and mounds demonstrate the former existence of populous nations, capable of executing works of enormous dimensions, requiring perseverance, time, and combination of labour, for their erection.

Among the more curious and interesting articles of mechanical workmanship are fragments of pottery. amongst which a pitcher, said to resemble the scyphus, or drinking-cup, of the Romans,—a relationship established by Flint, but which proves nothing, for cups of all ages have had a certain resemblance in form from very obvious reasons. An earthen vessel, also, found at Nashville, Tennessee, terminated at the summit in the figure of a female head, the features of which are said to be Asiatic. (Mongol or Circassian?) The most curious specimen of pottery is that denominated the *triumph*-vessel. It consists of three heads, joined together at the back, near the top, by a hollow stem, or bottle. The heads are of the same dimensions, and represent three different countenances, two appearing young and the other old. The features are distinguished by thick lips, high cheek bones, the absence of a beard, and the pointed shape of the head. Coloured medals, representing the sun with its rays, idols of various forms, and urns containing calcined human bones, some modelled after the most elegant and graceful patterns, have been found in tumuli. Many of the articles of pottery are skilfully wrought and

polished, well glazed and burnt, and are in nowise inferior to modern manufactures.

The bricks discovered in the mounds appear to have been formed after the modern method, and are well burnt. The art of working in stone, and other hard substances, was carried to a considerable perfection; and beads of bone and shell, carved bones, and hewn and sculptured stones, are by no means rare. Their weapons and implements were often formed from the hardest rocks; and arrow-heads, axes, and hatchets of granite and hornblende, nicely cut and polished, are of frequent occurrence. An idol of stone, representing the human features, has been found at Natchez; the sculptured head and beak of a rapacious bird, in a mound at Cincinnati; and an owl, carved in stone, at Columbus, Ohio. Pipe-bowls are found adorned with beautifully carved reliefs.

Ancient inscriptions upon rocks have also been observed, as also representations of beasts, birds, and other figures. The most singular of these sculptures has been discovered on the banks of the Mississippi, near St. Louis. This is a tabular mass of limestone, bearing the impression of two human feet. Immediately before the feet lies a scroll, sculptured in a similar style. Cups in silver, arrow-heads, bracelets, beads, pipe-bowls, &c., in copper, and iron tools, have also been met with.

The numerous remains found in the western caves, including human bodies, placed in a sitting position, clothed in skins and cloths inlaid with feathers, have been ascribed to a different race to the present tribes of Indians, because these look upon them with deeply-superstitious feelings, but without reason. It is evident that they were once great cemeteries for the dead, and a feeling of holy regard has, with the existing races, degenerated into superstitious dread.

The mural remains, or enclosures, as they are called, formed by earthen embankments and trenches, which appear most numerous in the district bordering upon the Mississippi and its branches, and in the vicinity of the great lakes and their tributaries—though they may be found stretching at intervals from New York to Florida, and from the territory west of the Mississippi to the Alleghanies—exhibit the same ancient people in the same countries in greater numbers, and in a more advanced social position.

One of these fortifications, containing more than five hundred acres, formerly existed in Pompey, Onondaga country. Three circular or elliptical forts, disposed in a triangle, and distant from each other about eight miles, were its outworks. There was one formerly existing on the Genesee River, New York, which enclosed an area of about six acres. It was surrounded on three sides by a ditch, running in a circular direction, which was intersected by six entrances. On the other quarter, a high bank formed a natural defence, through which a covered way led down to a neighbouring stream. At a short distance to the south were similar works, defended by a deeper fosse, and disposed upon a higher and less accessible situation, so as to combine natural with artificial advantages. On the River Tonawande there was a place distinguished in the Seneca tongue by a word signifying "the double fortified town," or "a town with a fort at each end." These forts were separated by an interval of two miles, the one containing about four, and the other eight acres of land. Sometimes the forts are elliptical, with gates and covered ways to the adjacent water; at other times they are in the form of parallelograms.

with gates opening on either side towards the river and to the country. There are generally other mounds and elevations, and more especially sepulchral mounds, associated with these intrenched towns. At least a hundred of these fortifications have been discovered stretching from the Delaware, through the region occupied by the small lakes, to the ancient shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie. They are mostly of regular forms, oblong, circular, triangular, or elliptical, generally overgrown with large trees, and placed near streams or other bodies of water. With one doubtful exception, none have been found between the ancient beaches of Lakes Erie and Ontario and their present shores, though many of them run parallel with the former line of the lakes, a circumstance favouring the idea of their high antiquity.

Passing further to the south, ruins of a more advanced character have been met with. Thus, in the State of Georgia, a high conical pyramid, with great tetragonal terraces, and lofty truncated conical mounds, with vast quadrangular enclosures, with mounds and terraces of inferior dimensions disposed around them, have been met with and described, more particularly in Bartram's travels. Relics of the same kind abound in Alabama and in Florida. It is, however, to the west that they exist in greatest numbers, and present the most extraordinary characters. In these districts, the enclosures are often surrounded by two concentric circular walls, a ditch intervening between them. At other times, successive mounds and intrenchments extend over areas two miles in length. In Warren County, on the banks of the little Miami River, the summit of an elevated plain is seen to be defended by walls from ten to twenty feet in height. Their course is irregular, and generally corresponds with the marginal line of the hill. At Paint Creek, and elsewhere, walls of unhewn stones have been thrown up around the edge of a fortified eminence. Ruins of stone-walled cities have also been met with in Kentucky, Illinois, and other districts. In Gasconade County, Missouri, are the ruins of an ancient town, regularly laid out in streets and squares. The remains of some of the houses still exist, and foundations of stone are found in different parts of the area. Upon Buffalo Creek and the Osage River, ruins of similar stone buildings may be observed, evincing a superior degree of architectural skill. One at Noyer Creek has been more particularly described. Similar remains have been observed in the territory still further west of the State of Missouri, and also on the Platte, Kansas, and Jacques Rivers. Upon the banks of the Arkansa River is a regular fortification, covering an area of twenty-five acres. The walls are eight feet high, with deep ditches, twenty-five feet broad. It has two entrances, and the appearance of a secret passage or covert way may be seen. In the middle are two truncated mounds, each eighty feet high, and one thousand feet in circumference at the base. These mounds, which mostly accompany the intrenched remains, are either tumuli, terraced elevations in the vicinity of the mural remains, or truncated pyramidal erections. The tumuli are always the repositories of the dead; and it is probable most of the other mounds may have served, secondarily, as sepulchres, though the principal object of many contiguous to the fortifications was unquestionably defensive, while the purpose of others, and particularly of the larger truncated pyramids, was religious.

The most remarkable of these remains here alluded to, have been de-

scribed in the "Archæologia Americana," the "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society," in Beck's "Gazetteer," Bradford's "American Antiquities," and other works. It results from these descriptions, that the remains of ancient times met with in the United States are not intrenchments thrown up hastily by migrating herds, but, on the contrary, the ruins of cities and temples, some, of the most massive and durable dimensions, and all indicating the existence of civilised nations, branches of the same race, living in populous communities, under the influence and protection of regular forms of government, having a decided system of religion, skilled in many arts, more especially that of fortification; and that they had a mythology connected with astronomy, which, with its sister science, geometry, was in the hands of the priesthood.

It has been truly remarked that no portion of the globe, not even Egypt or Assyria, offers more decisive evidence of having been occupied for many ages by civilised nations, than the southern regions of North America. At the time of their discovery, the ancient remains in the United States were deserted, and the people by whom they had been erected were apparently extinct; so that the question of their origin was a subject of inquiry to the antiquary, rather than to the historian. In the vast territory to the south, however, another spectacle was presented. There the Spanish invaders found populous nations—regularly organised states—aristocratical, monarchical, and republican forms of government—established systems of law and religion—immense cities, rivalling in the style, character, and magnificence of their edifices and temples, those of the Old World; and roads, aqueducts, and other public works, seldom excelled in massiveness, durability, and grandeur. The inhabitants were clothed, the soil was tilled, many of the arts had been carried to a high degree of advancement, and their knowledge in some of the sciences equalled, if not surpassed, that of their conquerors. Guatemala was occupied by many distinct tribes, each enjoying its own peculiar government and institutions; and the same remark applies to Yucatan and other neighbouring countries. That extensive tract of land, known as Anahuac, a name which, though originally limited to the vale of Mexico, was subsequently applied to most of the region formerly denominated New Spain, was divided into several kingdoms and republics, of which the kingdom of Mexico was the most powerful and extensive.

With these facts clearly presented to us in history—with these evidences of the existence of numerous states advanced in civilisation and in the arts, it may be singular that, in so short a period as 300 years, it has become the part of the antiquary to pore over the ruins of their monuments, as if to gather the history of an extinct people. The Spaniards not only waged a war of extermination against the natives themselves, but, from various motives, sought to obliterate every vestige of their former power and opulence. They spared neither monuments nor records; and strove to destroy every object that might preserve to a despised race the memory of what they had been. Fortunately, the vast extent and dimensions, and the solid and massive character of many of these monuments, defied all attempts to destroy them; and triumphing alike over time and violence, they still serve to shed some light upon the history of their authors.

As in the United States, the most ancient and the most expressive

monuments of Spanish America are the majestic pyramids and pyramidal mounds. Some of these, as the great Teocelli, or House of God of Mexico, exist only in the narratives of the conquerors. This great pyramid is said to have been built after the model of the more ancient pyramids supposed to have been founded by the Toltecs, for the civilisation of Mexico had succeeded upon that of still more ancient populations. Others, as that of Cholula, sacred to Quetzalcoatl, "the god of the air," still stand in ruins. These pyramids were constructed of clay or brick, and faced with hewn and sculptured stones. They had several stories, and flights of stairs led to the superior platform, where were placed the sacrificial stone, and chapel containing the idols of the gods. Here, also, were the colossal statues of the sun and moon, formed of stone, and covered with plates of gold. The base of the pyramid of Cholula covered an area double that of the Egyptian pyramid of Cheops, being 1423 feet in length, and 177 feet high, ten feet higher than the pyramid of Mycerinus.

At the conquest, there was no place of any importance but what boasted of one or more of these stupendous edifices. The narratives of the conquerors are filled with expressions of astonishment at their vastness and grandeur, and the magnificence and splendour of their decorations. Most of these, and in particular such as were of inferior size, were despoiled and overthrown by the Spaniards; while those more ancient structures, which served as their models—the pyramids of Cholula and of Teotihuacan—probably from their enormous dimensions, escaped the general ruin. It is natural that the form of those American monuments should have suggested comparisons with the pyramids of Egypt, but without purport, for it is one of the first instincts of man to worship on high places,\* and the simplest form of an artificial elevation, altar, or temple is in imitation of a hill or mountain, whence results a circular, terraced, or pyramidal structure.

From the causes before mentioned, as well as from the gradual depopulation, and, finally, the abandonment of many important cities, whose sites are now only conjecturally known, but a faint conception can be obtained, at the present period, of the former size and numbers of the ancient cities of Mexico and Central America. The old writers, many of whom were eye-witnesses, whose accounts were given after long residence in the country, give us a high idea of its ancient population. Clavigero has collected these testimonies with exceedingly great industry; and the description of existing ruins will be for the most part met with in Humboldt's works, in Bradford, Latrobe's "Rambles in Mexico," Captain Lyons' tour, Del Rio's "Palenque," Waldeck's "Voyage Pittoresque et Archéologique," and Mr. Stephen's travels.

Among these ruins, the most remarkable are those of Tezcuco, which, with its suburbs, was even larger than Mexico, and contained, according to Torquemada, 140,000 houses, besides public edifices, among which was the peculiar relic called Montezuma's bath. Next come Huexotla and Mitlan, the latter with porphyry columns and ornaments, supposed by Humboldt to have a striking analogy to those of the Etruscan vases. The ruins of Palenque can be traced over an area six or seven leagues in

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\* The Hebrew prophets upbraided the Israelites for nothing with so much zeal as for worshipping upon high places.

circumference. The most perfect remains are fourteen stone edifices erected upon an elevated ridge of land, an aqueduct of stone, and a pyramidal tower of four stories. The greatest interest is, however, imparted to these latter ruins by the numerous designs in stucco, bas-reliefs, and sculpture, representing a race with large noses and a protruding lower lip, deities sitting in Hindoo style, hieroglyphic symbols, &c., &c. Other once strong and opulent cities were Patinamit, in Guatemala—Zacatecas, with its great quadrangular edifices and pyramids—sculptured Copan in Honduras, with its raised terrace and its stone columns or obelisks—and Uxmal, or Itzlan, in Yucatan, with its four great buildings arranged, as usual, on the sides of a quadrangular terrace, its lofty pyramid, remarkable sculptures, and numerous symbolic figures and hieroglyphics, all eminently illustrative of the antiquities of ancient America.

The annals of the conquerors afford us very copious descriptions of the fortifications of the Mexicans and the neighbouring nations. Besides the vestiges of these works still to be perceived near some of the above ruins of cities, others have been discovered justly entitled to the rank of fortresses. Remains of granaries or storehouses for maize have also been discovered; also temazcalli, or vapour-baths, built of stone or brick, in the form of a dome. None of the ruins, however, exhibit the skill and enterprise of the ancient inhabitants more than those of their roads and aqueducts. The city of Mexico, which was built on several islands near the shore of the lake, was connected to the mainland by four great causeways or dikes, the remains of which still exist. One of these to the south, the same by which Cortes entered, was nearly two leagues long; another to the north about one league, and the third at the west somewhat less. The fourth supported the celebrated aqueduct of Chapultepec, by which water was conducted from springs, upon an insulated hill of that name, at the distance of from two to three miles. They were all constructed in a massive style with earth and stone, and, with the exception of the last, were so broad that ten horsemen could ride abreast.

South America presented, upon its discovery, an appearance very similar to that exhibited on the northern continent. The Red race was scattered over the greater portion in a state little removed from barbarism, while among these were other populations which retained more manifest trace of past civilisation, the Peruvians being in these respects pre-eminent over all. Under the guidance of their enterprising sovereigns, they had subjugated, in a career of conquest steadfastly pursued for more than four hundred years, and retained under their permanent dominion, neighbouring tribes and kingdoms, until their empire comprehended Chili in the south, and the kingdom of Quito in the north, and extended from the Pacific on the west to the easterly Cordilleras of the Andes. Civilisation, however, was not confined within these limits: Chili was occupied by various tribes far advanced above the savage state; and to the north and north-east of the kingdom of Quito there were nations whose attainments in the arts were second only to the Peruvians.

Of the history of these civilised races we have no knowledge save such as may be gathered from their traditions, from the Peruvian chronicles, and from those of the conquerors. The existing remains have been most fully described by De Humboldt and Bradford, and much and various information is scattered through the works of Garcillasso de la Vega, Ulloa, Molina, Ruschenberger, Cochrane, Smyth, Stevenson,

Temple, Andrews, Trezier, Graham, Meyen, Tchudi, the "*Mercurio Peruano*," and Morton's "*Crania*."

Among the more simple remains are the tumuli called *huacas* by the natives, which are of frequent occurrence all over the country, and, being sepulchres, have also been made the depositories of much of the riches and treasure of the deceased. Some of them contain galleries, built of stone or brick, and some are so complicated as to have merited specific description. To the east of Lake Titicaca, in the province of Callao, and upon the elevated plain of Tiahuanaco, are the remains of the most ancient edifices of the southern continent. Here, at the time of the conquest of this territory by Mayta Capac, the fourth Inca, was the city of Tiahuanaco, remarkable for its great and magnificent edifices. The most striking of these was a hill, or mound, of great elevation, with a foundation of immense masses of stone cemented together, surmounted by prodigious terraces raised one above another.

In the Peruvian as in the Mexican mounds are found bodies in a sitting posture, with great variety of implements and other articles, of gold, copper, stone, and earth,—gold utensils and relics, such as nose-jewels, ear-pendants, collars, bracelets, and idols. There are also found looking-glasses of stone, generally obsidian. An idea of the vast amount of treasure contained in some of these mounds may be obtained from the fact, that, in the year 1576, a Spaniard opened a huaca, in which he found so large a quantity of gold, that the royal fifth paid into the treasury of Truxillo amounted to 9362 ounces, the value of the whole being upwards of 150,000*l.* sterling.

The Peruvians and some of the neighbouring nations carried the cultivation of the soil to a higher stage of perfection than any of the American nations. Connected with this art are still remains of walls, granaries, and cisterns, terraces, canals, reservoirs, and aqueducts. Few of the monuments of the American nations have been viewed with more curiosity and interest than the great public roads of Peru, which were constructed with such skill and science, such perseverance and boldness, as to rank them with the proudest remains of ancient art. Humboldt compares these magnificent causeways with the finest Roman roads in Italy, France, or Spain. In Peru and in Mexico, as in the neighbouring nations, the roads and causeways constitute indeed one of the most characteristic signs of old American civilisation.

Caxamarca was once distinguished for its royal baths, which exist to this day. Similar baths are met with at Cuzco, near Diezmo, and at other places. It was customary for the natives to bathe in the holy waters of Lakes Titicaca and Guativila. The Lake of Titicaca was the most sacred spot in all Peru. It was customary for the natives of all the provinces subdued by the Incas to make annual pilgrimages to the Temple of the Sun, which was built upon one of the islands of the lake, and to bring with them offerings of gold and silver and precious stones, many of which are said to be still buried beneath the waters of this alpine lake.

What few remains of olden edifices still exist at Tiahuanaco, such as walls, gateways, &c., are remarkable for their grandeur and massiveness. The buildings of this city date anterior to the time of the Incas, who made Cuzco the chief city of their new empire, and erected edifices after the fashion of those of Tiahuanaco. The little that has been preserved

at this latter capital of a late American civilisation attests a certain uniformity in style and method of construction, such as is observable in all the buildings and monuments of the civilised nations of South America. Among these we find the remains of a fortress upon a hill near the city, and also the ruins of a Temple of the Sun. Their walls, parts of which are still in perfect preservation, are built with stones of great magnitude; and though of a polygonal shape, of different dimensions, and laid without cement, they are fitted together with extreme nicety and precision. From the palaces of the Incas, and especially from the Temple of the Sun, there were subterranean passages which led to the fortress, through which the kings and priests could flee with their treasures and idols in case of an invasion. In descending from the Paramo of Assuay towards the south is the Inga-pilca, or the fortress of Cannar, crowning the summit of a hill, described by Humboldt as remarkable for its perfect preservation; and said by Ulloa to be the most entire, the largest, and the best built in all the kingdom. Near Cannar are the sculptured image of the sun, called Inti-Guaicu, and a stone seat or sofa decorated with sculpture in arabesque, called the "Delight of the Inca." At Callao, about ten leagues to the south of Quito, is a remarkable quadrangular edifice with doors, said to be similar to those of Egyptian temples, called "The Incas' House." Near Caxamarca, where besides the baths are ruins\* of a palace, is also a curious monument called the Inga-Rirpo, or "Resting-Stone of the Inca." Five leagues from Caxamarca are the ruins of a city built in tiers, house upon house, round a mountain. The whole crowned by a fortress or palace! At Chulucanas, Tacunga, Tambo-inca, Supe, Pachacamac, Concon, and numerous other sites, are remains of cities, ancient towns, fortresses, palaces, and temples, which exhibit, in greater or less perfection, the art, the prosperity, and the splendour of these by-gone nations.

To give, however, a commensurate idea of the civilisation attained by the American nations before the discovery of their country by Europeans, it would be necessary to describe at length the sculptures, hieroglyphical paintings, picture writings and manuscripts; fragments of which are preserved in the libraries at Berlin, Dresden, the Escorial, Vienna, Velletri, Boulogne, and Mexico. This is an undertaking beyond the objects proposed to ourselves at the present moment. Suffice it that, while the extent of ruins discovered in modern times sufficiently confute the statement of the historian Robertson, that, in all the dominions of the Incas, Cuzco was the only place entitled to the name of a city, so also the said picture writings not only attest a remarkable progress in science and knowledge, but they contain evidences of similar astronomical systems, and which, with the use of the same system of hieroglyphics, all indicate a decided analogy in the arts, customs, and institutions of these nations.

The possible independent origin of such a state of art and learning we may possibly make the subject of future discussion. We have re-

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\* Some idea may be formed of the grandeur and Egyptian massiveness of the buildings of the Americans by the drawing of an Aztec edifice in the Panorama now exhibiting of the Overland Route to California. The demonstrator speaks in true Yankee style of the ruins in question as something "mysterious," and "as erected by no one knows whom!" The United Statesmen wish to disavow the Red race just as in times of a less advanced civilisation the Spaniards wished to exterminate them.



cently had an example of the discovery of a native written character, evidently of independent origin, at Bolimar, on the western coast of Africa.\* This language presents us with precisely such a set of arbitrary signs as a nation setting about to express sounds might be expected to adopt in a low state of civilisation, and without assistance from without. It is no more impossible that the American hieroglyphic painting may have had an independent origin than the Egyptian. We concede originality in invention in the arts to the eastern nations, while almost all writers have as yet found only copyists in the western nations, and have devoted all their industry to discover where the originals of these strange copies are to be met with ! The investigation is, however, one of exceeding difficulty, and demands, above all things, to be approached with that humble and sincere love of truth which can alone ensure success to such inquiries.

It results in the mean time, from what has been recapitulated, that not only were there successive eras of civilisation among the ancient Americans, but that populations, who had not advanced beyond the construction of mural intrenchments and tumuli, with their various contents, existed contemporaneously with the more civilised nations. They show that, at the same epoch of time, some tribes were sufficiently advanced in civilisation to produce the more perfect structures, while other populations still contented themselves with their primeval fortifications and tombs ; and that the latter occupied a great extent of country to which the more advanced forms of civilisation appear never to have extended. They also show, that, upon the decline of civilisation, the more simple practices alone prevailed, and were upheld by the natives ; and they further show that many of the same practices are still in use among the aboriginal Americans.

The chain of evidence is thus completed ; by which it is established that the Red Indian is not a savage by nature, but a race which has passed through various degrees of civilisation, and which is now fallen and degraded by the force of circumstances. This race appears to have been already on the decline when Cortes landed ; it had passed through its determined eras and civilisation ; the population then, as it is now, was on the wane, and they fell easy victims to a Celto-Iberian race, then in their zenith, and roused to conquest by stirring discovery and insatiable cupidity. But European races, the transcendental school of anatomists and physiologists argue, cannot exist in tropical countries without a constant influx of fresh European blood. Look at the East and West Indies, they truly exclaim, and see the indomitable Anglo-Saxon struggling with existence, a prey to fever and dysentery, unequal to all labour, wasted and wan, finally perishing, and becoming rapidly extinct as a race but for the constant influx of fresh and vigorous Anglo-Saxon blood.

Spain once held Central America as we now hold India. They could not be said to be established there. Labour they could not ; no more than the Anglo-Saxon can in a tropical country. Hence the necessity for a black population. The pale, wan, and sickly offspring of European parents have no chance, face to face, with an energetic Red, negro, or Hindoo race. The colour alters to red, black, or brown, as the case

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\* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. xx., p. 89.

may be, and, with a deepening colour, civilisation, the arts of peace, science, and literature, also slowly but surely vanish.

The Celto-Iberian and Lusitanian population, a combination of races themselves in decay, held absolute dominion over Southern and Central America for a period of three centuries; yet, when the act of separation from the mother country took place, there was already a mere sprinkling of pure Spaniards in the country, the main body of the population already consisted of creoles, mulattos, and men of mixed Indian, and negro, and European blood—a motley crew, for an analysis of which we may refer to the pages of Tschudi. By the act of disunion, the influx of Celto-Iberian blood, by which alone the pure race could be maintained against climate, and against the continual aggression of the other more numerous races, was suddenly withdrawn; even now it rapidly disappears, and in a century it will have become extinct, for in those climates a European race cannot labour, cannot appropriate the soil to themselves, cannot multiply their offspring.

Mr. Canning made his celebrated boast in the English parliament that if he had lost the influence and support of old Spain, he had created the South American Republics. Where are these free States now? One of them nearly absorbed by the Anglo-Saxon race, the others destined soon to follow, or to become once more Indian. With the cessation of the supply of European blood, the mulatto of all shades must also cease; he cannot extend his race, for he is of no race; there is no place for him in nature. So soon as he has no longer the pure blood of some other race to intermingle with, he ceases to be, receding towards the black, or advancing towards the white, as the case may be; thus the Celto-Iberian population of America will lose in time the mainspring of life, and will fall back on the native—the race implanted there by nature—the race in unison with the forest and the climate, the soil, the air, the place—the race of whose origin man knows nothing, any more than he does of the lama and the tapir, the cavia and the condor—the vegetable and animal world of that continent on which Columbus gazed with such delight. All these he found distinct from the rest of the world; and so was the American man from his fellow-man, as different as is the nanda from the ostrich, the lama from the camel.

But now comes the Anglo-Saxon, grasping at more wealth, more land. Will he fare better? Will he be able to extinguish a race—the Red Indian—and put himself in its place? It is extremely doubtful. His chances are brilliant for the moment, but so also for a time were those of Tartars and Mongols, of Greeks and Romans; yet where are those races, that once held dominion over half the globe, now? The Anglo-Saxon has also to fight against a growing negro population as well as a native Indian. Year after year, day almost by day, the best blood of England, Scotland, and Ireland, is poured into the great American colony from New Orleans and San Francisco to Montreal and the Red River, infused into the mass to leaven and uphold it, not in a piggard stream, as from Spain and Portugal, but in a vast tide, equal annually to the founding a mighty empire.\* But when the stream shall stop, as stop it must, when the colony comes to be thrown on its own resources, when fresh blood is no longer infused into it, and that, too, from the very sources whence they originally sprung; when the separation of Celt, Saxon, and South German shall have taken place in America itself—an event

\* The total emigration from Great Britain, estimated, two years ago, at 60,000 is supposed to have amounted to 300,000 during the last year.

sure to happen,—then will come the time to calculate the probable result of the great experiment on man. All previous ones of this nature have failed; why should they succeed? Look at the French habitant of Canada, with his seignories, monkeries, Jesuits, grand domains, idleness, indolence, and prostration before forms of by-gone ages, he is already giving way before the Anglo-Saxon of Canada, as the effete Texans, Mexicans, and Californians have done before the United Statesmen.\* Dr. Knox, our master upon these physiological topics, says, “Already I imagine I can perceive, in the early loss of the subcutaneous adipose cushion which marks the Saxon and Celtic American, proofs of a climate telling against the very principle of life—against the very emblem of youth, and marking, with a premature appearance of age, the race whose sojourn in any land can never be eternal under circumstances striking at the essence of life itself. Symptoms of a premature decay, as the early loss of teeth, have a similar signification; the notion that the races become taller in America I have shown to be false; statistics, sound statistics have yet to be found; we want the history of a thousand families, and of their descendants, who have been located in America two hundred years ago, and who have not intermingled with blood fresh from Europe.”

Numerous instances might be given of moral, intellectual, and of national, as well as of physical degeneration among the so-called United Statesmen—the perpetual system of aggression—the antagonism of the slave and anti-slave states—the disunion of states—and, above all, the formation of new states, which cannot but be a source of trouble to the head government—a slave territory in Texas—a focus of mixed and turbulent populations in California—above all, the formation of a state, Utah, whose population have gathered together under the banners of a new prophet, who have adopted a sanctimonious language, which, by bringing holy things in contact with daily life, must gradually undermine all true piety, and who are about to remodel the orthography of the English language—a first step to the springing up of a new dialect.

These views are no doubt more of a philosophical and ethnological than of a practical character. England and France may have passed away, at least as dominating powers, long before the Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, Fleming, Slavonian, and Negro races of America have broken up into separate communities, or have shown evidences of an irrecoverable deterioration. The people of Greece and Rome were, according to the transcendentalists themselves, only mixed races; hence, at once, their superiority and their little permanency. It is to the Scandinavian that these writers have traced the grandeur of form, especially in women in the first of these nations, as also her disunions, obstinacy of character, common sense, mechanical genius, larged limbed men, athletic, matchless perseverance. To the admixture of Celtic blood they trace her warlike disposition, energy, vivacity, wit; and to the Slavonian and Gothic they trace the transcendental qualities of her philosophy and morals—the substratum of all being Oriental. May not then modern America, with a mixed race based upon such great elements as the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt, attain a perfection and an eminence—which, even if as far as

\* It is evident that the Canadian *voyageur*, whose skill, strength, and endurance has been so often extolled by travellers, is degenerating. We quoted, in the last number of the *New Monthly*, the observations of Dr. Bigsby, the medical officer attached to the Boundary Commission, that even the picked men were of light weight and weak in their legs, while their parti-coloured sashes, ostrich feathers, and other gaudy ornaments, bore evidence of an approximation to the taste of the Red man.

analogy, history, and existing evidences go, like everything human, it can have no permanency—still shall as much surpass the zenith civilisation of the Western European, as that civilisation has and may yet surpass that of the East, and that of Greece and Rome?

The contrast to so splendid a vision of the future, to which a colouring of hope is imparted by the progress of the great littoral cities of the United States and of the material and political condition of the people, is afforded by the undeniable change that takes place in the physiognomy and habits—the physical and mental character—of the latter. Degeneration of a race, as evidenced in an attenuated form, a pale face and sharp angular nose and features, as well as in those little practical barbarisms, the description of which may be fairly left to the Dickenses and the Trollopes—and still more manifest in a fast and brief life—would more than attest the unsuitableness of climate and country to European races of men. As yet, as before observed, sound statistical information does not exist; those cities whose population increases most, as Boston, New York, New Orleans, &c., are exactly those points at which there is the greatest influx of strangers—an influx which is too much disregarded and overlooked. But, laying aside the great fact that time, of such infinite importance to the individual, and so imposing in historical epochs, is as nothing in nature—in the succession of races, of eras, and of creations,—the conclusion that can already alone be arrived at by the dispassionate and unprejudiced observer is an unfavourable one.

## OCTOBER.

(SONGS OF THE MONTHS.)

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

OLD October—old October!

Let the drink be stout and good,  
Strong as brandy, bright as amber,

And a twelvemonth in the wood;  
Malt from Avon's pleasant valleys,  
Hops grown by the men of Kent,—  
These, compounded, form a nectar

Proving what the ancients meant!

OLD October—ripe October!

Soaring, sparkling, stout, and good,  
Strong as brandy, bright as amber,  
And a twelvemonth in the wood!

OLD October—old October!

Ripe and mellow, stout and good;  
With a friend to test its merits,  
That they may be understood;  
Château-Margot—Bordeaux—Cadiz,  
Hence!—your thin potations fail!  
Drink for Christians—lords and ladies—  
Is your old October ale!

OLD October—ripe October!

Creaming, mantling, stout, and good,  
Strong as brandy, bright as amber,  
And a twelvemonth in the wood!

## CAMBRIDGE REMINISCENCES.

I LEFT Eton for Trinity, in the settled conviction that I must be eventually either Archbishop of Canterbury or Lord High Chancellor of England. I was at that time hesitating between the church and the law. On the event, however, there could be no possible doubt—at least, such was my conclusion. It is of no consequence to which of the professions I now belong; it is enough that I am neither Archbishop nor Lord High Chancellor, and, of course, I think myself very ill-used. But why should I complain? I know that I took no honours. Did Lord Denman take any? Was not Justice Cresswell modern-spun? Was Chief Justice Wilde at a university at all? Sir W. Follett went out amongst the “οἱ πολλοί;” and, as to the Church, Bishop Sumner, of Winchester, was nowhere. His brother was a Kingsman, and, therefore, *hors de combat* as to a university contest for honours. My time may come yet, then. But as I imagine myself standing once more opposite the master’s lodge, what do I find to have become of some of my contemporaries? Macaulay is high in the state; Airy and Challis are as high as they can be in the scientific world; Bulwer has a high fame, such as it is; Cookham, after bearding a chief baron, is rising rapidly at the bar; Perry is going out as a colonial bishop; Selwyn went, some time since, to New Zealand, with Sydney Smith’s pious wish that he might not be eaten, or, if eaten, that he might heartily disagree with the stomachs of his devourers; Williamson has been head-master of Westminster School, and, most fortunately, is no longer so; Kennedy presides over Shrewsbury School, the same pompous yet good-hearted partisan as ever. I could go on with this list to Praed, whose memory every Etonian must regard with love; and others, who gave sign of future eminence, and then sank into their graves. But I will not. There is one consolation to me in contemplating all these recollections. Not one of my contemporaries has yet become Archbishop of Canterbury, or Lord High Chancellor of England. No matter which post is the object of my yearnings, there is hope for me yet.

Mine was a singular era at the university. I am not aware that since that prolific period which sent forth Parke, and Alderson, and Pollock, and Maule, and Lord Langdale, and Sedgwick, and Kaye, and Mount, and Musgrave, and Blomfield, and others whose fame will last, any other has existed which can equal that in which I was an under-graduate. But while this galaxy of talent in my day was shining around, I cannot help remembering that there were a few of us that formed a happy set; censured by our tutors for not working hard, simply because we would not slave ourselves to raise the fame of our respective lecture-rooms—because we preferred a general course of reading, which should be of real use in any profession, to the mastering of iambic and anapaestic themes, and the squaring of the circle—and because we did not choose to do what would be certain in the first instance, and very doubtful in the second, make “Ζωη short, and κυδος long.”

At the Union Debating Society, in hall at Chesterton, everywhere, we had but one object in view—the filling up of the intervals from reading with FUN, rich, broad, humorous, practical FUN; but fun never degenerating into the low or the coarse. There was one of us, however, a most singular character, who figured very often as the butt of all the rest, and of whom I can never think without calling up a host of reminiscences. Imagine a tall, pale, heavily-built, raw Yorkshireman, kind-hearted to a degree, simple-minded to an extent scarcely credible—a zealous and determined opium-eater—a no less resolute tobacco-smoker; venerating

Milton much, worshipping Wordsworth much more, but absolutely idolising the author of a Seatonian prize poem, scrawling portions of an embryo prize poem of his own, as the fit served him; and then making us endure the martyrdom of hearing him recite the said portions after a manner, in which Yorkshire dialect and a psalmical tone struggled for the victory, and you can conceive as fair a mark for practical jokes as is possible. I shall call him Underwick. My own name is singular—almost unique—it is Johnson. Our favourite companion and friend rejoiced in a name not less euphonious—it was Hogg.

I have said that Underwick was an inveterate smoker and opium-eater. We resolved to give him a lesson which he should not easily forget. For we were aware that, after enjoying his dose of opium, he would fill his pipe, and, after having half undressed himself, light it, and then crawl into his bed, and fall asleep with his pipe in his mouth. His rooms were on the attic floor of the principal quadrangle, the casement window of his bedroom immediately facing a corresponding bedroom window in Bishop's Hostel. Bedmakers are not insensible to persuasion. Gyps can yield to gold, and even to silver. Our plan was soon laid. Hogg took our poetical friend one evening for a ramble, listened eagerly to all his recitals, and so kept him in play. I did my part. I tied the corners of the counterpane, blankets, and upper sheet tight on each side with a stout string, then brought the two strings together, and fastened them; then threw the ball of string to which both were fastened into the opposite casement window; took care to leave his window open, and the string so disposed as not to attract his attention; and then joined him and Hogg in their ramble. After a time, we adjourned to Underwick's rooms to supper. He soon got very drowsy; we left him with many affectionate farewells, and then betook ourselves to the opposite room to watch our victim.

It was not very long before he entered his bedroom, heavy and drowsy. He deposited his candlestick on a chair by the bedside, threw off his coat and waistcoat, kicked off his boots, and then thrust himself between the sheets, pipe in mouth. For a time we could watch him well. In a strangely bemused state he would recite his never-ending verses, or he would mutter something indefinite, or we could just catch the words "Johnson" and "Hogg;" with what meaning we could only conjecture. But at length the candle waxed low, then went out, and all that we could discern was the occasional glow in the bowl of the pipe. In the mean time, the night had become not only dark, but misty, and we began to despair of doing anything then. Just at that moment the pipe dropped from his lips and hand upon the bed-clothes. Not a moment was to be lost. We drew the bedclothes carefully on to the window-sill, and raised a loud cry. Up jumped poor Underwick, and rushed to the window, but only in time to see something white vanish and sink down beneath. An indescribable cry came from him as he lost sight of it in the mist. We heard him scuffling about in his bedroom, and then saw him come back to gaze out of the window; at that moment we whisked the bed-clothes up through the window of the room in which we were placed; a cry of infinite astonishment again came from Underwick; and then we proceeded on our respective destinations.

I made the best of my way to my rooms, which were in a different part of the hostel. I had just time to spony my door, doff my coat, waistcoat, and trousers, don my nightcap and morning gown, and get up a look of excessive sleepiness, when, as I expected, a violent thundering was heard at my sponyng door.

Here was no mistaking Underwick's voice or his fury.

"Johnson! Johnson. Open the door, I say, Johnson!"

I of course remained quiet. Bang—bang—bang went head and foot at my door; but all in vain for awhile. At last I opened the inner door, then the intermediate baize door, then the spouting door, and then confronted the infuriated Underwick with the innocent appearance of a man who has been unjustifiably roused from his sleep.

"Johnson—you are at the bottom of all this," chattered he, with a shivering frame.

"At the bottom of what, Underwick?" said I, with a sort of calm indignation.

"Why, Johnson, you will drive me mad! You know all about it. Don't sneer, now." And then he turned away, and spoke, aside, a line with the application of which he oftener honoured me—

There was a laughing devil in his sneer.

"Well, Underwick," said I, "it is extraordinary enough to call me up at this hour, not to say a word about you spouting poetry. Good night!" And I was about to close my spouting door.

"Johnson—by Jove, you've got my bedclothes!"

"Got what!" cried I, laughing outright.

"My bedclothes! Don't laugh, you incarnate fiend!—you've got them. I saw you take them."

"Really, Mr. Underwick, a joke is a joke, but you are carrying it rather too far. As, however, you have brought a charge against me, come and search my rooms. Here, sir, examine this room. Now, sir, search the bedroom. There is the gyps' room—there is the bedmaker's room. What have you found, sir, after all? Leave these rooms instantly, sir; I am ashamed of you. Our intimacy is of course at an end." I showed the bewildered man the way out and closed the door.

I was not much surprised when, at seven o'clock the next morning, my bedmaker brought me a most penitent note from Underwick, asking my pardon, requesting Hogg and myself to come and do a reconciliation-breakfast with him at ten, but utterly confounded still about the loss of his bedclothes. I at once dressed myself—wrote a note accepting the invitation, and then went to Hogg to concoct a fresh plan. It was soon arranged. We stole up into his rooms—found, as we had expected, that he was deeply asleep in bed, and that his breakfast-things were laid out on the table, while the fire was blazing away genially. In a trice we did more mischief. Underwick kept his tobacco in a cylindrical leaden box, with a leaden lid. We deposited all the milk safely with the tobacco, and then effectually soldered down the lid. The sugar was inserted into the teapot, and softened with boiling water, and the rolls and butter carefully put out of sight. With affectionate regard we then knocked at Underwick's bedroom door, and with some difficulty roused him. At last he came out, scarcely himself again.

"Well, old fellow, I know you forgive me my folly; but where my bedclothes are I can't tell for my life. I suppose you will let me take a pipe before breakfast, as usual?" Of course we cordially assented, keeping our gravity as well as we could. ●

Our friend struck up Luther's Hymn, while he took down his pipe from the shelf, and then, as he sat down, drew the leaden box towards him and essayed to take off the lid. "How very tight!" groaned the ill-used man; and he kept on tugging and straining until the bright rim caught his eye. He looked at it for a moment like a ferocious cock-

sparrow, then at Hogg. We expressed a hope for some breakfast. He opened the teapot—there was the half-dissolved sugar; he absolutely tore open the tobacco-box—there was the tobacco-milk broth; there was no butter—no bread. He could not contain himself any longer. He was in a perfect paroxysm. But a tap was heard at the door.

“Come in,” he shouted, in tones of fury.

In came the bedmaker with many a curtsy, and just saying, “From the Sun, sir,” placed in his hands a bulky parcel, and vanished. Its superscription was enough.

“To J. Underwick, Esq.,

“Trin. Coll., Cambridge;

“With Miss Williams’s best thanks for the use of his bedclothes.”

We fairly ran for it. His excitement was terrific. It was some days before he could sit down again to compose a Seatonian prize poem. With ourselves, however, he soon became reconciled, only, I am sorry to say, to yield us more food for amusement.

We very soon discovered another singular feature in his character. One or two examples will best illustrate my meaning.

We three were walking one Sunday afternoon in the Trinity grounds on the banks of the Cam. The river seemed more than usually still and muddy. I expressed a doubt whether a person could walk through the water from one bank to the other.

“It can be done,” said Underwick.

“Nonsense!” said I; “it is out of the question. No one would be so foolhardy.”

“I can do it,” said he.

“My dear friend,” said I, “we will drop the subject.”

“Yes,” added Hogg, “for *your* sake, Underwick.”

“For *my* sake, indeed!” And then, after an interval, “For *my* sake! I tell you I can do it.”

“No, you can’t,” said I, with provoking calmness.

“Johnson, don’t put me in a rage. I say I can do it.”

“And I say you cannot.”

“Johnson, is my honour *con*-cerned?”

“Why, you are very bold in saying that you can do the thing, and yet it is not done.”

“Johnson—Hogg, answer me; is my honour *con*-cerned?”

We were both silent; but looked unspeakable things.

It was enough. In the face of the numbers who promenaded in those grounds each Sunday, Underwick rushed down the bank, cap and gown and all, waded through water and mud, and reached the opposite bank, and all because his honour was *con*-cerned.

Here was a new key to a weak point in his character. Shortly afterwards, I invited him to accompany me in a canoe, a then fashionable but most ticklish sort of boat, as far as Chesterton. It was a ticklish affair enough for the rower alone; but with a heavy person in the stern, it required all skill to keep afloat. However, I got my rather unwieldy friend safe in the stern. It was a sultry day. He took off his coat, placed it beneath him, and, as I sculled quietly along, favoured me with his views on poetry. Quotation on quotation were poured forth; but at last he gave, as his own, this delectable passage:—

Down from the height he sunk  
Into the most profound abyss, and from thence  
Into one lower yet.



"Rather Miltonian that, Underwick."

"What do you mean, Johnson?"

"Only that Milton happens to use the phrase—

Beneath the lowest deep, a lower still.

"Great wits, you know, will jump," said he.

"Well," thought I, "I'll make him jump with a vengeance."

We were gliding along calmly, where the bank was only a few inches above the water, and the stem of the boat not more than an inch-and-a-half from the surface of the stream. With one jerk of the right-hand scull I brought the canoe at right angles with the bank, and before my friend could cease from winking at this feat, with a good stroke of both hands I had run the canoe's head up on the bank, sprung on shore, while the stern of course sank completely. Up jumped Underwick in rage and consternation—and away floated his best coat.

"Johnson, you're a fiend! you've sunk me!"

"Underwick, it's a mistake. I did not make you heavy astern."

"Johnson, confound you, get me out—I can't swim."

I got him out. We drew the canoe on land, and then came on the discussion.

"Johnson, that was a scoundrelly trick."

"Not a bit," said I. "I took compassion on you and gave you a ride, because you cannot scull a canoe for yourself."

"I tell you I can."

"My good friend, Underwick, don't attempt it—you really cannot; if you can, do it."

"Johnson, don't worry me. But is my honour *con*-cerned?"

"If you are a man, it is, decidedly."

"To-morrow, then, I do it."

The next day we started from the lock. Hogg ahead in one canoe—Underwick next in another—I following humbly in a third. Underwick had placed his coat and waistcoat safe in the stern of his canoe. Away we went. He thought that he was gaining upon Hogg—and so he was, for so we had planned it. Soon a barge met us. Hogg passed safely over the towline; but, on a signal given, the horse was whipped on just as the line was under the head of Underwick's canoe. Head over heels went he, and coat and waistcoat and all. We got him home dripping wet; and when he had taken something to comfort the inward man, he poured forth a string of furious stanzas to the utter annihilation of the barge-man who had treated him so infamously.

Many another joke did we play upon him. But at length we indulged in one which, although very ludicrous up to a certain point, gave us so hearty a fright, that thenceforth we allowed poor Underwick to rest in peace. Every one knows Neville's Court, and the cloisters under the library, and the window spaces crossed by iron bars, through which you look into the grounds beyond. Hogg and myself, and one or two other spare ones, had detected one square in the ironwork through which we could squeeze ourselves, and so pass in and out at night without at all troubling the porter's lodge. One night, at nearly ten o'clock, Hogg, Underwick, and myself, were expatiating in these cloisters. For some time we discussed college matters and persons—our own tutors, of course—the most amusing of hic-masters, Renouard; and, though last, not least, our own merits and prospects. All at once, Hogg exclaimed—

"What a capital excursion we could have just now, Johnson, if Underwick here were not such an unwieldy porpoise!"

"What do you mean?" said Underwick, in high indignation.

"Why, that if you could get through the bars, we might have some capital fun across the country—but it's out of the question."

"Show me the opening, Johnson," said Underwick, in a most bitter tone.

"Nonsense," said I; "drop the subject; you know that you can't do it."

"I know that I can. My honour is concerned, and, by Jove! I will. Don't trifle with me, if we are to be friends. Show me the opening, I say."

Hogg led the way, and passed through with ease. I was about to follow, when, most fortunately, as it turned out, Underwick pushed me aside and mounted the bars. After a long struggle he got his broad shoulders through diagonally; and then, exhausted for the time, there he hung midway. After a little breathing time, he commenced the operation of drawing his hips. At his very first effort his hands lost their hold, and his head and heels rocked up and down so ludicrously that we could not refrain from immediate laughter. Again did he clutch the bars—again did he strain every nerve to get through—muttering all the time, and very audibly, something very unlike blessings on our heads; but at length he began to grow tired. Still, at intervals, he renewed his attempts most obstinately. But the intervals became longer—his voice more feeble—and it was clear that his strength was almost gone. We now in our turn were most heartily frightened. What was to be done? we dared not raise any alarm. How on earth should we extricate him? At length Hogg planted himself on the bars outside, so as to keep Underwick's head and breast in a horizontal position. I stood on the stone sill and bade Underwick keep his legs perfectly still. He answered by a groan of assent. Exerting every particle of strength that I possessed, I gave one tremendous push, cleared the hips from the bars, and down went Hogg and Underwick together on the grass beneath. There was a perfect silence for some seconds, at last I heard Hogg's voice in low tones.

"Johnson, Johnson! Underwick is senseless! What shall we do for him?"

"Wait a moment," said I. And I stole back to my rooms, speedily returned, and handed some brandy through the bars to Hogg. After some minutes of what we felt to be agonising suspense, during which I resolved to wash my hands of practical jokes for the future, he gave signs of returning sensation. Nearly half an hour elapsed, however, before he was thoroughly himself. But then he could not walk. There was no choice left but for me to pass through the bars and join them. With the utmost difficulty we supported him through the long distance by which we had to reach the porter's lodge. That excellent man uttered a most significant "Humph!" when he saw poor Underwick, who certainly looked very drunk. We got him to bed as soon as we could; and an imposition for his supposed offence was the only further annoyance which he had to endure from our last practical joke.

Poor fellow! His health kept up long enough for him to gain the summit of his ambition—the being proclaimed a Seatonian prizeman, and to enter the Church and labour in it for a few years. I never saw him after we graduated. I only heard by chance of his death, and that with all his eccentricities, he was truly loved by his parishioners for his untiring zeal. I could go on with other odd recollections, but I must not. I must keep them down, for ludicrous as many of them would be, I would rather escape the saddening hues with which the revival of them must be tinged.

## SMYRNA; THE "CITY OF FIGS."

FROM A LEVANTINE JOURNAL.

BY MAHMOUZ EFFENDI.

THE recent quarrel between Russia and the Ottoman Porte in regard to the Hungarians and Poles, who, after their heroic struggle and unfortunate defeat, sought and found shelter under the shadow of the "Banner of the Crescent," has attracted much more than ordinary attention to the Turks, their habits and customs, their cities, and their present position and power, and the probabilities of their future career. Searchers after local knowledge may find sufficient to appease their appetite, so far as Constantinople is concerned, in the entertaining works of White, Pardoe, Slade, and Urquhart; but as for Smyrna, the gay and hospitable "City of Figs," no publisher has yet furnished forth his "own commissioner" to record in three goodly volumes, octavo, its wonders and its wealth; and no artist has yet, with faithful pencil, given to the world the tenth of a tithe of its natural beauties; or, for the benefit of western curiosity, adorned his canvas with the fair faces of its reigning belles. Yet Smyrna deserves all this, and more. It is true that a passing notice of the city is to be found in the works of some half dozen modern tourists,\* but even their several records, if united, would, it is feared, form but a tiny *brochure*. Still, as we are taught to believe that in all things "there's a good time coming," and as we know that England and Asia Minor are at least (thanks to steam) but a mere fortnight distant from each other, it is perhaps reasonable to hope, if not to expect, that the ready pen of some English writer is even now about to be nibbled to fill up this vacuum in Levantine literature, to render justice where justice is due, and to make the time-honoured Mount Pagus as familiar to the "mind's eye" of the reading cockney, as Primrose Hill already is to his actual vision.

It is not our purpose in the present paper to enter into Oriental politics, nor is it even our aim to give a *full*, true, and particular account of Smyrna. Our only desire is to record a few of those commonplace incidents which befel a little party who in 18—, in the winter, happened to take Smyrna as one of the places to be visited in a more extended Anatolian tour. We record these incidents from a tattered and torn journal, which has had the distinguished honour of being slashed, saturated, and smoke-dried by divers blessed officers of quarantine, so that in point of deciphering the elegant extract before us, we have not a few literary difficulties to encounter.

And some special interest now attaches to Smyrna, in that, just as the last of its fig-laden "fruiters" had, in October, 1849, left the port, homeward bound (to satisfy, perchance, the sweet-tooth expectant of certain London civic functionaries), the good folks living on the banks of the Meles were startled by finding, one fine morning, that a French fleet was bound to their port, and that Admiral Parker also had, at the head of several English line-of-battle ships, not only appeared off the adjacent islands of Scio and Mitylene, but thence proceeded to the anchorage in Beshiki Bay, at the very mouth of the Dardanelles. For what purpose?

\* Tournefort, Emerson, Macfarlane, Madden, Slade, Knight, Rev. F. V. I. Arundell, and Sir Charles Fellows.—*Editor's Note.*

In 1807, Duckworth had taken up this exact position as a demonstration *against* the Turks: but, in 1849, the tables were turned, and Parker appeared, not as an enemy to the Osmanlees, but to aid and assist the Sultan, if necessary, against the Muscovites—that young Sultan Abdul-Medjid, who, in the recent Irish famine, contributed the handsome donation of 1000*l.* sterling to relieve the distresses of those whom his own creed regards as infidels, as Giaours; and who would have given more, much more, but that state etiquette was quoted to show the reigning sovereign of England must, in these cases, be permitted to head the list, *longo intervallo*. "Cast thy bread on the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days." The Sultan did so in charity, and it has returned to him in material assistance, when his empire suddenly required such aid. If there's an Irishman in Parker's fleet, and that fleet yet have to strike a blow for the Padisha, we feel sure that the son of the Emerald Isle will, in the moment of battle, *remember* the Sultan's well-timed and noble generosity; and be the enemy whom it may, Paddy in mere gratitude will then strike hard and *home*! Donnybrook Fair could show nothing equal to a "scrimmage" on the deck of a Russian liner!" "Take *this* for the Turks," and "*that* for Tipperary;" and "*a small touch* for Kossuth." "Faugh-a-ballagh! yer spalpeen!" "Hoorah!" By the holy poker! its few of the Russian fleet would ever return to Sevastopol. No, no; Queenstown (late Cove) would be much more likely to catch a glimpse of them.

But we must not pursue this digression. To return then to our narrative, or, perhaps, more strictly speaking, to commence it.

When, after a day's ride of some fifty miles, we reached, and apparently much to the satisfaction of our jaded *menzil barguirleri* (our post-horses), the summit of the hills at the back of Smyrna, and thence looked down upon its lovely bay crowded with shipping, and upon the nearer mosques and minarets that shone in the setting sun, we thought the far-spreading city, seated amphitheatrically on the descent of Mount Pagus, one of the loveliest we had ever beheld. And I don't know that we were far wrong. Smyrna is beautifully situate, whether gazed at from the sea before it, or the heights behind and beside it. There is a sketch of the place in, I think, one of the published Tours of Sir Charles Fellows, which conveys a very accurate idea of the city and its immediate castellated environs.

The westerly point whence we gained this our first view of Izmeer, was immediately above "Turk Town," a quarter so christened by the Franks in contradistinction to the lower parts of the city, and those in the vicinity of the consulates, the inns, and the Marina, where European travellers "most do congregate."

The sun had just set as we reached the now dark entrance to the town, and walked our horses over the Kaldyrim-goly, the paved, unlighted street, which, from the frequent stumbling of our steeds, seemed to be in a most uncertain state of repair. But our trusty Suridji led the way, and, indeed, the horses themselves seemed to know it well enough. They were, it is true, approaching a well-known stable, an *akhor* offering better accommodation than the mud-hovels they had tenanted in their present march through the interior. As for ourselves, we confessedly looked forward to Salvo's Hotel, on the Marina, with visions of comfort floating o'er the brain such as a camel-driver in the desert might mentally expe-

rience when, weary and thirsty, he suddenly descries a tree-studded and well-watered oasis. A *lit monté* is, indeed, a luxury, after sleeping for a season on the ground.

We cannot altogether recommend future travellers so to time their route as to reach Smyrna, as we did, *after* sunset. The way down to the Marina is then not too easily or comfortably to be accomplished. Narrow streets, winding like the paths of a labyrinth, and crossed by others equally uninviting, in the dark, form altogether a network of edifices through which none but an experienced pilot can hope properly to thread his way. Once or twice we fell in with a Turk trudging homewards, *fener* or *fanoos* in hand, throwing forth from its little candle a beam barely sufficient to light him a yard on his way. "Darkness visible" was here exemplified. But each pedestrian party must carry a lantern of some sort in Smyrna, that is, after sunset, or become subject to certain police regulations, which, according to circumstances, entail either fine or bastinado, or, at the very least, the honour of being locked up for the night in a guard-house. Even moonlight is no excuse for a neglect of this order.

Here and there a *manghal* (a chafing-dish) was seen in the streets filled with flaring charcoal, the inhabitants, although fatalists, ever taking the wise precaution to let the first fumes of their *aghadj-keumuri* evaporate *outside* their houses.

By-and-by, in passing the corner of a street, we came in front of a well-lighted *kaf-hane*, or coffee-house. The railed platform before it was, at this hour, deserted; but through the large uncurtained windows of the building we could see groups of Moslems seated comfortably within, smoking either the cherry-stick *tchibouk*,\* or the glass *narguileh*, while others had laid aside these pipes, and were composedly discussing divers cups of smoking coffee. As they lifted the dwarfish *finjans* of china to their lips, the lights played upon the brass and well-polished *zarffs* which (as an egg-cup guards from a scalding egg) protected their fingers from the ware containing favourite piping-hot beverage; and the whole scene looked so comfortable, that we gladly drew rein for a few minutes, and, without quitting our saddles, patronised the *Kavêdjî's* fragrant and bubbling "black broth;" and with, perhaps, more real *keff* and *gusto* than any of his indoor customers, since ten or eleven hours' horsemanship had made *our* palates particularly ready for such good cheer.

The further descent into the town now became less precipitous, and soon afterwards we rode in Indian file into a *tcharshou*, or a bazaar, as it is generally termed by Franks; and here, at its inner end, we were suddenly brought up by massive wooden gates that seemed to bar our farther progress. Not a light, not a person was visible. The Suridji shouted. No reply. He hammered with his heavy whip. No response. A general chorus then followed on our part in Turkish, Italian, or English, just as a phrase happened to come uppermost. And now, after a pause, we heard a gruff voice on the other side of the door pronounce the single well-known word "*bakshish*!" It proceeded, no doubt, from the watchman, who thus manœuvred for a piastre or two for favouring us

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\* See the 25th Case, Long Gallery, British Museum, for a specimen of the *keffikil*, or meershaum, of Anatolia, from which pipe-bowls are sometimes made. Vide "Visit to British Museum," p. 139. Chapman and Hall.

by troubling himself to open the gates. His duty, of course, was to keep them shut till morning.

Reader! have you ever travelled in Turkey? If you have, *bakshish* requires no explanation; if you have *not*, we may as well inform you that—— But no; we refrain: you cannot even enter your own St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey without well enough understanding *bakshish*.

Released, on the payment of a mere trifle, from the importunities of this *pasvan*, or *bektchi*, or *kapoudji*—for I know not which appellation the worthy warder preferred—we soon came to the seaward exit from the region of bazaars; passed close under the walls of a small castle, said to be the celebrated Fort St. Peter, which the Knights of Rhodes so gallantly captured from the Turks; again paid *bakshish* in a gloomy *tcharshou* (having a comfortable khan opening out of its centre, on the right); heard its heavy gate safely shut behind us; sniffed up the sea-breeze which here rushed in through a narrow street on the left; passed the glass-market, the Greek casino, and Greek church; exchanged salutations with a group of patrols at "Three Corners;" again advanced till past the Austrian and French churches in the *Strada Franka*; and at length found ourselves on the Marina, where, as luck would have it, we were no longer in utter darkness. For the wind had got up, and the sea, now fully visible on our bridle-hand, dashed against the long and broad quay in front of the Consulates, throwing showers of star-spangled briny spray over the road we had here to pass on our way to Salvo's Navy Hotel, the outline of which building we could now clearly discern in the lessening distance. The stars twinkled brightly, groups of boatmen were yet gathered near one or two small *ishêlès*, or wooden jetties, and a rollicking party of middies rushed out of Salvo's to return slyly on board their respective ships, just as we dismounted at his door, whence—leaving our experienced *factotum* to make all square with the *suridji*—we followed the burly host up stairs, and forthwith entered into those arrangements for bed and board, &c., which it is ever, after a long day's journey, such a confounded *bore* to effect.

We had remarked in our way into the town, not only the sudden darkness which settled upon the streets immediately after sunset, but that the streets themselves were almost deserted by the population. The Turks are given to these seasonable hours, returning early to their homes, and also rising betimes. But, nevertheless, many fail not punctually to attend mosque twice after sunset, namely, at the fourth and fifth prayers of the day—the *aksham namazi* and the *yatsi namazi*; the fourth service taking place at twenty minutes past sunset, and the fifth about two hours afterwards. Smyrna, just recorded as so dark, was but an hour after our arrival in some danger of becoming too well-lighted, for in the midst of our meal we were startled by a running fire of pistol-shots, indicating that a blaze had broken out. "*Yanghin var!*" (there is a conflagration) shouted the next passing watchman, and bang also went *his* pistol; but there was little real occasion for so much fuss, the fire being speedily got under almost as soon as discovered, and, I believe, before its occurrence had even become reported at the extremity of the town towards "Windmill Point," opposite Menimenn and Cœur de Lion.

Smyrna, like Constantinople, has frequently suffered much from fire. On the 3rd and fourth of July, 1845, very considerable damage was done; and a year or two before that period, on the 29th of July, 1841, a most

terrific conflagration occurred. This fire of 1841 deprived no less than 35,000 inhabitants of their homes—the population of the whole city is 140,000—reducing 7000 almost to a state of starvation. But local charity at once stepped in to support them, and London also subsequently raised a subscription. The buildings destroyed in 1841 were—3050 Turkish houses, 500 Jewish, and 157 Greek; 42 mosques, 7 synagogues, 5 *tékés*, 15 khans, 17 flour-mills, and 7 *hammams*, or baths. With a knowledge that Smyrna is subject to such visitations as these, it is no wonder that insurance-offices against fire have never been established in the city. And such an attempt could not but prove a most ruinous speculation to its promoters.

Salvo's Hotel was certainly erected in a good situation as to fire, since a good leaper might easily spring from its windows into the sea below, if he preferred drowning to burning. At the time we visited Smyrna, the Hotel des Deux Augustes was a name unknown to travellers, who then took up their abode, according to circumstances, either at Salvo's, Marco's Pension Suisse, Marachini's Boarding-House, Patoutzi's Inn, or Madame Rosa's. No other hostelries were known to us in those days; but now Smyrna is daily proving her advance in civilisation by improved hotels, charging two dollars a day; by quarantines and lazarettos; by bills of health and passports; and by all those innovating formalities which Mediterranean Franks and some others invent and teach reforming Oriental governments to follow, less for utility than the netting of fees. The steam-boat companies are chiefly to be thanked for this.

After a good night's rest in a *lit monté*, we each rose in time to see the numerous men-of-war, immediately opposite Salvo's windows, hoist their colours, cross to gall'nt-yards, and lower boats simultaneously, which had a pretty effect; and the Turkish vessels were, much to my own delight, not the last in the manoeuvre. The fine sea-view from Salvo's is, perhaps, its best recommendation; and its chief drawback, in our opinion, was neither more nor less than a billiard-table, frequented by a gallant set of blue-jackets on leave, from whose hilarity our thin walls would *never* protect us. Under our windows was the usual rendezvous for hack horses, ready saddled and bridled, and Ducrow or Batty would heartily have enjoyed the elegant specimens of equitation there to be witnessed. We had, of course, heard in all times of *horse-marines*, but we never fully understood that corps till this our trip to Smyrna!

The first duty we had to perform was to leave cards on Mr. Brandt, the worthy English consul; the next to present our letters of introduction; the third to perambulate the city. From the residents to whom we thus became introduced we received (as is ever the case at Smyrna) the most captivating reception, and were, in short, overwhelmed with civilities. First and foremost we were presented with tickets for the Greek and Frank Casino balls, in the following form:—

**CASIN DE SMYRNE.**

Billet d'Admission aux Bals  
du Carnaval de 18—  
Mons. JACK JOHNSON, M.A.,  
Présenté par Mons. JNO. J. A. WERRY.  
Les Commissaires du Casin,  
G. MALTASS.  
B. DESCHAMPS.

**CASIN DU COMMERCE.**

Billet d'Admission  
Pour les Bals du Carnaval de 18—  
Mons. JACK JOHNSON, M.A.,  
Présenté par Mons. EML. RUTHBINI.  
Smyrne, le 28 Janvier, 18—  
Les Commissaires du Casin,  
RUTHBINI.  
D. BALTAZZI.

These are the only two clubs in Smyrna, unless the "Sons of the Prophet" have any such societies unknown to us. The Frank Casino, or *Casin de Smyrne*, is situate close to the English consul's and Salvo's Hotel, and numbers among its members the English, French, Dutch, and other European merchants; while the Greeks chiefly confine themselves to the *Casin du Commerce*. I may here incidentally remark that the Turk does not at all admit a Greek to be a Frank. In conversation, the Osmanlees speak of Franks and Greeks, thus classing them as two. *Mais revenons à nos moutons*. The rules of the Frank Casino (*Casin de Smyrne*) liberally allow any one of its members to introduce a travelling friend to its rooms and privileges for the space of three consecutive months. On Asiatic ground this is a boon of double value. I found it so myself. Here are to be seen files of all sorts of newspapers—a luxury the "untraveller" cannot hope to understand; here the merchants meet nightly to read, or to play *ccarté*, the favourite game of the Smyrniotes, chess excepted; here also are held four of the eight carnival balls, the fourth of which is ever a *bal masqué*, and a spacious and right noble room is there for the "light fantastic toe," with five glittering chandeliers, and a gallery for the orchestra; and then for those who eschew quadrilles, waltzes, and polkas, and the schottische, two card-rooms present their somewhat dangerous attractions. The balls commence about eight P.M., and last till four or five in the morning, by which hour the card-playing is, however, seldom concluded; that is, in the carnival season. At other periods such late hours are not followed. The *kokona* at home would not then permit of a husband's absence.

The Greek Casino (*Casin du Commerce*) is situate in the Strada Franka, on the seaward side going from Salvo's to the bazaars, and opposite the dead walls of the Greek church. After passing up a long passage its entrance is seen on the left. Here papers are provided, as at the Frank Casino, and balls given during the Greek carnival, which concludes later than with the Catholics. The ball-room is here, unfortunately, rather small, but still well lighted; and there is a special recess for the orchestra, with a principal and a second and smaller card-room, a little sitting-room next the ball-room, and other accommodation. The Greek balls are not quite so "stiff" as those at the Frank Casino, but in either *réunion* it cannot be forgotten that the number of marriageable *belles*, in comparison with the Smyrniote bachelors, is just fourteen to one *against* the ladies! How can a man marry fourteen wives?

Wishing to see all in and near the city, we were quite bewildered how to begin. One, full of classics, recommended Mount Pagus, the Stadium, the old Theatre, the modern Bath of Agamemnon, or the Bath of Diana; the presumed Roman encampment on Mount Pagus; and the Piscina underneath the castle, which fortress, now an extensive ruin, is said to embody within its walls the identical sacred edifice erected by the Christians in the time of the Apostles, and in which St. Polycarp, the patron of Smyrna, the disciple of St. John the Evangelist, had positively preached. Another suggested a ride to the adjacent villages, offering to accompany us; a third spoke rapturously of the Plain of Paradise, of aqueducts, and of some extraordinary petrifications there visible; and a fourth, as it was yet early, advised a stroll through the streets and the bazaars. The last plan suited us best, if it were but to review the *locale* in which we had the evening before paid *bakshish*.



From starting on this excursion, the arrival of an Austrian corvette in the roads detained us till she had fired a salute, which was smartly returned from the barracks at the west end of the city. It is ever a pretty sight to witness a man-of-war come to an anchor, furl sails, and salute; and, in the present instance, we had a capital view of the manœuvre from the esplanade in front of the English consulate, the flag-staff of which, as well as those of the adjacent consular residences, all bore a crown at the top, that of the United States excepted. At present, I presume, the crown has been *temporarily* removed at the French consulate: soon, however, in all probability, to be replaced by an imperial one, which may not prove altogether pleasing to the eye of Monsieur de Lamartine,\* the ex-president, who, as we are recently informed, is about to reside at Smyrna, having been generously presented by the Sultan with some quantity of land in the environs of the city.

"You have comfortable houses here on the Marina," said one of our party to the merchant who was showing us the "lions."

"Yes," replied our agreeable *cicerone*; "and whatever may ultimately be the case in Ireland, we can here in Smyrna actually boast of a tenant-right, or *guedouk*, that makes our keeping a house, once taken, a matter of some certainty, if we ourselves choose to remain in it."

"How so?" I inquired.

"The contract called *guedouk*," he replied, "is more a local custom than a general one, and enables us, on a certain payment yearly, not only to keep possession, but to assign to our heirs, and, with the consent of the proprietor, even to a stranger. While this payment is kept up, the tenant cannot be ousted by his landlord, which is an inducement to improve the property. Nearly all the houses held by Europeans in Smyrna are under this rule, and the family of Kara Osman are the chief proprietors."

We now passed through a spacious flagged court, on the right and left of which stand the counting-houses of several Frank merchants, two or three of whom were, here and there, according to Smyrniote custom, leaning against their door-posts, smoking the eternal *chibouque*, and chatting on exports and imports; thus transacting business in a "take-it-easy" sort of style, according rather with the "*yavash, yavash*" manner of the Turk than the hurried habit of London and Liverpool. Turning hence to the right, into the celebrated *Strada Franca*, we found ourselves at once fully afloat in the human stream, rushing onwards to the bazaars. There is something in a Levantine crowd that both pleases the eye and raises the spirits; the very air is impregnated with the smell of the most fragrant tobacco, and everything affords the strongest contrast to the scenes with which the Englishman is acquainted at home.

There are *no trottoirs* in Smyrna, but the streets are firmly paved, and somewhat narrow. The greater part of the houses in the *Strada Franca* are devoid of all outward Orientalism, and the *better* half of their inmates seem to be "a very-sit-at-window sort of people," as one of my companions funnily expressed it. And in the afternoons, in fine

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\* "Vous retournerez dans l'Occident, mais vous ne tarderez pas beaucoup à revenir en Orient: c'est votre patrie; oui, c'est votre patrie véritable, c'est la patrie de vos pères. J'en suis sûre, maintenant; regardez votre pied. C'est le pied de l'Arabe; c'est le pied de l'Orient. Nous approchons du jour où chacun rentrera dans la terre de ses pères."—Lady Hester Stanhope to M. Lamartine, A.D. 1832.

weather, their street-doors, we subsequently found, are thrown wide open, and the entrance crowded with chairs, whereon each family sits "in full fig," scanning the passers-by, and exchanging compliments with friends and acquaintance, the male portion of whom have an almost invariable custom in the afternoon of walking forth to Windmill Point, at the eastern extremity of the town, there, on an open space of sand of some extent, to take pedestrian exercise, inhale the sea-breeze, quiz some equestrian novice, and, in the season, quaff a cup of coffee or *raki*\* at "the Mill."

"*Savoula!*" shouted an Armenian *hammal*, or porter; "*savoula!*" a word which, being interpreted, signifies "Room, room"—"take care"—"out of the way;" and on came the speaker, bending nearly double under a bale of goods, half a camel-load in appearance, poised on the immense knot on his back; while, the better to support his burden, the *hammal* kept both hands on his knees, the legs beneath which were also tightly bandaged to support the muscles under the strain such a weight imposed on them. "*Savoula!*" again shouted the porter, as he passed steadily on his way; "*savoula!*" Where bales have been made up into an unconscionable size, a *syryk*, or pole, is used, to which the bale is slung, and some half-dozen men thus transport it to its destination. And sometimes, also, a long string of camels is employed, each *dève* being loaded with two bales, one on each side of the pack-saddle.

When a horseman—and these are not few—meets such a string of camels dragging "its slow length along," it is a useless task to attempt to pass them, and the plan is therefore generally adopted of riding into some court or alley till the *kafileh* has passed by. And in many parts of the streets even foot-passengers must do the same. Subject to such interruptions, we ourselves gradually approached the bazaars, withstanding even the seduction of an auctioneer, who, with an earnestness and volubility scarcely credible, was—lighted candle in hand—expatiating in the open street on the merits of a house before which he stood, but for which all his eloquence, in the most wretched Italian, failed in obtaining a bid. He was not a Turk, but a Levantine, and his well-cultivated moustache seemed to be the subject of critique to a bevy of red-capped damsels at the opposite windows, more than half of whom were (with respect be it recorded) filling up the intervals of their speech by most zealously *chewing mastic-guids!* Does this Smyrniote custom prevent the toothache, the *dish-aghrisi*, to which the Turks are so subject?

"*Kav! kav!*"—"Punk! punk!"—"No can light pipe without it, Signore,"—bawled a young trader, as at last we reached the glass-bazaar. "*Kav! haptan! kav! kav!*" This worthy was a Hebrew, a *yahvoudi*, a name frequently superseded by *tchifout*, when his customers were angry, the latter appellation being one that ever "rises the dander" of a Jew, as the Yankees say. "*Tchifout*" signifies "one who sticks out

\* The *Times* of 1st December, 1849, says—"An importation of Turkish spirit called '*raki*' having taken place at Southampton, from Constantinople, it was returned by the officers of the revenue for duty as *sweetened spirits*; but the importer, considering that it was not liable to that duty, requested that it might be delivered as *spirits unsweetened*. It appears that the spirit was mixed and flavoured with a resinous gum; and it was, therefore, considered that it became liable to the high duty as sweetened spirits, and ordered to be charged accordingly." We may add that *raki* resembles gin in appearance, and when mixed with water becomes as white as milk.

against the truth." The glass bazaar is not roofed in, but simply consists of open-fronted shops in the street, tastily filled with hand-mirrors, gaudy decanters, Bohemian bottles, French and English cut-dishes, and tumblers, of which last there is an immense sale among the Greeks, who prefer them frequently to and for tea-cups; then mixed with all those gaudy and glittering knick-knackereries into which glass can be fashioned, appear black-beaded *tesbih's*, rosaries which hundreds of the Smyrniotes as constantly "tell" when walking in the streets as when sitting at home. Here, also, the gold-embroidered scarlet tobacco-bag tempts the passer-by, together with amber or porcelain, bone or ivory mouth-pieces for pipes; red *loolehs*, or bowls; *tchibouques*, or cherry-sticks, for smoking; nets full of specimens of that sponge for which Smyrna is so famous; *narghilehs*, or hookahs, with the snake-like *murpitch* coiled around them; vases for gold-fish, which are very plentiful, and grow to a great size, and which, as well as leeches, form a frequent export from Smyrna: in short, glass of every hue and tint, and size and shape, shines all around you as you pass along; and many a proud Turk's eye glances at the larger mirrors, in admiration of the well-rolled turban that adorns his brow. The scene is ever here a busy one, and I do not know a finer arena for the peculiar manœuvres of a mad-bull than the glass-bazaar of Smyrna. But that city is fortunately freed from such antics; it has no Smithfield; and its authorities compel all horned cattle to be slaughtered just outside the walls, at a *sal-hane*, that is, an *abattoir*, situate about a mile from the barracks, on the road to Vourlah,\* and close to the sea-side.

Before leaving the glass-bazaar, I took an opportunity of obtaining a tariff of prices *vivâ voce*, part of which I subjoin, with the simple remark that I subsequently found the prices somewhat less elsewhere.

	Piastres		Piastres
Cherry-stick pipe.....	30	Brass saucer .....	4
Boring the stick .....	3	Tobacco-bag .....	22
Mouth-piece .....	25	Tobacco—7, 8, and 10 piastres	
Wire for cleaning pipe.....	5	the oke.	
One dozen pipe-bowls .....	20		

We next saw before us the gloomy *tcharshou*, at the gate of which we had, as I have above related, paid our second *bakshish*; and here our companion, Jack Johnson, inquired of our *cicerone* at what date it was built.

"Built!" said the Smyrniote. "*Panayia!* we of this ancient city pride ourselves only on *figs*, not *dates!*"

And, laughing at this horrid attempt at wit, we all passed on.

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\* Vourlah is distant about five leagues from the city of Smyrna, but within the Gulf; a group of islands lies off the main, thus forming a secure anchorage in all winds. The French call the place Ourlac, and not Vourlah. Slade is the only writer who has described Vourlah.

## ANATOLE DE SALIS.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Naples, March 6, 1849.

MY DEAR BROOKE,—I fear I shall hardly be able to reach town before parliament meets after the Easter recess; but I have now fairly turned my face homewards, and I shall make what speed I can.

I have not written to you for some time, as I was anxious to give you the results of my inquiries about English foreign policy in this part of the world in a more complete state. I can now do so; and I shall put you in possession of them *seriatim*, together with the circumstances attending the manner in which my information has been obtained.

The fairest test of a system of policy is not its theoretical consistency, but its practical working; and on this principle I shall endeavour, in so far as my rambles afford me opportunities of understanding the subject, and enable me to form an opinion, to try the late conduct of England towards the Greeks and the Italians. Indeed, I am so often called upon, like every other English traveller or resident abroad, to use my best endeavours to justify the measures of the foreign and colonial policy of our government, as affecting the welfare of other nations, and the interests of England herself, that such discussions frequently give me the means of ascertaining the truth, even in the common intercourse of society. I shall therefore strain every nerve to elicit opinions and establish facts, which I shall consign to these letters as a testimony for you of public feeling in foreign countries, with regard to England; and if I write a book when I get home, I shall call it "Downing Street and the Mediterranean."

When we arrived at Malta, we found there an old two-decker, mounting only six guns, and bearing the flag of the second in command. Our fleet, as I was told triumphantly, was on the coast of Sicily, "preventing the cannibal Neapolitans from devouring the Sicilian patriots." "Goodness gracious!" I exclaimed, "how awful." I soon began to comprehend the grandeur of our position, however, and I rejoiced that here, at least, I should have the satisfaction of hearing my dear country lauded. "Here," I reflected, with growing exultation, "my national vanity will not suffer as it has done elsewhere, for I shall not hear the alleged political blunders of England constantly arrayed against me;" and I was not deceived in this my expectation. Enthusiasm met me on all sides. I was told, when it was mentioned where the admiral was, and what he was doing, that we "hold the shield of philanthropy over the devoted victims of tyranny;" "that the thirty millions sterling, voted for the emancipation of the West Indian slaves, was nothing to this." I wished for a few of our detractors to hear this. What could they have said against this vaunted magnanimity of England? Could they have denied that "the modern Nero of Naples has found out that England will not stand by to see him butcher, in cold blood, the votaries of national independence?" But stop—let me see—how is this? There is something wrong here—I must have been mistaken, or my information about

the English interference in Sicily must have been garbled and incorrect. The Sicilians are the subjects of the King of Naples—yes, to be sure they are—I am so stupid—I am so apt to take things up in a false light. In fact, I am always getting hold of the wrong end of the stick. That Maltese boatman that brought me on shore must have meant that the admiral was helping the King of the Two Sicilies to put a stop to the foolish insurrection, and to restore the beautiful island of Sicily to a state of peace and tranquillity, by defeating the audacious rebels. This is all quite right, and just as it should be. How absurd to think that England could ever act otherwise!

On proceeding up the Nicks Mangiare stairs, I saw an Albanian, or Greek chief, covered with gold lace and embroidery, and followed by a number of wild-looking soldiers, similarly though less magnificently dressed, with their white petticoats and red caps, which carried me back to Pindus and Parnassus.

"Who are these?" I asked of a porter, who was carrying my luggage.

"The Greek patriots, sir," he answered, in Italian, with perfect indifference.

"More patriots!" I exclaimed; "even here I find them! When shall I lose sight of these restless unpleasantnesses?"

Ever eager to acquire new information, I stopped one of the smaller patriots—that is, one of the followers of the very fierce individual who was swaggering on in front, and swinging his arms with imposing gravity, as if he were earnestly engaged in the wholesome exercise called dumbbells, and mustering my purest Athenian, which I had picked up in my three days' residence at the capitol of Greece, I requested to be informed of the name of the person who had passed. "Merenditi!" he replied, with much emphasis; and he looked at me intently, as if he were surprised at my not having tumbled at the sound.

"Oh! very well—Mr. Merenditi," I said; "pray tell Mr. Merenditi that I am Mr. Deaumont, of Clarence Villa, Holly Walk, Elmington, and that I shall have the pleasure of calling on him to-morrow. Good morning to you!"

The Greek gazed at me; but whether it was that he wished to look me down for having taken an unwarrantable liberty, or that he did not understand my pure Athenian, I did not stop to inquire, but hurried after my portmanteau. When I reached the hotel, I rang for the waiter, and asked him if he knew where Mr. Merenditi lived?

"The Greek patriot?" he asked.

"The same," I replied.

"Oh, yes; does milord wish to see him?" he inquired, this being a French house.

"You shall take me to his house to-morrow, as he expects me: and now you may bring me some hot water."

I heard him say to his mistress on the stair, when he left the room, "Mon Dieu! est-il possible? Monsieur est aussi patriote! Cependant il n'en a pas l'air;" and madame ejaculated, in a tone of profound disgust,

"Il ne manquait plus que ça! Même les Anglais se font patriotes à l'heure qu'il est!"

And a few minutes afterwards I heard an order vociferated to the

chambermaid to take hot water for the English patriot to shave with. Have I come to this, after all my travels for the purpose of enlarging my mind? And am I really fallen so low? Here I figure for England, as Raspail and Guerrazzi did for France and Italy! Mazzini says that, after the Rome of the Casars and the Rome of the Popes, there was to be "the Rome of the People;" here am I representing "The Elmington of the People." Dear me, when shall I get out of these dangerous latitudes, where a respectable Englishman, travelling for his instruction, is taken for a patriot?

When I was formerly at Malta, my name had been entered in the books of the Union Club, and as I was most anxious to see a newspaper after my voyage, I lost no time in repairing to it. This is an excellent club. It occupies one of the ancient palaces of the Knights of Malta, and it had apparently been inhabited by those of the French nation, for it is still called "*L'Auberge de Provence*." The rooms are exceedingly handsome, and the whole thing is admirably conducted by the officers of the garrison and the civil servants of the colony, who are the members, travellers and naval officers being received as visiters. I seized a newspaper with avidity, and, as chance would have it, the first thing that caught my eye was the Queen's speech. Holloa! what have we here? Then, it is true enough that our fleet has protected the rebels in Sicily! The Queen says that the King of Naples is cruel and inhuman! And what has she to do with that, even supposing he were? I should like to hear a foreign sovereign animadverting in his speech from the throne on the conduct of the Irish constabulary at Ballingary, in Tipperary. Besides this, is it true that the Neapolitan troops behaved so barbarously at Messina? There is no authentic account of anything of the kind in circulation out here; and if the cabinet has received reports to that effect, let them be produced; but if documents existed which could fully bear them out, they would have been tabled, as ministers do not assume responsibility which can conveniently be fitted on other shoulders. Whether it be true or not that such atrocities were committed, it appears to be but too true that our admiral interfered, and the truth or falsehood of the former statement cannot effect this breach of international law, for nothing can justify an armed intervention without a declaration of war,—and between a king and his subjects, too! This fault has been committed by our admiral,—that is bad; it is approved by the cabinet,—that is very bad; it is sanctioned by the Queen herself, who is made to use an improper and unwarrantable expression of censure on the conduct of an independent sovereign, with whom we are, or ought to be, on amicable terms,—that is very bad indeed; and she has been led into stating what is not true,—oh! that is worst of all! The ministry produce no satisfactory despatch on the subject; *ergo*, none exists: why, then, do they not throw the whole blame on the admiral? Ah! that is the question; and this is the answer, for no other explanation is possible. The cabinet must have expressed to the admiral their wish that all rebels be encouraged and protected, and that all kings should be browbeaten; and now they cannot avoid approving his conduct when he has done so. The admiral's instructions must have been—

"When the people attack their lawful sovereign, cheer them on. When governments attempt to put down insurrections, threaten to fire

upon them, unless they immediately desist from any such *illiberal* pur-  
 ————

Well! well!

On the next day I proceeded to the house where the Greek patriots lived. I was ushered in, and one of the same ferocious-looking persons whom I had seen on the Nicks Mangiare stairs, but not Merenditi, received me. When the door of the room was opened, I felt half-inclined to ask if he were muzzled before I ventured to enter; but I nerved my courage with the thought that I had left Clarence Villa, Holly Walk, Elmington, with the intention of obtaining authentic information on the state of the public mind in the other countries of Europe, and that I must not shrink from any personal risks which might assail me in my self-imposed mission.

I put a bold face upon it, and walked up to the savage. I commenced an opening address in my best Romaic, taking particular care in selecting my expressions, and endeavouring to assume a classic style. The Greek listened to me for some time with great patience, and at length he replied in excellent French and "grasseyant," like a Parisian, that he presumed I was the gentleman who had done him the honour of sending some message on the previous day by one of his people, but that the officer had not had the good fortune to comprehend a single word that I had said, and as he now was himself the victim of a similar misfortune, and of the same "guignon," he could only conclude that I must be the identical person. He added, that his "inconcevable désespoir" was further aggravated by his conviction that he would probably even now fail in understanding what I wanted of him, as he had not yet been able to make out even in what language I had done him the honour of addressing him. And this was the savage whom I expected to be a sort of Turk-eater! Why, this was a Parisian "petit-maitre" of the first water! I wondered if he could dance the polka. Who would have thought that the Greeks could have reached so high a stage of civilisation? He was rather discouraging, however, with regard to my proficiency in modern Greek, but he was so exquisitely polite that I forgot my mortified vanity as a linguist, and replied in intelligible French that I was travelling for my instruction, and that having been struck by his appearance in the street, I had called to ask him who he was. He smiled, and told me that he had known some Englishmen, that they were an odd people, but that he did not dislike them personally, although he was now an exile on their account. I begged him to explain the circumstances to me, which he agreed to do; and we sat down most amicably. I could not help congratulating myself on my happy want of bashfulness, and on my peculiar fitness for the enterprise that I had undertaken on quitting Clarence Villa, as it is not every one who could find out how the English could be the cause of a Greek patriot being an exile from his own country.

"In Greece," said my new acquaintance, with the manner of an orator making a speech in a foreign chamber of deputies—"in Greece your government has pursued the policy of personal hatred. It has insulted the king, abused the ministry, threatened the nation for the payment of the loan. The French influence became predominant, chiefly on account of the fear and resentment which you English inspired, and even after

Coletti, the head of the French party, was dead, you continued in the same position as before, powerless and detested."

"Pray come to particulars," I interrupted; and he replied with perfect readiness,

"With all my heart. If you have time and patience to listen to them all, I shall give you as many details as you like."

I begged him to mention one strong instance in support of each of his assertions, and I said that I would then admit them in order as he stated them.

"Very good," he continued. "I said that the English have insulted King Otho—yes, and his queen too; listen: On the national festival, the court is in the habit of repairing to the tomb of Karaiskaki, who was one of the heads of our great revolution. It is on the field of battle where he fell, near the Piræus, and a monument has been erected there to the memory of those who fought for the independence of Greece. On this anniversary the government meets their majesties there in state, and the whole town is collected around them. A funeral oration is pronounced in honour of the martyrs of liberty, and the king and queen receive every possible demonstration of respect and attachment. Well, on one of these occasions, not long ago, the only member of the *corps diplomatique* who did not pay King Otho the compliment of appearing on the ground, was the English minister."

"He might have been indisposed on that day," said I, "and some one of the English legation may have represented him."

"No," replied the Greek; "they must all have had bad colds. There was a British squadron lying at the Piræus; not one officer, not even a common sailor was at the festival. Several French men-of-war were also at anchor there, and many of their officers were to be seen in the circle round the monument, while the crowd behind was full of French sailors. The French admiral had his largest line-of-battle-ship moored as near the spot as possible, for the purpose of firing a royal salute when the king and queen reached the ground; and all his ships, as well as an Austrian man-of-war, which happened to be in the harbour, were dressed in their colours. No salute was fired by the English, and not a flag was to be seen on their ships but their ordinary ensigns and union-jacks. There was something else to be seen, however, on their rigging, which was certainly a most delicate attention to a queen and to a lady—this was the dirty linen of the squadron."

"Oh, come," I said, "you give a forced interpretation to a very innocent circumstance; it was probably their washing-day."

"Very likely," he replied; "and the English would not join in an act of courtesy shown by two other nations to a crowned head because it was their washing-day, which they had not the power to alter—and I suppose it was your ambassador's washing-day, too!"

"Some mistake, you may depend upon it; but you said that our cabinet had abused the Greek ministry," added I, anxious to change the subject; "misunderstandings, such as the one you have just mentioned, cannot occur in official correspondence, for written communications are too plain to be misapprehended."

"Oh, yes, you are quite right; they are far too plain to be misapprehended. You shall see. Last year, our foreign ministry had received



reports of the consul at Prevesa having shown favour and protection to General Grivas, who was a rebel and an outlaw, and who was suspected of being engaged in the Turkish provinces organising some scheme against the peace and tranquillity of Greece. He frankly communicated the report to your government. If it was false, as it most probably was, your government might have denied it, and there would have been an end of it, but your foreign secretary seized this opportunity for addressing a note to our ministry, as unusual, in the annals of diplomacy, from its manner as by its contents. He bluntly informed the Greek government, that anything which might disturb the tranquillity of the country would be the necessary consequence of their inefficiency; and he implied that the people would act perfectly justifiably if they took up arms against such a government. This was couched in terms so harsh and ungracious, and it was an act of such palpable encouragement to insurrection, that no cabinet can be borne out in treating another thus; unless, indeed, as happened in this instance, the power of the insulter and the weakness of the insulted secured impunity to the former; but the glory acquired is only that of the great bully throwing his fists in the face of some small boy, who had begged him not to tread on his toes. Had the cabinet of a more powerful country received such a despatch, the only answer would have been the forwarding the passports of your ambassador, and the placing an immediate embargo on your ships; but *we* must grin and bear it."

"I cannot understand this in the least," I said; "you tell me that the English encouraged insurrection in Greece; if I am not mistaken, you were yourself an insurgent; how is it, then, that you complain of the conduct of England towards Greece?"

"I was an insurgent," he answered; "General Griziotis also raised a revolt; General Grivas another; so did Colonel Pharmaco and Colonel Papa Costa, besides Lysandro and Peroti, who headed the insurrections of Pyrgus and Calamata; we are all of us refugees, some here, some in Turkey, and some in the Ionian Islands; ask them what they say of the English policy. We were all devoted to England, and we now say that Greece has not a greater enemy than your secretary of state for foreign affairs. *Nous savons à quoi nous en tenir*, we know what reliance is to be placed on him, but he will not find that Greeks can be made fools of twice. That statesman has ruined the English party in Greece; it can hardly be said to exist now; and the English name is execrated by us, because we have smarted for our credulity. I know several individuals, however, who are personally respected and esteemed; among whom, the English minister at Athens occupies the first place, as he is not responsible for the instructions he receives from his superior; and I hope you will allow me to add your name to the list of Englishmen for whom I feel the highest regard;" and he concluded, after making this complimentary speech in the most insinuating manner.

I now begged him to tell me the circumstances which made him quit his country; and he proceeded to relate them to me in the following words: "Some of the principal inhabitants of the town of Patras were connected with the English party, and they informed several of the officers of the regiment of light infantry in garrison there, that the citizens would join in a revolt against the government if they would

commence it. After much consultation it was agreed on, and the day was fixed. But the authorities had got wind of it in the mean time, and an order was sent to arrest Merenditi, who was one of the captains. I happened to arrive at Patras at this time, and, hearing these circumstances, I went to find him, as I was one of those who had been attached to the English influence. Merenditi immediately got a few of his men to follow him, and went to the house of his commanding officer, who was not one of the conspirators. He made a prisoner of him, and, taking the regimental colours, he turned out the garrison. The soldiers followed him, as they had already been tampered with, and they took possession of the house of the acting governor, who had fled. They next seized the treasury and the national bank, and after a few days they succeeded in making themselves masters of the fort, which had been held for the government by a small detachment of troops of the line. They provisioned it, and placed it in a state to stand a siege. In the mean time the authorities were taking no steps against them, and it was not known where the acting governor had gone to. The townspeople, however, did not join the insurgents as they had promised, and they commenced negotiations through the foreign consuls to induce the rebels to evacuate the place. The latter threatened to burn and pillage the town, in the hope of thus obtaining a large sum from the citizens, and also out of revenge for their having abandoned the cause. A sum was at length stipulated, and Merenditi with his people was about to embark on board H.M.S. *Spitfire*, which was at anchor in the roadstead, when the acting governor entered the town at the head of several hundred armed peasants whom he had raised in the villages, and attacked them."

"This was indeed strange," I remarked, interrupting him. "The people were fighting for the government against the troops; this was reversing the usual order of insurrections, but it certainly furnishes a striking test of the state of matters in Greece. Pray go on."

"A sharp skirmish took place in the streets," continued my informant, "and Merenditi getting the worst of it, retreated towards the shore. The *Spitfire's* boats were sent, and he commenced embarking under the fire of the governor's party. I saw all this; and, perceiving that something very serious would probably come of it, as here was the British flag fired at, when a man-of-war was openly taking off a party of rebels, whom the authorities were evidently defeating, I thought I would do well to get on board the *Spitfire* also. I was known to be of the English party, and I had been seen with Merenditi before this revolt, so that it was wiser for me to get myself under the protection of the strongest side. The insurgents all embarked and were carried off in spite of the protest of the governor, who complained of a friendly power thus screening malefactors from the ends of justice, and of their having landed guns and marines, a party of whom were even left at Patras when the *Spitfire* sailed."

"What! Do you mean to say," I exclaimed, "that we landed troops and cannon?"

"Yes," he replied; "but it was done on the plea of protecting the consulate and the Ionian bank, in which English capital was exposed."

"Oh, but I must differ from you here," I remarked, "although you are defending the conduct of my countrymen; but in the present times there have been frequent cases of British lives and property being en-

dangered by insurrections, and I have never heard of an armed intervention on foreign territory without a declaration of war. There is something wrong here; our ministry have committed themselves if they have allowed this conduct towards Greece."

"But to proceed," rejoined the Greek. "The governor also protested against the *Spitfire* carrying off the money belonging to the treasury and the Greek national bank, but he was not then aware that the greatest part of it had remained at Patras, as Merenditi had not had time to get it on board."

"And where was it left?" I asked.

"At the British consulate," he answered.

"Oh dear, oh dear, this is very sad; but what became of it?"

"It has been given to Merenditi," said he, "by the English government, on the pretext that it had been paid by the citizens as a ransom to bribe the insurgents to leave the town."

"But I thought you told me that they were driven out by the acting governor," I objected.

"So they were," he answered; "but they had agreed to go before they were forced to do so."

"Oh, what a paltry quibble!" I could not help exclaiming; "well, *you* at least have no reason to complain against the English."

"Yes I have. What good has all this done us? I am an exile, and though you receive me in your colony here, I would much rather that you had let me alone in my own country, and not have excited the Greeks to revolt, by sending notes to King Otho, in which it is said they have much reason to rise against him. Depend upon it, such policy can never prosper with any nation, however powerful it may be, because it is not founded on good principles or on good feelings; and if your countrymen support an unprincipled and an unfeeling minister, they must expect to lose their credit with other nations."

I confess I could find nothing to say in answer to this; but then I never do succeed in defending the policy of my country. It must be my own fault, for I am sure it is not possible that we should always be in the wrong—that we should always be out—unless, indeed, it be because the present ministry are always in. At all events, I left my Greek friend rather abashed, and I began to think that I would have had a better opinion of my country if I had never left Clarence Villa, Holly Walk, Elmington, for now that I had found out what sort of foreign policy we follow, I could not help accusing the nation of indifference to their own honour and interests by keeping their present foreign secretary in their cabinet.

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**ON THE ADVANTAGES AND PRACTICABILITY  
OF FORMING A JUNCTION BETWEEN  
THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.**

IN LETTERS FROM DR. HAMILTON, OF PLYMOUTH, TO S. BANISTER, ESQ.

**LETTER IV.**

Mr. Lang, the German Traveller—Mr. Hopkins's Map—Review of the Advantages presented by the Cupicà Line—Productions of the Country: Gold, Platina, Timber—List of some of the Principal Timbers, with the Weight of a Cubic Foot of each, and the Uses to which they are most commonly applied—List of some of the principal Palm Trees, and the Uses that are made of them—Mr. Higson's Account of the Cow Trees of the Chocò and Popayan—How the Jaguars, or American Tigers, obtain the Milk of the Pupa, and fatten upon it—Wild Hogs of Jamaica; how they taught the Inhabitants the sanative Properties of the Resinous Juice of the *Rhus Metopium*, or Hog Gum Tree—Silkworm of Casanare—Letter of Don Manuel Maria Quijano.

I HAD hoped to have been able to add to the evidence in favour of the line of communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific across the Isthmus of Cupicà, the results of a personal survey made of that line by a gentleman of the name of Lang, who has travelled over it for the express purpose of observation, and whose qualifications for that purpose are, as I have been assured, of the very highest order.

This gentleman, a native of Germany, has been represented to me not only as a traveller, planter, and engineer, but as a medical and theological scholar, and hence, from the extent, no less than the variety, of his attainments, not likely to overlook any matter of importance. His observations derive an additional value, and would be entitled to additional confidence from these circumstances, but, unfortunately, no record of the paper which he read on the subject before the Royal Geographical Society, has, as far as I can learn, been deposited among the archives of that learned and useful body, nor have I been able to meet with any whose recollections can supply a particle of the information he communicated.\*

Another disappointment has awaited me in the delay which continues to take place in the long-promised publication of Mr. Hopkins's valuable Map and Memoir, spoken of in my last, and through whose aid I had hoped to have been enabled to fill up what was yet doubtful or defective in the evidence I have produced.

That evidence, however, as far as it goes, must, I think, be deemed conclusive and satisfactory, and convince the most incredulous that there do not exist on this line any difficulties which cannot easily be surmounted, while it offers advantages not easily to be surpassed in any other direction.

The bar at the mouth of the Atrato is the only obstacle† to the entrance of the largest ships employed in the ordinary occupations of traffic; and this obstacle removed, which there does not appear to be the slightest difficulty in effecting, there does not occur a single obstruction to their

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\* Dr. Hamilton has been misinformed as to a paper having been read before the Royal Geographical Society by Mr. Lang. Mr. Lang's communication was a mere verbal statement made to Dr. Norton Shaw, the secretary of the society, and hence it is that we have not been able to obtain any information in respect to his observations.—(Ed. *N. M.*)

† See the evidence of the "Reverberacion Mercantil del Atrato," at page 450 of the *New Monthly* for August, 1850; and that of Mr. Watts, at page 37, of the number for September.

ascent of the Atrato to a distance far beyond the confluence of the Napipi. This latter river has, according to Mr. Watts, a breadth of at least 300 feet, at the point of its junction with the Atrato. Its current, like that of the Atrato, which it feeds, is gentle, except during freshes, and free from other obstacles than those of logs and branches of trees, which may be readily removed, and prevented from again forming obstructions in the channel, for at least the first half of its course; and although the depth of water decreases and the velocity of the current is accelerated from thence to the *desembarcadere* at the Tambo de Antado, the summit level of the water-shed, the water could no doubt be preserved at any required level by the construction of locks, in such number and of such magnitude as the circumstances of the navigation call for.\*

The altitude of the water-shed above the Pacific does not exceed, according to Mr. Wood, of the *Pandora*,† 250 feet, or, according to Mr. Coutin,‡ 150 feet; while the distance from the Pacific can hardly amount to ten miles, since he performed the entire distance on foot in less than two hours; and the ascent is so imperceptible, that he spoke of it as a perfect level. Taking the mean of these two estimates of elevation at 200 feet, and the distance at ten miles, or 52,800 feet, we shall have a slope of about twenty feet to the mile, an ascent so gradual as to be imperceptible to the unassisted eye.

Indeed, a slope more than double what I have assumed becomes all but insensible on such a distance. In a note at the foot of the 249th page of the sixth volume of his "Personal Narrative," Humboldt observes: "A slow ascent, of from forty to fifty toises, may, indeed, become at length insensible. I found the great square of Lima eighty-eight toises above the waters of the South Sea, yet, in going from Callao to Lima, this difference of level is scarcely perceived on a distance half as great as that from Cupicà to the Embarcadador of the Rio Napipi." A French toise being equal to 6.3945 English feet, an altitude of eighty-eight toises is equal to 562,716 English feet, which would give a slope of nearly 13.33 feet in every thousand, or 70.34 feet in a mile.

Even assuming the distance between the Bay of Cupicà and the Embarcadador to be only five miles—an assumption probably as much within, as the other may have been beyond the truth—the slope would not exceed forty feet to the mile, or 22.73 feet to every thousand yards.

The ascent from Plympton to the Ivybridge station on the South Devon line of railway, roughly estimated by the aneroid barometer, appears to be about  $381\frac{1}{2}$  feet upon a length of 6.75 miles; giving a slope of 56.53 feet to the mile, or 32.12 feet to every thousand yards; yet the time allowed for the ascent between these two points by the time-tables of the company is 22 minutes for the mail train in the evening, and 17 minutes for the descent of the same train in the morning; and I have myself reached Plympton from the Ivybridge station in ten minutes, or at the rate of a mile in 88.9 seconds; and I have known the entire distance of 11.75 miles from Ivybridge, to the terminus in Plymouth, performed in 25 minutes, including a stop of 10 minutes at the Plympton, or Colebrooke, station, leaving only 15 minutes for the time actually occupied in the transit, or at the rate of a mile in 76.6 seconds.

But we can hardly suppose that Mr. Wood walked so slow as to travel

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\* *New Monthly* for August, page 447.

† *New Monthly* for September, page 40.

‡ *New Monthly* for August, page 447.

over only two miles and a half an hour; and we may more fairly estimate his speed at something about four miles an hour; no extreme speed for a young and active officer, even within seven degrees of the line, but newly landed from his ship, and possessing, in unimpaired vigour, all that freshness and elasticity, mental and corporeal, for which naval officers are so pre-eminently distinguished. We may, therefore, without much danger of over-estimating the distance, assume it to be somewhere about eight miles, or less than half the length assigned to it by Don Ignacio Pombo, in his letter of February, 1803, to Baron Humboldt,\* where he says, "There are only from five to six leagues from that port (Cupicà) to the Embarcadere of Rio Naipi, and the whole territory is a plain."

An ascent of 200 feet on a distance of eight miles gives a slope of about 25 feet in a mile, or 14.21 feet in every 1000 yards; a rate of slope which presents no engineering difficulties to the formation either of a carriage-road, railway, or canal, of whatever dimensions might be deemed desirable.

We learn from Humboldt,† that between July, 1821, and June, 1823, a period of twenty-four months, 216 vessels sailed from the two ports of London and Liverpool alone;‡ to which, if we add for the other ports of the United Kingdom, especially Glasgow, the trade of which falls little, if at all, short of that of Liverpool, only the moderate allowance of ten per cent., we shall have a total amount of 237 or 238 ships trading to India and China: of these, two-thirds, or about 158, were under 660 tons each; one-fourth, between 900 and 1540; and one-seventh, below 440 tons; giving a mean tonnage of 759. However, as a ship canal connecting the two oceans ought to be adapted for the passage of vessels of the largest tonnage usually employed in the British trade with the East, the depth of water in such a canal should be at least twenty feet, and its breadth at the bottom at least fifty feet; the cost of which, upon an almost imperceptible slope of eight miles, with, what we have every reason for believing to be principally, an alluvial soil, no engineer, acquainted with the cost and capabilities of labour within the tropics, can have much difficulty in calculating.

The canal connecting the navigation of the Forth with that of the Clyde, between the mouth of the Carron on the east, and Dalnure Burntfoot, six miles below Glasgow, on the west, has a total length of thirty-five miles, with a summit level of 160 feet, which is surmounted by means of thirty-nine locks, of which twenty are on the east, and nineteen on the west side of the highest point, in consequence of the tide ebbing nine feet lower in the Forth than in the Clyde. But the summit level is by no means situated at the central point between the two extremes, nor is the ascent or descent at all regular; the number of locks being only six in the three first miles, while the fourth mile has no fewer than ten, and the next six miles gain the highest level, with only four locks; indicating an ascent of forty-eight feet in the first three miles, or sixteen feet per mile; eighty feet in the fourth mile, or above forty-five feet and a half in 1000 yards; and in the next and last six miles, the ascent does not exceed thirty-two feet, or only five feet four inches per mile; after which it has a level course of eighteen miles without a lock: hence, but seven miles remain, having a descent of 151 feet, by nineteen locks; or above

\* "Personal Narrative," vi., page 251.

† "Personal Narrative," vi., page 271.

‡ Return of East India Shipping, laid before parliament in 1823.

twenty-one feet and a half per mile. But it was not merely with the difficulties of the slope, but with a multitude of others no less serious, that the constructors of this work had to contend. The canal had to be carried through moss, quicksands, gravel, and rocks, over precipices and across valleys, in the course of which, besides a multitude of smaller ones, eighteen drawbridges and fifteen aqueducts, with several tunnels, had to be constructed; and the work was not completed till after twenty-two years of labour,\* and an expenditure of upwards of 200,000*l.*, or above 512*l.* per mile.

Compare the difficulties which industry and perseverance have succeeded in overcoming in the construction of this canal, with the almost total absence of difficulties which present themselves in the almost perfectly level tract between the banks of the Napipi and the shores of the Pacific, where but few locks would be required, no land would have to be purchased at a ruinous cost from greedy proprietors, and no drawbridges or aqueducts would have to be constructed. The balance, it must be admitted, preponderates enormously in favour of Cupicà.

With respect to the Napipi, we have a canal of about thirty-six miles in length, ready formed by the hand of Nature, and only calling for a comparatively small amount of labour and skill from man to widen and deepen its channel, to remove the trifling obstructions which have accumulated in its bed through ages of neglect, to regulate the flow of water at all times and under all circumstances of drought or flood, and to form one or more capacious reservoirs to supply water when deficient, and to receive it when redundant. The fittest situations for these reservoirs will readily suggest themselves to the experience of the engineer. But there is one commanding situation for a reservoir adapted to the supply of both sides of the slope, so plainly pointed out by Nature, that even a novice in the art of engineering, like myself, cannot fail to detect it.

On referring to the article, already so repeatedly quoted from the Quibdo paper,† it will be seen that, after ceasing to be navigable at the Tambo de Antado, about twelve leagues from its confluence with the Atrato, the Napipi continues its course in the direction of the Pacific, till it reaches to within a distance of two leagues and a half. Now, this upper course of the river, besides supplying the lower part of its channel with the requisite amount of water for the purposes of navigation, might easily be rendered tributary to a capacious reservoir, adapted to receive and retain its surplus supply, and which, being situated at the summit of the water-shed, could, with equal facility, be diverted to either side of the declivity, as the necessities of the navigation demanded. From this point the descent to the Pacific is so gentle, that instead of occupying, as the Quibdo editor supposes, six or seven hours for the transit, we have the word of a British officer for his having performed the whole distance in less than two hours: while he is totally silent, not only as to the ridges, of which Captain Cochrane speaks, but even the few mounds noticed by the “*Reverberacion*.”

With respect to the Bay of Cupicà, we have the evidence of the late Lieutenant Charles Friend as to its beauty,‡ and that of Señor Coutin§

\* The Forth and Clyde Canal was commenced in 1768, by Mr. Smeaton, and not completed before 1790.

† *New Monthly* for August, p. 450.

‡ *Ibid*, July, p. 371.

§ *Ibid*, August, p. 447.

as to its security, as a harbour for shipping; being protected at its entrance from the action of the winds in the offing by some islets, forming a natural breakwater at its entrance, capable of further improvement, or of being fortified against surprise, if necessary, and possessing the additional recommendation of having an abundant supply of fresh water.

Independent of these advantages, the Bay of Cupicà possesses the further recommendation of its geographical position at the entrance of the Bay of Panama; an advantage which enables ships to enter or depart without having to contend with the contrary winds and shallow waters, together with the number of small islands which crowd the bottom of the bay and embarrass its navigation, especially by vessels of considerable burden and great draught of water. But these are advantages which will appear in a more prominent point of view when we come to examine the merits of the line at the western extremity of the isthmus, which has so long engrossed the attention of the commercial and political world, both in Europe and America.

At a time when the general attention of the civilised world is directed towards the abridgment of the distance between the fertile islands of the East and the shores bathed by the waters of the Atlantic, by some one or other of the many lines of communication which have been suggested for connecting the two mighty oceans of the Atlantic and Pacific across the central portion of the continent of America, it is somewhat remarkable that a line so singularly easy of execution, and so strongly recommended by one of the very first philosophers of his age, should have been so completely overlooked. This may be in some degree accounted for by the profound state of ignorance which has hitherto prevailed with respect to the whole of the regions through which it passes. This ignorance, however, cannot fail to be dispelled in a great degree by the publication of the Map and Memoir promised by Mr. Hopkins; but which, I regret to learn, cannot be looked for till long after the time at which the information they must contain can be of any use to me. The unavoidable delay in their appearance is, however, a favourable circumstance for the interests of Great Britain, by keeping the adventurers of other countries from anticipating us in the occupation of what I cannot but regard as the line easiest of completion and the most eligible, under every variety of circumstance, of any that has been hitherto proposed.

The Chrysomania, to which the discovery of the mineral riches of California has given birth in the minds of our transatlantic brethren, has shed a new ray of interest over the problem of a more rapid communication between the eastern and western shores of the American continent; and various have been the efforts of the citizens of the United States to secure to themselves the exclusive property of whatever line may be ultimately carried into effect. As far as regards the much-spoken of line by the Rio San Juan and the Lake of Nicaragua, the vigilance of British diplomacy has, for the present at least, circumvented those designs.\*

But while we have thus secured that single line from the grasping spirit of monopoly, which might exercise its powers to the prejudice of our national interests, we should not lose sight of the opportunity of securing to our commerce a channel of communication with our Indian and Australian colonies, which offers itself to our acceptance without the interference of foreign competition.

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\*A copy of the treaty on this subject between Great Britain and the United States will be given when we come to the examination of the Nicaraguan line.



The region through which the line proposed would have to be carried is rich in materials for profitable commerce, and, in addition to the advantage of opening a more direct and unbroken line of communication with our oriental possessions, would lay open the whole western coast of South America to the enterprise of our merchants, and carry the blessing of civilisation, industry, and improvement to regions unexplored as yet by other footsteps than those of the unreclaimed Indian, or savage beasts of prey.

To the inhabitants of Carthagera, the establishment of this line of communication with the western shores of Peru and Chili would be productive of advantages the extent of which surpasses the powers of calculation, and would convert, as was the case with Alexandria of old, that city into the grand emporium of the wealth of two hemispheres.

To the inhabitants of Peru and Chili it would open a direct and profitable intercourse with Europe, diverting the tide of emigration into their remote and unfrequented solitudes; converting their vast and shady forests from seats of pestilence, and haunts of wild beasts and loathsome reptiles, into mines of wealth and sources of industry. Towns would spring up where now eternal silence reigns. Golden harvests\* would wave where now the worthless cashaw (*Acacia tortuosa*), the neglected logwood (*Hæmatoxylon campechiense*), the prickly pear (*Cactus opuntia*), and other productions of untamed nature cumber the soil, and afford shelter to reptiles, not benefit to man. The treasures which sleep in undisturbed security beneath the depths of the soil—the gems which sparkle in useless brilliancy within the deep recesses of unexplored caverns—would all be laid bare to the eye of day, and made to minister to the wants and elegances of society. The platina of the Chocò and Barbacoas\* would enter into successful competition with that of the Ural Mountains, and Russia would lose her present monopoly of that metal, so valuable for the various purposes of civilised man. The gold of La Marea, near Chapiganà, above the mouth of the Tuyra, which falls into the south-eastern angle of the Golfo de San Miguel, and the gold washings of the Sucio, which blends its waters with those of the Atrato, a little lower down than the Napipi, flowing from the unexplored heights of the mountains of Antioquia, would rival perhaps in point of fame the gold diggings of California, or the storied visions of the El Dorado of Raleigh.

The forests of the Chocò abound in trees, multitudes of which would be highly prized if once made known in the European markets, either for their timber, their fruits, or their gums. Among these I may name the Neenecuca; a tree of which I was unable to obtain any specimens of fruit, flowers, leaves, or timber, and cannot, therefore, hazard any conjecture as to the genus to which it belongs; but in a list of forty-eight different kinds of timber found in the forests of the Chocò, and employed for various purposes by the natives, which my kind friend, Mr. Watts, when consul at Carthagera, transmitted to me in his letter of the 24th of January, 1828, it is spoken of as being highly prized for the beauty of its heart, which is employed for the manufacture of walking-sticks, the price of which is said to vary from eight to sixteen dollars, according to the beauty of their marking. This timber would, no doubt, be highly prized by the cabinet-makers of London, Paris, and Vienna.

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\* Barbacoas, in the north-west part of Columbia, adjoining the Isthmus of Panama, is reputed rich in platina and other mineral treasures.

The following are the native names and uses of a few of the forty-eight kinds of timber contained in the list furnished by Mr. Watts, with the weight of the cubic foot of each in avoirdupoise pounds and decimal parts :\*

NATIVE NAME.	CUBIC FOOT.	GENUS.	Uses, &c.
	lbs.		
1. Druny.....	71.0013	....	A hard wood : possibly a Sloanea.
2. Guayacan colorado..	70.607	Zygophyllum ?	} Both these are extremely hard and durable timbers.
3.        "        guagara ..	70.171	ditto.	
4. Clavellino .....	60.886	Brownea.	A beautiful timber resembling rose-wood.
5. Guayaba del monte..	54.502	Psidium ?	A fine timber, not in general use.
6. Cabo del hacha ....	53.344	....	Ditto, used for axe handles, lances, &c.
7. Chiboga .....	52.849	....	Ditto, used for the largest canoes.
8. Guayacan negro .....	51.443	....	A good durable timber for building, &c.
9. Curabano .....	50.483	Zygophyllum ?	A good timber.
10. Nicaragua .....	49.474	....	Used for the largest canoes.
11. Genoni .....	48.632	....	A most magnificent and durable timber.
12. Capitan .....	39.545	Acacia ?	A fine wood—canoes, &c.
13. Canaleti .....	39.545	....	Valuable for canoe paddles, &c.
14. Turabi .....	31.804	....	Canoes, door-posts, &c.
15. Encibi .....	31.290	....	Ditto, ditto.
16. Caydita .....	29.685	Quercus ?	Ditto.
17. Canaleti var. ....	23.607	....	....
18. Cedar .....	24.4	Cedrela ?	Resists insects, &c.
19. Chochar .....	unknown.	....	A magnificent tree, with purple blossoms—hard.
20. Orejuela (in Panama it is called Curato) ..	ditto.	Acacia ?	A durable timber, said to resist both fresh and salt-water worms.

Among the palms may be noticed the following :†

1. Chontaduro. A thorny palm at from forty to sixty feet. The fruit, which grows in a raceme, is smaller than that of the *Cocos nucifera*. The outer pulp, inclosing the seeds, is much esteemed by the natives, who eat it either raw or boiled. The timber is used for the principal posts of houses, &c. It is from this palm chiefly that the Indians make their blow-pipes, bows, and arrow-heads ; probably a *Bactris*.

2. Guegaro. Resembling the last, but bearing four racemes of scarlet berries, greedily devoured by macaws, &c. The stem hard and durable, and used in building.

3. Quitasoe. A beautiful and lofty palm, with fan-shaped fronds. The trunk deprived of its pith, and flattened, forms the palm-planks employed for the flooring and partitions of houses.

4. Milpeso. A noble and valuable palm rising to 100 feet, and furnished with large and spreading fronds, the under-surface of which is white and ribbed ; the unexpanded frond makes a delicious cabbage, highly prized. The fruit is much eaten by the natives ; and the trunk is used in building.

5. Barrigona. Known by the peculiar swelling of the trunk. The outside of the stem is used for planks, and the light spongy heart for the construction of rafts, for use where canoes could not be employed.

6. Corazo. A species probably of *Bactris* ; the pulpy covering of the fruit is eaten, and the shell nut made into rings, boxes, and other toys.

7. Antar. A palm, the fronds of which rise from the trunk a few feet only from the ground, having at their base an irregular protuberance, covered with quincunx markings, containing the seeds, which, when young and pulpy, are used for food.

\* Botanical Correspondence, MS., p. 68. These weights were determined from specimens sent by Mr. Watts from Carthage, in 1828.

† Botanical Correspondence, MS., p. 66.

8. Taparo. A palm with a dwarf trunk, and large and lofty fronds,\* from the centre of which springs the spadix bearing the nuts, which resemble those of the cocoa-nut, but are smaller; the kernel is eaten.

9. Cabeza negra. A fine and valuable palm; the fronds, which make durable and excellent thatch, appear curled; before being expanded their cabbage is much prized. The trunk is used for planks and posts.

10. Barboso. A small thorny palm, with a trunk of about twenty feet, crowned with fan-shaped fronds. The fruit grows on a large spadix, and is employed, when steeped in water, to intoxicate fish, like the berries of the Pie-crust, or Barbasco (*Jacquinea armillaris*), so common in the West Indies, and from which probably it derives its name.

The first of these palms is the "Chontaduro trunco aculeis borrido, ex fructibus succulentis escam omnibus (præter unam Musam paradisiacam) præstantem largiens," spoken of by Humboldt, at p. 232 of his "Prolegomena."† And Mr. Higson, in a letter to Mr. Watts, of the date of the 16th of May, 1824, of which I have preserved a copy in my "Botanical Correspondence," says: "The fruit of the Chontaduro, boiled, constitutes one-half of the food of the population, as does the Milpeso (his Chimú, or Seje) for drink; the nuts making an oily milk. The former has not the flavour of the banana at all; is very farinaceous, and I think his Pihigüao confounded with it. The Chirassa and Corazo are there, and the Scamfra, producing very abundantly seeds like the cones of the larch pine, and yielding oil. The Barrigo (Barrigona?) of which all the floors of their houses are made, and a dozen varieties of the Thrinax, with which they are covered, must meet pretty well the rest of the list.‡

The Pihigüao, alluded to in the above extract by Mr. Higson, is also mentioned by Humboldt, at p. 226 of his "Prolegomena," as totally distinct from the Chontaduro of the Chocó, where, however, it is far from improbable that both may be found:§

"Pirijao vel Pihigüao,|| trunco aculeato, foliolis membranæis, undulator crispis, singulis racemis 50 vel 80 fructus largiens pomiformes, speciosisimos, flavos, maturitate rubescentes, plerumque abortu apyrenos, 2-3 pollicares, coctos vel assos alimentum præbentes, Musæ et Solani tuberosi modo, farinosum, saluberrimum. Cultam vidimus procerrimam hanc palmam in ripa Orinoci et Atahapi, propter pagos San Balthazar et Santa Barbara. An novum genus?"

According to Mr. Higson, the Milpeso of the foregoing list is the same

\* Humboldt speaks of these as resembling the leaves of the *Yucca*, and very naturally asks whether it can "Palmarum tribui vere adscribenda?"

† De Distributione Geographica Plantarum, secundum cœli temperiem, et altitudinem montium, Prolegomena. Lutetiæ Parisiorum, 1817.

‡ Bot. Corr., p. 5.

§ The Pirijao of Humboldt is referred by Sprengel, in his edition of "Linnæus's Genera Plantarum" [Gottingæ, 1830], to the *GULIELMA* of Spix and Martius, in their "Palmae Brasiliensis," t. 66, 67, of which the following are the generic characters:—

1477. *GULIELMA*. Mart. [1824].

Flores androgyni, sessiles, bracteolati. Spatha duplex.

Calyx ♂ trifidus, ♀ annuliformis.

Corolla ♂ tripetala, ♀ campanulata.

Stigmata sessilia.

Drupa, cujus putamen in vertice poros tres habet stellatos. Albumen æquabile. Embryo intra poros.

\* Spr. Linn. Gen. 1, p. 285. Palma Pirijao, Humb. Nov. Gen. 1, p. 315.

|| Humb. Ansichten der Natur, p. 300.

with the Seje, also noticed by Humboldt, at p. 225 of his "Prolegomena," as follows:—

"Seje (in lingua Tamanacorum; Quanamari et Chimu;\* *Maypurensium* Puperr). Orinocensibus celebrata ob fructus quorum plus octo millia in singulo racemo; oleum, sal (Chivi) et lac largiens: a cocoe butyracea, Mut. ut mihi quidem videtur diversa. Deprehendimus hanc palmam in altitudinem 60-70 pedum emicantem, propter cataractas Guarinumæ, in ripas fluminis Atabapi, et inter Javitam et Caño Pimichin. Crescit quoque, teste Gilio, ad confluentem Auvanæ et Sipapi, ad orientem cataractæ Maypurensium. An nova cocoes species?" Humboldt, however, enumerates the Milpeso as distinct, along with the Taparo of the foregoing list, among the palms of the Chocò: "Palma de mil pesos, oleifera; Taparo, nana, vix 2-3 pedalis, fructibus trilocularibus, magnitudine Cocoes, albumine eduli;" and he adds in a note:—

"An Chonto, vel Chontaduro Chocoensium, a Chonte Peruvianorum (Martinezia† ciliata, Ruiz et Pav.), cui nucleus imperforatus, diversa? An Bactridis species, et quidem B. Gasipaës? An Taparo Chocoensium (supra 8) foliis Yuccæ, Palmarum tribui vere adscribenda?" ‡

But leaving the identity or diversity of these valuable palms to be determined by future observers, when the canal of Cupicà shall have become a matter of history, and the mysterious recesses of the penitus omnino ignotæ Chocò shall have been rendered accessible to travellers of all countries, I shall conclude my notice of this line with a brief account of the milk-trees of the Chocò, and the silkworm of the Casanare.

Mr. Higson, in the letter already quoted, informs Mr. Watts that he met with two species of cow-tree, which he states to be abundant in the deep and humid woods of the provinces of Chocò and Popayan. In an extract from his diary, dated Ysconde, May 7, 1822, he gives an account of an excursion he made, about twelve miles up the river, in company with the alcaide and two other gentlemen, in quest of some of these milk-trees, one species of which, known to the inhabitants by the name of Popa, yields, during the ascent of the sap, a redundancy of a nutritive milky juice, obtained by incisions made into the thick bark which clothes the trunk, and which he describes as of an ash colour externally, while the interior is of a clay red. Instinct, or some natural power closely approaching to the reasoning principle, has taught the jaguars, and other wild beasts of the forest, the value of this milk, which they obtain by lacerating the bark with their claws and catching the milk as it flows from the incisions. A similar instinct prevails among the hogs that have become wild in the forests of Jamaica, where a species of *Rhus*, the *Rhus metopium* of botanists, grows, the bark of which, on being wounded, yields a resinous juice, possessing many valuable medicinal properties, and among them that of rapidly cicatrizing wounds. How this

\* Chimu vocatur varietas fructu minore; Quanamari, fructu majore.

† The generic character of *Martinezia* is given by Sprengel as follows:—

1482. MARTINEZIA. Ruiz et Pav. Prodr., t. 32 (1794).

Flores androgyni, sessiles.

Calyx trisepalus. Corolla tripetala.

In floribus femineis cylindrus membranaceus subsexdentatus ovarium ambiens (stamina abortientia?).

Stigmata sessilia.

Drupa monosperma. Albumen æquabile. Embryo?

‡ "Prol.," p. 232.

valuable property was first discovered by the hogs, or by what peculiar interchange of ideas the knowledge of it was communicated by the happy individual who made it, to his fellow hogs, is a problem which, in the absence of some porcine historiographer, we have little prospect of solving. But, however this may be, the fact is sufficiently notorious in Jamaica, where the wild hogs, when wounded, seek out one of these trees, which, from the first discoverers of its sanative properties, have been named "Hog Gum Trees," and, abrading the bark with their teeth, rub the wounded part of their bodies against it, so as to coat the wound with a covering of the gummy, or rather gum-resinous, fluid that exudes from the bark. In like manner, as Mr. Higson informs us, the jaguars, instructed in the nutritious properties of the potable juice of the Popa, jump up against the stem and, lacerating the bark with their claws, greedily catch the liquid nectar as it issues from the wound. By a strange perverseness of his nature, man, in the pride of his heart and the intoxication of his vanity, spurns this delicious beverage, which speedily fattens all who feed on it, and contents himself with using it, when inspissated by the sun, as a bird-lime to catch parrots; or converting it into a glue, which withstands humidity, by boiling it with the gum of the mangle-tree (*Sapium aucuparium?*), tempered with wood ashes. Mr. Higson states that they caught plenty of the milk, which was of the consistence of cream, of a bland and sweetish taste, and a somewhat aromatic flavour, and so white as to communicate a tolerably permanent stain wherever it fell; it mixed with spirit as readily as cow's milk, and made, with the addition of water, a very agreeable and refreshing beverage, of which they drank several tutumos\* full. They cut down a tree, one of the tallest of the forest, in order to procure specimens, and found the timber white, of a fine grain, and well adapted for boards or shingles. They were about a month too late to obtain the blossoms, which were said to be very showy, but found abundance of fruit, disposed on short footstalks in the axæ of the leaves; these were scabrous, and about the size of a nutmeg. The leaves he describes as having very short petioles, hearted at the base, and of a coriaceous consistence, and covered with large semi-globular glands.

Besides the Popa, he speaks of another lactescent tree, called Sandè, the milk of which, though more abundant, is thinner, bluish, like skimmed milk, and not so palatable. This, inspissated in the sun, acquires the appearance of a black gum, and is so highly valued for its medicinal properties, especially as a topical application in inflammatory affections of the spleen, pleura, and liver, that it fetches a dollar the ounce in the Valle del Cauca. The leaves are described as resembling those of the *Chrysophyllum cainito*, or broad-leaved star-apple, springing from short petioles, ten or twelve inches long, oblong, ovate, pointed, with alternate veins, and ferrugineous on the under surface. The locality of the Sandè he does not point out, but says that a third kind of milk-tree, the juice of which is potable, grows in the same forests, where it is known by the name of Lyria. This he regards as identical with the cow-tree of Caraccas, of which Humboldt has given so graphic a description.†

When British enterprise shall have laid these, and the thousand-and-one other wonders of these neglected regions open to the curiosity and investigations of commerce and science, by connecting the waters of the Pacific

\* Tutumo is the Indian name for the calabash, or shell of the fruit of the *Crescentia cujete*.

† "Pers. Narr.," vol. iv., 212—27.

with those of the Atlantic by the Isthmus of Cupicà, then, and then only, can civilised man hope to profit by the undreamt-of treasures which slumber in undisturbed security beneath the dark shade of the eternal forests which clothe those untrodden mountains.

But other treasures, the produce of insect industry, have still more recently been brought to light; and although hitherto confined to a distant province, will, in all probability, be found, on fuller investigation, far more widely diffused over intratropical America. The following account of this important discovery is taken from the *Bogotá Gazette*, and is contained in a letter from Señor Manuel Maria Quijano to the secretary of state for the interior, dated Bogotá, 20th of June, 1834:—

“Sir,—I have not replied to your official letter of the 26th of April last, with which you sent me some pods of a silkworm (cocoon), and the leaves and a sample of the wood of the tree on which these silkworms feed in the province of Casanare, from not having had the requisite time for the examination of this singular production of our country in a manner sufficiently satisfactory to make such a report as would meet the wishes of his excellency the president of the state. Having now, however, concluded my researches, and consulted the best writers on the subject within my reach, I hasten to fulfil his excellency’s commission, and acquaint him, through you, with the happy results I have obtained, fully confirmatory of the anticipations I had formed.

“The worm discovered in Casanare, enveloped in cocoons, like those of the silkworms of Asia and Europe, from its appearance, structure, and production, seems identical with that known in those regions of the world, and described by naturalists under the name of *Bombyx Mori*. This identity I have determined from the remains of the worm found between the outer covering of the pods. Part of these were void and part filled with chrysalises fully formed, to the number of eighteen in each tegument. The sides of these pods (coccoons) is four times larger than those of Europe. The elementary fibre of the silk is superior in pliability to that found in the second covering which the insect works with greater perfection, in order to guard itself against the vicissitudes of the weather, when it changes, for the last time, its delicate coat. The colour of the silk composing this last covering is extremely glossy. That of the outer coat is dirty, and stained of a yellowish colour by the various substances adhering to it from the tree on which the insect lives. Internally, the pods sometimes contain portions of a glutinous liquid, such as is occasionally met with in the cocoons of Europe, and appears to be the real matter or substance of the silk, according to the opinion of naturalists and the analysis made at Paris by M. Roard. The moth, on quitting the cocoon, leaves this liquid behind, which impairs the value of the silk. This, however, is obviated by exposing the cocoons to a hot sun,\*

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\* An improvement in this respect has been introduced into the management of the silkworm in Europe, by means of which the evil complained of is remedied without the destruction of the insect. As this improvement may not be inapplicable within the tropics, I shall subjoin it. The silk is wound off the cocoons before the metamorphosis of the chrysalis into a moth has enabled it to burst the silken walls of its prison, and the chrysalis is immersed immediately in a mass of bran, in which it undergoes its last change. I cannot state with certainty the stage at which the winding off should take place, but believe it to be about the twelfth day from the completion of the cocoon. Within the tropics the period required may possibly be shorter, and should be determined by repeated experiments.

which kills the insect before it escapes, reserving a sufficiency only for the propagation of the species. I have observed with surprise, that independent of their greater bulk, these cocoons contain each several worms engaged in the common occupation of spinning and forming the gummy bag which envelopes each separate chrysalis. This is not observable in the worms of Europe, and arises, perhaps, from the state of nature in which those of Casanare live, enjoying the temperature of the torrid zone; so different from the servile nature of those of Europe, where they are subjected to all the vicissitudes of the seasons. If there be an identity between the silk of our country and that of the old continent, with only the casual differences pointed out, there is none between the tree of Casanare, that yields it, and the white mulberry-tree of China, which passed through Persia into Europe in the sixth century, under the reign of Justinian. The leaves and the wood accompanying the pods sent by the governor of that province lead me to this opinion, which I shall, however, be unable to confirm till I receive the blossoms I have requested, when I shall be able to refer it to its proper genus. I have reason to think it belongs to the family of *Myrtacæ*. Should this prove to be the case, the acquisition of the worm will be more advantageous; for New Granada abounds in trees of this family. By merely transporting its eggs to the banks of the Magdalena, and to the valleys of Marequito, Neiva, Cauca, and Patia, the temperature of which corresponds with that of Casanare, its propagation would be soon effected, and the country enabled to profit by the silk it yields.

"The time occupied by the worm of Casanare in undergoing its various changes, appears to be a year; for, according to the information transmitted by the governor, the moth comes out in December, lays its eggs, enveloped in a glutinous covering, which protects them from the inclemency of the weather, in March; the caterpillar is hatched in July; grows, feeds, and works till October or November, when it shuts itself up in its shell, in which it remains in a state of lethargy as a chrysalis till December, when it issues forth a moth. The same routine, diversified somewhat by the variations of the seasons in the temperate zones, takes place in Europe.

"From what has been said, it will be seen that the fortunate discovery of the silkworm at Casanare opens a new source of industry, which will enrich not only the inhabitants of that province, but also those of New Granada, provided the eggs be distributed through those regions which enjoy a warm climate and the manufacture of silk be encouraged, were it only for making thread or weaving common stuffs, so as to prevent the export of specie for these articles.

"Be pleased to submit this answer to his excellency the president of the republic, for whatever purpose he may judge best; informing him that I am at present engaged on a small treatise on the management of this valuable insect, which I hope to have the honour to present to his excellency in a few days.

"I remain, sir, with sentiments of profound consideration and respect,  
your obedient servant,

"MANUEL MARIA QUIJANO."

## PAUL MASTERTON'S ADVENTURES.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## EL RIO ESCONDIDO.

WE were reclining on a sofa, in the *Colleen Dhas*, when the steward rushed in, crying, "A sail ahead, sir!" and we instantly tumbled up on deck.

We were to windward of the *Dolphin*, and both vessels were spanking along, or, as the skipper would say, holding a bone in their teeth. The strange vessel was a brig, coming under a press of sail, about a mile off. We examined her attentively with the glass. She had no ensign, but a little red burgee waved from her mainmast-head. She was long, narrow, and her mainmast came so far aft that a perpendicular line let fall from the cap would, I am sure, have fallen fifteen feet from her stern. A large number of hands were on deck, and her sails appeared wet, as if buckets of water had been thrown on them to fill up the air holes, and make them keep the wind better; she carried a press of sail aloft, and all her canvas was handsomely cut. She was painted entirely black, and had a carved figure-head; her shrouds appeared very slack, and we could not make out her name; indeed, there were no letters upon her stern; but if she had no name, she had plenty of port-holes, for we could reckon four aside. We were now about a half-knot away from her.

"See, there fly out his royals and royal studding-sails; he has the bonnets\* latched on his main and foresails," said Moinahan. "I say, Jack, what do you call yonder craft, eh?"

The old salt took the glass, scrutinised the brig attentively for some minutes, and then, laying the telescope down, said,

"Well, sir, if yonder craft is honest, I am a Dutchman."

And, as if to corroborate his words, a cloud of smoke issued from her side, and a ball came whistling past our ears.

"Deucedly pleasant that, no doubt," observed Moinahan, in a low tone, to Dick O'Mahoney. "Do you know, boys, it would be no harm if we had the guns loaded—this long chap is so already. Hilloa, Jack, get the powder, and there's a box of rusty nails in the starboard locker. The ship has two six-pounders, you say, Paul; the only gun to my taste is a fifty-six, but if she gets near, why it's all well enough; here, Lamond, hold this powder-bag a moment; and Jack, where's the box of nails?—the starboard-locker, you son of a gun; there it is, close to that shot-bag. Now, steward, go down to the saloon, and you will find some half-dozen rifles hanging up, loaded; take them down, and bring them upon deck."

At this moment, a second shot from the stranger came bounding across our heads, making a wide rent in the mainsail. Tom carefully sighted the gun, and then sang out for a match.

"Halloa! Jack, keep her a point away more; don't you see her fore-sail flapping in the wind?"

"Ay, ay, sir; she'll bear it well."

Meantime the steward had finished bringing up the rifles, and Tom Moinahan threw off his jacket.

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\* The bonnet is a piece of canvas which is laced on to some sails in fine weather.



"Here, boy, fetch me up the straw hat from my berth, it's so confounded hot here; and hark ye, steward, bring the arm-chest above board, and serve out the contents to all hands; first give them each a stiff rummer of half-and-half, do you hear?"

While the steward was obeying orders the match was brought, and Tom leisurely took aim at the strange brig. The old *Dolphin* going a-head like a rocket under all her canvas, except staysails and top-gallants.

"Now we'll see if we cannot show you a thing or two. Ready with the match? So, all right now; watch boys, keep her steady, Jack." Bang went the long gun. "Hurrah, now boys," and down came clattering the brig's foresail-yard.

By this time the *Dolphin* was close up to the brig, which, broadside on to the *Dolphin's* bows as she was on her tack, could rake the *Dolphin* with her side guns. The position of the three may be clearly understood, by supposing the *Colleen Dhas* and the *Dolphin* to be advancing in a parallel line, the *Dolphin* a little a-head of the *Colleen Dhas*. The brig then was standing off shore, right across our bows, in a slanting line. The carrying away of the spar caused great confusion on deck, and at that instant the *Dolphin* fired right into the brig; and the next moment our two brass guns aft were brought for'ward, and blazed away into her. By this time the brig had passed the *Dolphin*, and stood away on her tack.

"Keep her head more to lu'ard, Jack. Well done. Now for Barnaby again."

The shot was fired, with apparently some execution among the crew of the brig, which answered at last with her two side guns, carrying away our topmast crash upon deck. By this time the *Dolphin* was about after the brig, blazing away nobly from the sixes.

"Clear away the wreck there, lads. Well done. Unloose the gaff-topsail. Well done, my boys. And now for the pirate."

Away stood the yacht after the brig, with every stitch of canvas spread except the gaff-topsail, the mainsail, and foresail, the *Dolphin* before us in full cry after the brig, and we coming on nobly after.

We soon felt the superiority of the cutter on a wind. On we spanked, tearing and dashing up the foam, plying away at the guns every now and then. The brig meantime occasionally firing at us.

"*Dolphin*, ahoy! Any damage done on board?"

"Nothing, sir," cried Morton. "Skipper is in great delight."

Out went the studding-sails. The brig meantime had royal stunsails and staysails set. She was a fine sailer.

By degrees we began to forge ahead. The cutter's best point of sailing was on a wind. On we went, dancing, and gradually nearing the brig, which was going on gloriously, replying to our fire now and then.

"Bowse away on the mainsail boom, lads," cried Moinehan, eagerly; and three hands went to work.

Crack went the tack, burst in twain, and before a moment the three men were over the cutter's side into the water, which was foaming and washing our sides in vain.

Tom immediately put the cutter about, jumped into the boat, towing after the yacht, and, with two more men, fortunately hooked up the poor fellows who were struggling in vain in the waters; not recollecting that a person ignorant of swimming should always keep his hands under water,

and throw back his head, so as to have his mouth turned up to the sky, when he will thus float safely. The *Dolphin* by this time was ahead of us; but when we looked for the brig she was just about, her sails shaking in the wind with a noise like thunder; on she came across our bows, at a distance of a quarter of a mile, and standing in for the shore.

"Hurrah, lads!" cried Tom; "we'll about too." And off we started in full cry after the brig.

The *Dolphin* had also gone about, and was standing on, on a parallel tack with us.

"Now, boys, we are sure of him!" cried Dick.

Away spanked the cutter; the brig still in with the shore—when all at once she disappeared from our view.

"By the powers of wonder," said Dick, taking a long spell at the glass, "if that be not the Madeiran barque, Captain Whipple skipper, I am mistaken."

Just then up ran an American ensign to her main-peak, out wreathed a light cloud of smoke from one of her ports, the reefs were shaken out of her topsails, and down she came spanking over the long rolling waves, whose crested tops were blown far around by the moaning wind.

"*Dolphin*, ahoy!" hailed Dick with the trumpet. "*Dolphin*, ahoy!" came over the waves. "Do you know the black craft yonder?"

"Ay, ay, sir; well."

By this time the Yankee had hove his main-topsail to the mast, and we ran up, throwing aloft a sheet of foam almost touching his lee bulwarks; and coming about again, ran under his quarter, and then hove to a little to leeward. We saw the Yankee lowering a boat, and pulling towards the *Dolphin*, which was "lying to" under her backed fore-topsail.

"Yacht ahoy!" roared a gruff voice. "What ship's that?"

"The *Colleen Dhas* yacht, of and from Dublin; bound to Lima; owner, Thomas Moinahan, Esq.," cried Tom, with the trumpet. "And, now, barque, ahoy! what ship's that?"

"The *Washington*; New York—Lima." And at the same time we perceived the gig returning from the *Dolphin*, and tossing on the tops of the foaming waves, with Captains Ramsay and Whipple in the stern sheets. In about ten minutes they were alongside.

"Happy to see you again, gentlemen all. I guess you have not forgotten the run we had together," cried Captain Whipple, standing bolt upright, his long legs looking thinner and longer than ever, and his hair, which I had now leisure to remark was of a fiery-red colour, peeping out from under a red cap of a shape like that the Portuguese sailors wear. "I calculate, sir," continued he, turning to Tom Moinahan, "that you gave me a tarnation start at first, with your little craft. I wondered how it could be that England would send out such a cruiser; but, then, ye see, ye had not the coach-whip aloft, so, says I, I guess you's a yacht."

"You have guessed aright, captain. Come down and take luncheon."

"No, I thank you, sir; I never spoil my dinner, which is punctual at eight bells."

"But I hear you have chased a brig with which I have an account to settle."

"She's a Mexican, and I heard that she had doubled round the Cape, and have been on the look-out for her."

"Then," said the skipper, "if she is a Mexican, we have nothing to do with her."

"Just as you please," returned the Yankee, extending his long body on the gun—"just as you please. Of course it is only a fabrication that José Vieyra, captain of that Mexican brig, made the crew of the brig *Rattlesnake*, of Liverpool, walk the plank, and then made a pirate of her; some say that the craft yonder and the *Rattlesnake* are one, but of course the gentle captain, José, would be incapable of such violence. But, sirs, act as your fancy or prudence dictates; I have men enough—and quarrel enough with José—and, mark ye," cried he, raising up his gaunt proportions to their utmost height, "as sure as José Vieyra has sailed up that river, so surely will I bring him back, dead or alive."

"I, for one, will aid you," said Moinahan.

"And I will do so, too," added Captain Ramsay; "and now let us consult as to what plan we will adopt."

"I know the little river well that he has run up; good cause have I," said the Yankee, with a bitter smile, passing his horny hands through his red hair. "There is draught enough of water for the barque yonder for about half a knot or so, and then shallow water—which, however, will float the brig. At this end of the shallow water, about two knots and a half from the boca of the river, there is a deep pool, in which a 'seventy-four' might float, and no soundings to be had; well, he lies in there under the lee of a mud wall which runs in along one side facing the mouth of the laguna. My plan is, to wait for night—then to run up with the boats a bold dash, and 'tis done. What say ye, messmates?"

"Good, say I," replied our skipper; and it being resolved that we should wait till nightfall, and, moreover, in order to lull suspicion, that we should stand off and on till the appointed time, we all dined on board the yacht together.

I must confess that my appetite was rather blunted that night—the prospect of a hand to hand encounter was not pleasant. In the chase, we were all wrought up to a state of excitement; but when the cool tropical evening comes on, when you step into the boats and pull up a couple of miles along a river to attack desperadoes, of whose numbers you are totally ignorant, faith, it's not at all pleasant. Many a man has thought himself a coward until he has come to the scratch—he has distrusted himself; it is a falsehood to say that there is such a thing as cowardice. Wait till you get a timid man fairly excited, and, by Jove, he'll astonish you. Some men have, of course, more firmness than others; others have that sort of Highland courage, which enables them to rush down resistless on the foe; they terrify them by a sudden onslaught, but if that is ineffectual, they cannot be brought up for some time till again excited.

I shall resume my adventures at the time when the *Colleen Dhas* yacht took the boats in tow, and stood in towards the shore of South America, under her mainsail and flying-jib; her crew were all well armed, the guns carefully loaded, and our entertainer and his friends on the quarter-deck, gazing in deep silence at the glorious scene which extended around. Beyond our bows stretched the long outline of the American coast, the white-crested waves of the Pacific beating upon the shore, which, shaded by pine trees and other dark-foliaged denizens of the forest, loomed gloomily over their long rolling swell. Overhead, the moon cast a softened light around, and, save the murmuring of the waves, no sound disturbed the stillness of the night. A rich perfume came wafted off to us from the shore as we tacked in towards the hidden entrance of the pirate river.

As we sailed on, the Yankee hailed us with, "I say, mister, I had better come on board the yacht to pilot you up it, or else you'll be apt to tail on a sandbank."

"As you please; come along," cried Tom; and hauling his boat alongside, the Yankee skipper was soon at the helm.

"Silence! men," as the boat pushed back again to its own station. "Silence! hark ye!"

"I have left instructions with my second mate, in case the fellows up yonder should be too strong for us, to come in the jolly-boat, with some more hands as soon as we fire off a rocket," said the Yankee, in a low tone, to Moinahan.

"Glad to hear it, old fellow; but I say, won't you splice the main brace?—wet your throat a little, eh?"

"Thank you, sir; I will, if you please. We will keep her a point freer; so."

"Silence now, gentlemen," said our pilot, grasping the tiller firmly; "we are just entering El Rio Escondido."

And at the same moment the *Colleen Dhas* shot round a projecting cliff, fringed with pine trees and brushwood, and in an instant we found ourselves running up a stream, with a slight breeze, which swelled out our rustling canvas, as we were wafted along under the shade of the various forest trees which clothed the banks. As we looked back, we could scarcely perceive the entrance of the river; overhead, in some places, the trees almost met together; yet still we had wind enough to bear us onwards.

"Cruel dark. How far up does the yacht go, captain?" said Mr. O'Mahony, partly to me and partly to the pilot.

"We have made good way as yet. I calculate we may have run half a knot now; the stream is only a matter of about two knots more. But now I think of it, have you such a thing as a saw on board this craft, for José Vieyra, I know of old, drops a boom across the entrance of the lagoon in which he lies."

"Plenty of them," replied our host, tossing off his jacket, and binding a belt round his waist, in which he stuck a brace of pistols.

Mr. Moinahan evidently felt delighted at the prospect of a shindy. The Yankee took it coolly and determinedly. As for us, I for one was ready to do my part, and so were my fellow-voyagers. Captain Ramsay was part owner of the *Dolphin*, so he had a right to act as his discretion urged him.

"I hope," said Whipple, "that we may not attract the attention of any of those savages from the interior, who are in the habit of coming down to trade with the Mexican brig."

"Do you think there are any of them about here, captain?" said Lamond.

"I am half sure of it, sir. They have been on the watch for the *Señor de las Ondas*—such is the name of the brig—for some time. I chased her for a whole day and night, two days ago, she running under Mexican colours, and the *Washington* under British.

At this moment a long shrill yell burst from the bank along which we were gliding, and at the same moment a shower of arrows passed over our heads.

"Confusion!" cried the American; "we are discovered."

"Never mind; we are now just at the lagoon, and we'll have only a harder fight for it."

"Well," said, O'Mahony, "this may be all very fine to read about in the novels of Marryat and Cooper, but faith! when one is actually concerned, and an agent in the business, it's a different matter. How the other owners of the *Dolphin* would sleep to night, if they thought that Ramsay was running up a river with their best men, to attack a Mexican pirate!"

"You may be sure he won't be very easy if he loses any of his crew."

"Why," said Moinahan, "were prudence the guide, he would content himself with staying in the *Dolphin*, outside the river; but I honour him the more for the old Highland courage."

By this time we were so close to the bank that we could easily have leaped ashore. The branches hung over our heads as we glided on.

"Keep the rope clear, there, of the mast," cried the Yankee; "I'll belay it round the trunk of yon pine-tree." And, jumping ashore, he took a twist of the painter round the tree. "Now, Mr. Moinahan, get a second painter aft if you please; so, that will do," as he caught the bight of the rope, and belayed it to another tree a litter astern of the first one.

"Come boys, to business," uttered the voice of our worthy skipper, as the *Dolphin's* boat ran alongside the *Colleen Dhas*, closely followed by Whipple in his craft, and by Leefange. "Tumble in, gig's crew—be alive there. Jack Davis, I leave you in command of the yacht; mind you don't suffer anything to pass you either on water or ashore; keep your men ready, and don't let them surprise you; if they attack you from the shore, cut the painters and sheer off; and hark you, Jack, throw up a rocket or two, to let us know your danger, and, above all, mind the savages."

"Ay, ay, sir; don't fear for the old yacht."

"Shove off—now, lads—pull my hearts," and off we went. Lamond, O'Mahony, Burton, Moinahan, and myself sitting in the sternsheets, and Joe Kelly our bow oar; all the fellows well armed with cutlass and pistol, and we with rifles and cutlasses. The river narrowed gradually as we proceeded, the trees entwining their branches closely aloft; now and then a straggling moonbeam making its way through, and glancing on the still waters below. The stillness of the night was most oppressive; we could scarcely help thinking that the Mexicans had set some trap for us.

"Silence, men. I fancied I heard something stirring in the brushwood," said Moinahan. "Pull, pull! 'tis only fancy." But, as if to give the flattest contradiction to his words, another shrill mournful yell, which chilled our very hearts' blood, burst from the bank along which we were now rowing.

The next moment the yell was taken up on the other side, but louder, shriller, and more fearful than before.

"Mind your arms," boys, said Lamond. "This place is such a hole, we might be massacred before we could defend ourselves."

I looked round anxiously. The Yankee glided suddenly round a little headland, and shot into a beautiful little lagoon, closely followed by us.

Whipple kept in under the lee of the shore, which was densely wooded. Again the mournful yell was heard, but this time it seemed to come all round the lagoon.

After about ten minutes' pulling, Whipple's boat's crew held water for us to come up with them. As we ran alongside, the Yankee hailed us

with, "I say, mister, we are now just at the place. These savages are here for no good this night, and we cannot hope to escape their vigilance. Look to your arms—be quiet—a bold dash! Here's the place."

As he spoke, he turned his boat hard round a tree which bent forward over the water, and, following his example, we saw the pirate craft moored, like the *Colleen Dhas*, to the shore. All was silent as death.

"The shortest way is the best," said Moinahan. "We'll pull directly towards her."

But at the instant we struck against a boom, which was laid across the entrance of the creek, and the fiendish yell once more burst around upon our ears.

"Will the boom permit of our passing under it?" asked Lamond.

"No, sir," responded Kelly. "A couple of inches more would do."

"Very well, then. Take out the plug of the gig; we'll sink the boat a little, and then we'll try it."

The other boats were now trying the passage, but Leefange's boat, being high out of the water, had no chance of passing under the boom, which consisted of one of the pirate's spars, raised a little above the surface of the water. Meantime, the water running in rapidly, in a minute or two we were able to worm our way under the spar. Whipple, by going nearer the shore, also succeeded, being deeper than we were, in passing under the boom; and, by great labour, the other two boats also got clear. We advanced now abreast towards the pirate vessel, on board which all was silent as the grave.

Suddenly a sheet of flame burst from the pirate's side; and in an instant our boat was perforated in a dozen places.

"Any one hurt forward, there?" cried Lamond.

"A scratch or two, sir, that's all, thank goodness. We only got the tail end of it."

By this time we were close alongside the pirate.

"Hook on by the bowsprit shroud!" cried Moinahan.

The deck was crowded with men, ferocious-looking scoundrels, mostly in shirts and trousers, and armed with pikes. Swinging on by the shrouds of the bowsprit, Joe Kelly and half-a-dozen of our fellows clambered up at the same moment that Whipple boarded her amidships. The *Dolphin* passed close under her stern, between the craft and the shore, and Leefange was pulling up with all his might to join in the attack.

"Hurrah, boys!" cried I, seizing hold of the rope; and, sword in hand, accompanied by Moinahan, Lamond, Burton, and O'Mahony, we burst in on the deck.

The pirates fought with desperation, but, taken on every side, they were driven aft inch by inch, slowly retreating, and every now and then driving us back in turn. One tall, powerful man appeared to be their leader. He flourished a pike, and, at the head of a score of his crew, made a desperate rush forward.

"A la mar con los Ingleses!" shouted he, as he came face to face with Moinahan, at the same moment making a lunge at him with the pike, which Tom parried with his cutlass.

Vieyra, for such was the tall pirate, passed on towards Whipple, who, in the waist of the vessel, was advancing right before him. With a yell of rage, the American rushed upon the pirate.

"Hallado! Vieyra!" exclaimed he, in a voice of thunder. "Muermel Malhechor."

And now, passing inside Vieyra's guard, the American buried his sword to the hilt in the wretch's body. At the same moment one of the ladrons stabbed Whipple in the side, and a blow from another pirate's cutlass, which he partly fended off, struck his head, and he sank on the deck. But, meantime, I was hotly pressed by a muscular-looking fellow, who succeeded in giving me a slight cut across the right arm, and, in exchange, I rewarded him with a shot from a pistol, which sent him reeling on the deck. In twenty minutes we had driven the scoundrels aft, when one of them, closely pressed by Joe Kelly and an American sailor, first gave Kelly a clip on his skull, and then leaped overboard, in which laudable action he was soon followed by the others; and in a moment the vessel was in our possession, without the loss of a single man save poor Whipple, who it was evident would soon leave us. The *Washington's* gig was immediately despatched for the Yankee doctor, and meantime he was laid on the captain's bed, in the pirate's cabin.

To do justice to the American sailors who were along with us, they could not have fought better.

"Now, sir," said the worthy old skipper, who had escaped with a scratch or two, addressing Leefange, "we had better try and keep our men out of the spirit-room; so, let us mount a sentry or two there."

"We had better get the vessel out of this hole," said the American mate. "Just look at that mud-wall yonder," pointing to a long wall which extended behind us, on one side; "should those darned pirates have guns there, they might annoy us."

And, as he spoke, a loud report was heard, and down swept a discharge of grape-shot, tearing away the shrouds, and wounding an American sailor.

"Deceitful miscreants!" roared the skipper. "Train a gun aft, there. Now give it them."

And, as the missile struck the wall, we heard a yell of agony, while a cloud of dust burst forth, and stones and mud came rattling about the ears of those behind the muralla.

"Come, now, let the ship swing round," cried Leefange. "Load all the guns on her port side, and we'll make them run like rats."

Accordingly, the hawser was cast off forward, the headsail hoisted, the guns loaded promptly; and as *El Señor de las Ondas* swung round, her whole broadside was fired into the pirates' shelter. This settled their business; and by the time the brig's deck was quiet again, and we had dropped down to the boom, which our men proceeded to saw through, we could perceive the gig returning with the doctor. They had had a man or two wounded by the arrows of the savages, but only slightly. The doctor went below; in a few moments, the boom had a passage cut in it for the brig, and at the grey dawn of morning we had brought her alongside the *Colleen Dhas*.

"The captain has requested particularly to see you, gentlemen," said the steward of the *Washington*, touching his canvas cap, as he came up to where we were standing, at the lee gangway of the ship. "This way, sir," continued he, in a mournful tone of voice, with that loquacity in which some are prone to indulge when under the influence of grief. "The doctor says there's no hope now for him."

We descended the companion way, and I knocked gently at the door of his cabin.

"Come in, gentlemen," said the ship-doctor, a very young-looking man, with rather prepossessing features, slender and tall in stature.

Poor Whipple was lying in his berth, on his right side, one arm hanging over the coverlet; a bandage, stained with blood, encircled his temples. Every now and then a drop of blood would come trickling down his cheek; he was evidently in great agony, and at the moment we came in his eyes were wandering with a restless gaze round the cabin.

"I feel, gentlemen," he said, "that my last cruise is now over. Seven bells has long since struck—the eighth is near at hand; but what I wish to say is —"

Here he started up in the bed.

"What face is that staring at me?—Vieyra, is it thou?" His eyes rolled round the cabin. "I am coming—coming!"

A terrible spasm seemed to convulse his frame; and, with the word "Marie" on his lip, the spirit fled to its account.

"He is dead," said the surgeon, in a low voice.

I turned away. Death is a terrible thing at all times, but doubly so at sea. Leaving the cabin, we ascended upon deck. The sun was just rising, bathing the Pacific in a flood of golden light. Moinahan, on board the yacht, was busily engaged in getting her under weigh. The main-sail was hoisted, the hawsers cast off, the fore-sail set; her head swung slowly round. Leefange now came upon deck; his eyes were red with grief for his captain's death.

"Had we not better follow the yacht's example, sir," said he, "and drop down this darned stream?"

"I think so," said Captain Ramsay.

And in a few minutes we were gliding down the stream, leaving El Rio Escondido for ever.

As soon as we had cleared the river's mouth, we found the *Dolphin* and the American lying hove-to. The instant the mournful news was proclaimed the ensign was hoisted half-mast-high on board each craft.

During the morning, it was arranged that the four vessels should sail in company for Lima together, and there dispose of the pirate craft. Accordingly, a dozen men were tolled off from the *Washington* and *Dolphin*, and, under Moreton's command, were sent on board the latter vessel, to navigate her as far as her destination. Poor Whipple was to be consigned to the deep at nightfall, together with the pirate captain, for so, Leefange told us, he had expressed his wish.

Before we started, the gigs of the three vessels, manned by well-armed crews, were sent ashore to fill the breakers with water, at a spring which the mate of the *Washington* knew. On their return, they reported that they had heard some one groaning near the fountain, and had discovered a young boy lying under a palm-tree, close by the spring. The medico looked to his wound; it was nothing but a slight scratch from a cutlass; and the little fellow, who was only about ten years of age, soon fell asleep in my berth.

As soon as all the hands were on board, a gun was fired from the *Washington*, her topsails were loosed, and her fore-staysail and jib set. The *Dolphin* shook the reefs out of her canvas and made all sail, closely followed by *El Señor de las Ondas* and the *Colleen Dhas*, on board which Moinahan made us come again. We had a fine breeze, and all stood away gallantly, visions of Lima floating before my eyes.

"Now, boys," cried Moinahan, "what the deuce makes you all per-



sist in going to California? Be advised by me, and take a trip in the yacht. Here we have eating and drinking; entertainment for man and baste, as the old shebeen sign-board has it; there, on the contrary, ye are going, like Omadhauns, among a set of savages. Alas, alas! you are obstinate. Well, come down now, *mes garçons*, and I'll cook you a dinner *à la Soyer*." So saying, Tom dived below, and soon the "notes of a musical gridiron" were heard; some of the men had caught a few fish the preceding afternoon, and while the *Colleen Dhas* flew along under her canvas, we ranged ourselves round the mahogany. "I say, Davis, bring us out the poteen bottle, will you, from that starboard locker. So, now lads, to work."

After the repast was concluded, we ascended upon deck. We were a little astern of the brig, which was flying ahead, her men washing the deck, an American ensign floating half-mast from the main, and the British colours from the peak, likewise but half hauled up. The *Dolphin* and the Yankee were both on our lee bow, between us and the shore. Eleven at night was the hour fixed upon for committing the two bodies to the deep. A mournful silence pervaded the yacht, the men dined in silence, every now and then looking anxiously aloft, for the breeze had begun to freshen, and before long we expected to get a capful of wind.

"We are too near that shore, sir," said old Jack Davis, who was steering, to his master.

"How are we to help it, Jack?" returned Moinahan; "the wind won't blow to please me, you know."

"Ay, sir, 'tis the truth. I have been up this way twice before, and I don't much like the angry look of the sky yonder. I wish to St. Patrick that we had not corpses in company," continued the old man; "any how, one might get a soft place yonder, ashore, if it do come on to blow hard, if the storm would allow you to pick and choose."

Evening came on, and we returned to the *Dolphin*.

Eleven o'clock was the hour fixed upon for the captain's last obsequies to be performed. Accordingly, all the men who could be spared were ordered to be in readiness to go on board the *Washington*. With the approach of night the wind increased, until, at last, it was blowing very hard. At five bells in the night our boat was manned, taking advantage of a lull in the breeze, and we were pulled to the American's side, where Moinahan had already arrived, the yacht lying under the *Washington's* lee quarter. The two bodies were then brought upon deck, each covered with a hammock-cloth, and a pair of twelve-pound shot fastened to their feet. Lanterns were placed along the break of the quarter-deck, and the men all mustered aft. A grating was then brought to the lee gangway, and Vieyra's body placed upon it. The waves now began to wash over the sides, sending the spray in our faces as we stood on the deck. Captain Ramsay had brought a Prayer-Book, understanding Whipple was an Episcopalian; and, every one standing bare-headed, the sublime Service for the Dead was begun. I shall never forget the scene which the ship that night presented. At the words, "We commit his body to the deep," the rope holding the corpse was untied, and, with a sullen plunge, the body sank into the foaming waves. Moinahan then read the service a second time, and poor Whipple's body sought its resting-place. We regained our ship after some danger, and in half an hour it blew a gale. I could not help thinking of poor Whipple's fate.

## THE LOVERS OF HUNDERSDORF.

THERE are few rambles that so well repay the summer wanderer who seeks for novelty, after the fatigues of a London season, as a voyage down the Danube from Ratisbon to Vienna. In the days when the charming "Lady Mary" passed along the swelling waters of the dark river in one of the "wooden houses" which she found so convenient, the romantic solitudes of the majestic Böhmer-wald had never been disturbed by the hissing of steam; and swiftly as her boat glided onwards between the solemn banks of the then little frequented stream, the pace of the steamer which now bears the traveller to his destination would shame the rowers of the enterprising ambassadress, and leave her far behind.

The native boats, *Weitz-zille*, are not, however, altogether banished from the watery way which they traversed alone but a few years since; and very picturesque is it to meet them as they float lazily on, urged by their two rowers, and guided by primitive-looking paddles. Many are the long deal raft-shaped vessels which still convey goods from one town to another; and strange do they appear with their sides painted with broad black stripes, some of them upwards of a hundred feet long.

From the deck of the narrow and elongated steamer the traveller can now with proud pity watch those relics of a simple period, and congratulate himself that his course is both swifter and surer.

A party of strangers from Ratisbon had taken their places on board the steam-packet, and were rapidly clearing the waters beneath the rock of Donaustauf, gazing with admiration on the evidence of two eras presented in the grey ruins of the formidable middle-age fortress which crowns one height, and the piled-up white marble blocks of the recently completed temple of Valhalla, which shines so gloriously on the other, fairly eclipsing its antique brother, and lording it over the spreading waters in which the image of its snowy columns lies reflected.

There were travellers of many nations on board, and all, attracted by the sudden vision of this magnificent structure, fraternised to welcome it with exclamations of delight, uttered in various languages. Germans, French, and English, were alike carried away with admiration; and those who had already beheld its wonders within, became eloquent in describing to their neighbours the treasures with which this unapproachably splendid temple is filled to overflowing.

This incident, at the very beginning of the voyage, made most of the passengers acquainted, so that the usual coldness and reserve common to northern nations was at once swept away, and animated conversation ensued. Amongst the passengers were two young Englishmen, who had been pointed out to the party leaving Ratisbon, by the porter of the Goldene Kreutz—the house in which it is said Don Juan of Austria, the famous son of Charles V., was born in secrecy—as "milors," though their weather-worn costumes gave but little idea of the importance of their station; they had attached themselves to a stately but courteous Bohemian baron who, with a train of servants and carriages more than commonly well-appointed, was on his way to his castle situated opposite Vilshofen on the left bank of the river.

The baron was well acquainted with every nook and corner in every valley of the winding Danube; and as he was full of good-humour, and described well, and, besides, was flattered at the interest his hearers

took in his conversation, he enlivened the voyage by a continuous tion of circumstances which had fallen under his observation.

A legend seldom comes amiss to an Englishman, and enthusiasm is never wanting in his mind for magnificent scenery, such as abounds on this glorious river, which possesses much of the beauty of the Rhine, and superior grandeur and sublimity. Perhaps its waters are scarcely so abounding, or its bed so filled to the brim, as that of the Rhine throughout its course; but, at times, one is half inclined to give the palm, even in this respect, to the more majestic rival of the beautiful torrent now so familiar to tourists as to have become an unappreciated treasure of picturesque riches.

The baron directed the attention of his companions to all that was wild and striking in the scenes around them. As they passed Straubing, he told the sad tale of poor Agnes Bernauer, the Agnes de Castro of the Danube, whose fate was even more terrible. The Englishmen shuddered as they looked on the spot where the old bridge stood, from whence the fair unfortunate was cast, and felt inclined to reproach the very waves which submitted to assist the crime of the cruel wretch whose hook dragged the shrieking beauty under water, and drowned her as she struggled to reach the shore.

He told stories of the dark Bogenberg, as they now approached, now lost it in the windings of the capricious river; and related how the Emperor Charlemagne had visited a holy hermit there, whom he beheld, after cutting down a tree, hang his axe upon a sunbeam, a feat frequently performed by saints, who, in days of yore, seemed to have no other pegs for their mantles, caps, &c.

His Satanic Majesty also figured as a conspicuous actor in the baron's legends, and the evidences of his prowess are sufficiently remarkable, it must be confessed, in these regions.

For instance, it would be absurd to imagine any influence but that of the foul fiend could have been exerted to place the perpendicular rock of Natternberg in the way of the steamer, rising up suddenly, as it does, several hundred feet above the waters, and exhibiting on its rugged summit the ruins of the famous castle of Bogen, to reach which must have required help from the bad spirit himself, perched thus high out of reach. The lords of this castle were, however, such zealous worshippers of his, that doubtless he was not niggardly to them in lending a helping hand when called upon.

It was while the steamer was gliding past the village of Hundersdorf, which lies at the embouchure of the stream of Kinzach, that the baron bethought himself of a circumstance which occasioned him to smile, as he exclaimed,

"There is nothing very striking, you will say, in that little place; but a story was once told me concerning it which gives it a sort of fearful interest. But I have already tired you with too many of my legends, and will spare you this."

"By no means," said one of the Englishmen. "We cannot let you off so. Of course, in a place so close to the mysterious Bogenberg, there must be something more than common."

"Oh, if you really like to hear what attracts me towards this insignificant village," replied the baron, "I am ready to tell the story as it was told to me."

His auditors, grouping themselves round him as he spoke, he accordingly continued as follows:—

After a gloomy cold day the evening set in chill and dreary, and in spite of all the efforts I had made to reach Vilshofen before dark, I found myself, owing to various vexatious delays, benighted in one of the desolate passes of the majestic mountain range which borders the left bank of the Danube. The gloom became every moment deeper and deeper, and to proceed appeared almost impracticable; however, as the prospect of passing the night in the woods held out but small temptation, I urged my people forward, and accordingly we drove rapidly on, hoping at least to reach some spot more sheltered than the spectral valley where we found ourselves. Our haste was of little avail; the spirits of the mountains seemed to laugh our efforts to scorn; and to prove how much travellers are in their power, they so contrived it that the wheels of my carriage coming in contact with a heap of rugged stones, a violent overturn took place, and our further progress was altogether stopped. We had no choice now but to kindle a fire under a huge tree, dispose our cloaks and baggage so as to afford us some protection from the night air, and wait for dawn before we attempted to trust ourselves again in the shattered vehicle.

Resolving to submit with a good grace to our misfortune, we produced our stock of provisions, which hunger made particularly palatable. The fire soon blazed cheerfully; and as masters and men drew round it, we began to think our adventure less woful than we at first considered it. It was agreed that those of our party who were the most fatigued should endeavour to procure some sleep, whilst the watchful should nurse the useful flame which not only warmed but might protect us from the visits of wild animals, should any be attracted towards our neighbourhood. We had with us a stout Bavarian, whose lively eyes told that he had little more inclination to sleep than myself: he and I therefore seated ourselves on the knotted roots of the ancient oak, and to beguile the time I asked him some particulars of the country, new at that time to me, but with which he seemed well acquainted. We are at this moment passing the places he named; and he said he had traversed these mountains during many years, indeed, had we followed his advice at Straubing, we had not then been sitting by the fire, benighted wanderers, listening to him as you now listen to me.

"It is unlucky," said the Bavarian, "that there is no moon, for these heights look well in her broad light and shade; I could otherwise point out to you many a remarkable spot hereabouts. On the summit of the highest of these mountains stand the ruins of the famous Stammchloss of Bogenberg, once belonging to the powerful counts of that race who lorded it over all the country they could see from their stronghold, far into Bohemia. But it is long since their revels are over, and all is silent enough in those walls, except on the festivals of the Wahr-wolves, and then indeed there is such a noise and riot that one might think the old knights and their vassals were once more engaged in contest with their ancient enemies of Ortenburg."

"What mean you," asked I, "by the Wahr-wolves?"

He stared with astonishment.

"Is it possible," said he, "that you have not heard of them? They

are certainly more rare of late years, yet there are still too many in the country."

"Are they banditti?" said I, instinctively laying my hand on my pistol.

"Not so," he replied; "since you seem so surprised I will explain. A Wahr-wolf is a man who has entered into a compact with the Black Huntsman, which enables him to change his human shape for that of a wolf, and resume his own form at will. There are many men whom you would never suspect of such a thing who are known to be of the fraternity. They meet sometimes in bands and scour the country, doing more mischief than natural wolves, for when they get into a farm they make wild havoc, and are mighty beer-drinkers; sometimes, not content with drinking up all the beer they can find, they pile up the empty barrels in the middle of the cellar, and go off howling loud enough to scare the whole country. You smile, but I know a fact relating to one of them which many besides myself can vouch as having occurred. A farmer from Straubing, with some of his people, was passing through these very mountains, and being overtaken by night, as we are, but not like us furnished with provisions, one of his men offered to procure some food, if they would all promise not to tell how he did it. Whereupon he went away, and in a short time they heard the howling of a wolf; presently one came in sight bearing a sheep which he had killed. They ran to hide themselves, but he quietly laid down his prey, and, turning about, ran off to the heights. Their companion returned not long after, quite out of breath and much fatigued. They proceeded to cut up and roast part of the slaughtered animal; but none of them would hold fellowship with the man afterwards, because they knew him at once to be a Wahr-wolf."

"Do you really credit this?" said I; "and could you suspect a companion of so incredible a propensity?"

"When I tell you what was witnessed and recounted to me by my own father," said the Bavarian, with great gravity, "you will allow that I have reasons for my belief.

"Hundesdorf is the native place of our family, and there, when my father was quite young, lived a mother and her two daughters, Margaret and Agatha. The first was soon married to a worthy man, a farmer, who by ill-luck took into his service a young fellow named Augustin Schultes. No one to look at him would have thought his face boded aught but good, he was so handsome, so gay, and obliging.

"It was not long before he fell in love with the pretty Agatha, who was the general favourite of the village, though somewhat proud and shy. At first she looked down upon the servant of her brother-in-law, but by degrees was won by his insinuating behaviour, for women seldom look beyond the outside. Her mother, however, would not listen to his or her entreaties, and nothing but weeping, scolding, and discontent was to be found in the cottage. All on a sudden everything seemed altered; and whereas Augustin never dared to cross the threshold of their house, he was now a constant guest. By and by he left off service and bought a bit of land of his own and some sheep, having had, according to his own report, a legacy left him. This latter circumstance explained the change in the behaviour of Agatha's mother, for a poor suitor and a

rich one are widely different persons, and many who had never said a word in Augustin's favour, now came forward with offers of friendship. Heinrich Ziegler, however, an unsuccessful lover of Agatha's, was still heard on all occasions to speak slightly of Augustin, throwing out hints that his money was not got in an honest way, so that his insinuations filled the minds of the neighbours with suspicions which they could not account for. Some thought he dealt in magic, or had found the Great Secret; but none imagined the truth, which at last came to light.

"It happened one evening that my father was returning from work, and had to pass through a small wood which leads to the village; and as the shades began to fall he hurried on, because there are many strange things happen in these places which no good Christian should care to look upon. Suddenly he heard voices not far off, and, as he thought he recognised them, he stopped to ascertain, when he clearly distinguished those of Heinrich and Augustin, at least so it seemed to him.

"'Augustin,' said the former, 'it is of no use; if you do not resign her I will tell the whole truth, and force you to give her up; for as soon as it is known what you are——'

"'Tush!' interrupted the other, 'what better are you yourself? Did we not take the oath together, and are not you as deeply implicated as I am? Our master provides us with all we want, and our duty is not so very hard.'

"'I tell you,' muttered Heinrich sullenly, 'my duty is much worse than yours; the worst of yours is over, mine is but begun. Am I not obliged to scour the country in the darkest night to bring sheep to your fold?'

"My father shuddered, a fearful suspicion darkened his mind, which was soon confirmed by what followed. Heinrich continued:—

"'You get the reward and I the pain; but I will no longer endure it—either give me up the gold you obtain through my means, or give me up Agatha.'

"They then spoke together, too low to be heard, but my father gathered enough to learn that Augustin promised to take from his comrade the hard duty he complained of being obliged to perform at night; and still muttering to each other words of import which my father could not comprehend, they passed on, and he, terrified and his hair bristling with horror, hurried through the wood and reached home he scarcely knew how.

"He resolved to watch the proceedings of the two comrades narrowly, and in a little time observed that Augustin's looks were much impaired; that he went about in the daytime fatigued and haggard, while Heinrich, who before was dull and heavy, assumed a more cheerful aspect. At length the time was fixed for the marriage of Agatha and Augustin, and as it approached he felt greatly disturbed, on considering the conversation he had overheard: he tried to persuade himself that he had mistaken the voices or the words, but he still could not divest himself of the conviction that the two men whose mysterious words he had listened to were no other than Augustin and Heinrich, and they were, beyond all possibility of doubt, Wahr-wolves!

"The day before the wedding was to take place, he directed his steps to

the cottage, and there found Agatha's mother alone; she was sitting in the window with a face of wonder and alarm, and held in her hand a small piece of paper, which, as he entered, she handed to him.

"Read this," said she; "you are an old friend, advise me what to do to save my poor child."

"On the paper was written, 'Let Agatha fly from the Wahr-wolf.'"

"My father turned pale, and on the widow's earnest entreaties that he would assist her with his advice, he related all he knew. Great was her amazement and despair; the more so, as she felt certain that Agatha would never credit the fact, and must inevitably fall a sacrifice. While we were in this perplexity, we were startled by the sudden appearance of Heinrich. His face was very pale, and his eyes wild.

"'You doubtless wonder,' said he, 'to see me here, and the more so when I tell you that I come as a saviour to your daughter. I alone have the means of delivering her, and, if you will confide in me, she shall escape the fate which hangs over her.'

"He then proceeded to relate that, won over by the deceitful persuasions of Augustin, he had consented to become his companion in his unhallowed proceedings, but, having repented, he now resolved to reveal the wicked practices of his late friend; and if the mother of Agatha would be guided by him, he would deliver her daughter from all harm. After much difficulty, the mother, by my father's persuasions, at last agreed to trust him, as no better means offered; and accordingly, having obliged Heinrich to take a solemn oath of his sincerity, they resolved to assemble several neighbours, and to put themselves under the guidance of this new friend.

"It was night when the whole party met, not far from the gate of Augustin's cottage. Heinrich advanced first, and, at a signal from him, every man concealed himself till it was observed that Augustin came out of the house, and proceeded cautiously onwards till he reached the cemetery just without the village; the watchful band still close on his track.

"He there began to undress himself, and having done so, hid his clothes under a gravestone. Scarcely had he finished this arrangement, when the hoarse cry of a raven seemed to startle him, and the sound was presently answered by a low howl, when, to the inexpressible horror of all present, a hideous wolf rushed forth, as if from the tombs, and was lost in the surrounding gloom.

"No one could stir from the spot where each stood but Heinrich, who darted towards the place where the garments were hid, and drawing them forth, wrapped them in a heap, and calling to the petrified group who looked on, bade them follow. They did so, and having returned to the village, prepared to complete the directions of Heinrich, who ordered a large fire to be made, into which all the clothes were thrown; but, to the surprise of all, among them was discovered the hood and veil of a female. They were burnt with the rest, and as the last spark of the fire died away, the face of Heinrich seemed to have caught its glow, so fierce was the expression of his eyes, as he exclaimed,

"'Now the work of vengeance is complete; now the Black Huntsman has his own!'

"He told the trembling lookers-on, that, on the total destruction of these habiliments depended the Wahr-wolf's power of resuming his human shape, which had now become quite impossible.

"After all these ceremonies, each person returned to his respective dwelling; but my father was unable to obtain a moment's rest all night, for the continual shrieking of a raven close to his window. As day dawned the annoyance ceased, and he rose the next morning, finding all he had witnessed the preceding night was a dream. However, he hastened to the house of Agatha, and there he found all in confusion and dismay. She could be no where found, nor any trace of her discovered. Heinrich was in more consternation than any one, and hurried up and down almost distracted.

"My father now related how his rest had been disturbed by the hoarse cries of the raven, and said that such an omen boded no good. He then proposed seeking for the unfortunate girl in the cemetery, as, perhaps, her mysterious lover had murdered and buried her in one of the tombs. At the mention of this suspicion, a new light seemed to burst on the awe-struck Heinrich. He suddenly called out, in a piercing voice,

"The hood—the veil!—it is too plain, I have betrayed him, and lost her for ever. I burnt her garments, and, doubtless, he had taught her his infernal art, so that she can never be restored to her human form. She will remain a raven, and he a Wahr-wolf, for ever!"

"So saying, he gnashed his teeth with rage, and, with a wild look, rushed from the house. No one observed where he went, but, from that hour, neither he, nor Augustin, nor Agatha, were ever beheld in the village of Hundersdorf; though often, on a wintry night, the howling of wolves is heard not far off, and the ill-boding scream of the raven is sure to echo their horrid yells."

Such was the wild tale of the Bavarian; and when he had finished, I was so impressed with the earnestness of his manner, and the firm belief he attached to this strange relation, that I was not sorry to hear the voices of my awaking companions, nor unrelieved to observe that day was breaking. We soon resumed our journey, and it was with little regret I quitted the gloomy valley where I had listened to the fearful legend of the Wahr-wolf.

The superstition is scarcely even yet done away with in these parts, in spite of the march of civilisation, which has sent steam-boats on the Danube to drive away such follies. I believe, however, there are few places now, except in the Böhmer-wald, where such monstrous fables are believed. Such a belief was once current all over France, and, indeed, wherever wolves existed; but as our robber chiefs and black bands are pretty well rooted out, no one has any interest in keeping up the credit of these imaginary culprits.

"But see," exclaimed the baron, "we are arrived at Vilshofen, and I am obliged to leave off my gossip, and allow you to pursue your way towards Vienna. Yonder are the walls of my domicile, and here I must bid you farewell."

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## LYMNE, RICHBOROUGH, AND RECULVER.

NOWHERE in Great Britain are the changes which a combination of circumstances has wrought, in diverting lines of traffic and intercourse, more striking than in the now forsaken sites of the *Portus Lemanis* (Lymne), *Rutupiæ* (Richborough), and *Regulbium* (Reculver), all three ports and havens as well as strongholds of the Romans, most in approximation to the continent, and holding in ancient times the position now enjoyed by Folkestone, Deal, and Ramsgate, on the coast of Kent. During the Roman domination the *Portus Lemanis* was one of the great keys to Britain, sharing with *Rutupiæ* and *Dubris* (Dover) in commercial importance as the medium of communication with Gaul. Richborough was a seat of continental trade even before the invasion of Julius Cæsar, and its proximity to Gaul and Germany caused it to be selected as the port, in after times, for military, commercial, and social intercourse. The *Castrum* of *Regulbium* appears to have been constructed towards the decline of Roman power in Britain.

These sites, of so much importance in ancient times, are now marked,—the one, by tattered walls and gates and towers, tumbling down in every direction; the other, with more massive and lofty ramparts—fragments of ruin of a still highly imposing character; the third, by a low wall without even traces of towers, above which rise the double spires of an ancient church, of which portions, now demolished, as well probably as portions of the palace of King Ethelred, which preceded at *Raculf-cester* the monastery and church of *Raculf-minster*, were constructed out of the ruins of the *Castrum* which formed the northern boundary or stronghold of the great *Portus Rutupiensis* and of the district and coast of *Cantium*.

Of these different sites, Lymne has hitherto, from its secluded position, attracted the least attention. The facilities of access to the neighbourhood of Reculver and Richborough have long imparted popular interest to those ancient sites; and now that the energies of one of the most active and zealous antiquaries of the day, Mr. Charles Roach Smith, seconded by the learning and judgment of Mr. Thomas Wright, have been directed towards the exploration and elucidation of the antiquities of the former, as rich a harvest of historical and antiquarian facts may be expected as have attended upon the researches made at Richborough; and even the first explorations have been so full of promise, that enthusiastic archaeologists almost anticipate the laying open a British Pompeii in that picturesque portion of the Kentish coast.

How picturesque the site is may be judged of by the animated description of the antiquary first mentioned. "The situation of the *Castrum*," says Mr. C. R. Smith, "is one of singular interest. It is on the lower part of a large tract of ground, of considerable acclivity, which separates the Romney Marshes from the mainland, and forms a strong contrast in its irregular and wild character with the flat and monotonous district intervening between it and the sea. Looking upwards from the level land in front of the *Castrum*, portions of the walls are seen, irregular and disconnected, bounded on the right by a hanging wood, and a winding road

called the Shipway—(Leland, the earliest describer of the place, says: ‘Lymne Hille, or Lymne, was sumtyme a famosse haven, and good for shyppes that myght cum to the foote of the hille. The place is called Shypwey and Old Haven’)—leading by the little village of West Hythe; on the left, by a long range of broken sloping pasture ground, and in front, by an inland cliff crowned by the church of Lymne and a castellated mansion, situated upon the very verge of the cliff. The scene is one of great picturesque beauty. Apart from the antiquarian interest attached to the spot, the natural attractions are varied and impressive; but these are heightened by the wildness and vastness of the ruins of the walls of the fortress, and the feelings of surprise at finding them in a place apparently so unsuitable for such a structure.”\*

From the high ground at the village of Lymne, the spectator can gain a solution to the causes which, through a long course of years, have contributed to change the face of the locality, and invest it with new features. The Romney Marshes have long engaged the attention of the geologist and of the antiquary in various parts of this wide extent. In some places the recession of the sea, in comparatively modern times, has left large tracts of sandy sterile land, not yet covered with herbage, and contrasting with the rich alluvial soil which renders this extensive level so valuable to the grazier and agriculturist. The complete diversion of the ancient bed of the River Limene into a new channel, the alteration of the courses of other rivers and streams to the west, and the disappearance of the haven called the Portus Lemanis, are among the revolutions to which this district has been subjected.

“The last of these,” says Mr. C. R. Smith, “is the subject which falls more especially under our present inquiry, and should be discussed where, indeed, it is obvious such questions can only be properly solved, on the spot itself. That the haven existed in the time of the Romans cannot be doubted; historical records prove it. The construction of the fortress itself, strongly fortified towards the land sides, but open, as at Richborough, towards the sea; the accordance in distance in the ancient Itineraries; and the Roman road yet traceable, combine to leave no room for conjecture as to the locality. As to the remaining evidence to complete the examination, it appears at hand, and seems to be equally conclusive and satisfactory. From the elevation immediately above the Castrum, the naked eye may yet trace out, as upon a map, the demarcation of the bay or estuary which at no very remote time occupied, as far as Hythe to the east, what is now dry land. It is clearly to be distinguished as land newly regained from the sea; the sea-sand is almost superficial, and is as distinctly to be recognised from a distance as it may be demonstrated by close inspection. The level ground, almost up to the foot of the Castrum, is, in fact, almost entirely sea-sand; but to the west the soil is alluvial, and could not possibly have been subjected to the action of the ocean. Here, then, was an estuary at no very distant period of time—the Portus Lemanis. There would be at the present day, Mr. Elliott states, at least seven feet depth of water at the foot of the Castrum, at high tides, were

\* The Antiquities of Richborough, Reculver, and Lymne, in Kent. By Charles Roach Smith, F.S.A. Illustrated by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. J. R. Smith, London.

the great sea-wall, which is maintained at much labour and expense, broken down."

That very curious fresh-water deposit, called by geologists the Weald, or Oaktree clay, varying in its character from a dark tenacious clay to a blue or grey calcareous marle, of an earthy friable texture, may be described as stretching along the coast of the channel from Folkestone to Beachy Head. A lofty range of chalk hills forms the general boundary of this district, excepting where it is open to the sea; and as the formations within the area make their appearance by emerging from beneath the surrounding chalk, it has frequently been described as a great denudation. Within historical periods it is, however, certain that the action of the currents of water which have set with such effective power of degradation against the North and South Forelands, have had a tendency to accumulate sand and shingle, backed by alluvium, in the valley of the Weald. At the termination of the chalk range against the coast on the north-east of Folkestone, the cretaceous form of the chalk marle which underlies the chalk, reposes on the argillaceous form of the chalk marle, which constitutes the mass of a crumbling bank of no great elevation, that stretches along the beach for nearly a mile from the foot of the chalk cliffs towards the village of Folkestone, where it is succeeded by the green sand. The latter formation, emerging from beneath this argillaceous marle, rises into cliffs, which continue, with a height of from 100 to 150 feet, to line the coast as far as Hythe; where the alluvial flat of Romney Marsh, evidently gradually gained from the sea, at present keeps it off from the foot of the hills.

Where the intervention of Romney Marsh protects the continuation of the hills belonging to this formation from the wasting action of the waves, a sloping talus extends from their base to about two-thirds of their height; and here a long low line of precipice, nearly resembling, both in structure and situation, that of the undercliff in the Isle of Wight, hangs over it. This precipice continues about three miles through the parishes of Lymne and Aldington, and it presents five varieties of the sandstone, alternating with beds of limestone, which mark the lower part of this formation generally through Kent.

Wherever the land springs act on this stratum of Weald clay below, it becomes of the consistence of mud, runs out, and leaves the sandstone without support; which, being deprived of its foundation, of course tumbles down. To this circumstance is to be attributed, in great part at least, that immense ruin which forms the striking feature of the Isle of Wight; and which, being now variegated by rocks and woods, and cottages and corn-fields, is become the principal attraction of the visitors to the island. To this circumstance is to be attributed, in a similar manner, the tumbling down of the cliffs of Lymne and Aldington, as well as the subsidences recorded in the "*Philosophical Transactions*," vol. xxxv., and the evidence of similar subsidences contained in the fallen tower and walls and gate of Lymne castle, as also the formation of the sloping talus, which extends from the base of the precipice to nearly two-thirds of its height, and which, is covered with verdure, or clothed with hanging woods, dotted here or there with hamlet, church, or castle, "broken sloping pasture ground, and in front an inland cliff, crowned by the church of Lymne and a castellated mansion, situated upon the very verge of the cliff," as Mr. C. R. Smith

describes it.\* Lastly, it is to the same circumstance, superadded to the accumulative tendencies of the currents at this spot, that we are to attribute the formation of Romney Marsh; a considerable tract of country containing about 56,000 acres, including the shingles, or sea deposit, which is computed to be about 10,000 acres,† and upon which not less than 300,000 sheep are constantly fed, besides large quantities of cattle.

If, as it would appear from Mr. Elliott's researches, the sea has encroached upon this great alluvial deposit, more especially in the neighbourhood of Dymchurch, even to the extent of half a mile, during the last 1500 years, it can only be explained by local causes, just as at Cliff End, near Winchelsea, where the barrier of marsh land terminates; and the sea, attacking the foot of the central chain of iron-sand, which emerges from beneath the weald clay near Oxney Isle and Rye, exposes a bold section of it in a line of cliffs extending thence past Hastings, and terminating, at the distance of about seven miles, near Bex Hill. The general circumstances of the case are a tendency to accumulation, as shown by the deposit of an area of 56,000 acres since the last geological period, the filling up of the Portus Lemanis, the diversion of the ancient bed of the River Limene into a new channel, the alteration of the courses of the other rivers and streams to the west, the large tracts of sandy, sterile land, not yet covered with herbage, described by Mr. C. R. Smith as "left by the recession of the sea," the accumulation of upwards of 10,000 acres of shingle and marine deposit between Stone End by Dungeness to Guilford, the succession of New to Old Romney, and the changes that have taken place at Rye and Winchelsea.

It was very difficult to form even an approximate notion of the original form of the Castrum at Lymne until the recent excavations. Even at the time when Mr. C. R. Smith published his descriptions, it was still difficult to trace all the walls in their continuity. There was the tower mentioned by Leland and Stukeley, ten feet high, and forty-five in circumference,

\* Mr. C. R. Smith does not appear to have had a clear conception of the structure of the country when he says, "the long bank of sandstone hills which, for several miles, face the marshes, is, in the lower part of its slope, covered to a considerable depth with a clayey porous soil, through which, in some places, the rock shows itself. The understratum of this ground abounds in springs, some of which find ready egress, but others, which lie deeper, vent themselves with greater difficulty." The fact is, as above described, the Wealden clay creeps out from beneath the green sand, just as at the undercliff of the Isle of Wight; and it is the land springs which issue from this latter formation, which, washing away the clay, leave the sandstone without support, and cause it, or anything that is upon it, to tumble down.

† We have in our possession a detailed military sketch of the coast between the South Foreland on the east, and Rye on the west, and of the preparations made for the defence of the same at the time of the threatened invasion by Napoleon, many of which defences, especially that most remarkable line of fortification called the Military Canal, which cuts off all Romney Marsh from the mainland, remain to the present day. It appears, from this interesting document, that the very point of entrance of the old Portus Lemanis was still considered as the most favourable place for the enemy's landing at that time. The coast, from the canal sluice at the foot of Shorn Cliff to Rye, being flat, several parts of it were favourable for the landing of artillery, cavalry, and infantry; but the point which was considered as "by far the most advantageous," was situated between the Martello tower No. 19, between the sluice and Shorn Cliff Battery, and the eleventh gun-tower between Forts Sutherland and Moncrief, near Hythe.

but detached from the wall. In some instances the tower remained as built, united to the curtain wall; but, in others, the wall had fallen outwards to such a distance that the spade and pickaxe alone brought them once more to light. "The immense weight," says Mr. C. R. Smith, "of the walls and towers has influenced their fall, according to variations in the character of the soil. In one place they have broken and fallen in different directions; in another, they have been, as it were, rooted up, so that what was once perpendicular is now perfectly flat. On the eastern side, in particular, the walls are, to use a homely expression, 'doubled up,' and in one spot they have sunk, in several fragments, into an abyss."

The chief entrance, or Decuman Gate, was found on the eastern side, about the centre of the Castrum, and several postern entrances were also discovered. Inscriptions on fragments of tiles, which appear to read C L S B R, were also found; and as they do not refer to the Tournay detachment known to have been quartered here, Mr. C. R. Smith suggests, ingeniously enough, that they may refer to *Classiarii*, or *Classici*, *Britannici*—British troops trained for sea warfare, the well-known marines of olden time. Upwards of seventy coins had also been dug up, with a single exception, all of a late period. A penny of Eadgar, as also two iron prick spurs, and a key, were also dug up, showing that the Castrum was occupied for a considerable time after its abandonment by the Romans. Among the objects of Roman manufacture found were fragments of pottery, broken querns, in Andernach lava, and in native granite; a cusp of a spear, in bronze; a bow-shaped fibula; a bracelet, also in bronze; a ligula, in the same metal; and a large circular piece of bituminous shale, commonly known as "Kimmeridge coal," perforated, and polished.

Since that time, Mr. Thomas Wright has made a communication of the progress of discovery to the Archæological Association, at its meeting at Manchester, in which, after accounting for the fall inwards of the great gateway, from the outward subsidence of its base of large square stones, now looking like steps, but satisfactorily shown by Mr. Wright to have been part of a platform, repaired at various periods, and suggesting that the deviation from the usual quadrangular plan of Roman castra, observed in the north wall, was owing to repairs made after a similar subsidence, and which may have occurred in the eleventh or twelfth century, Mr. Wright proceeded to say that, after the circuit of the walls had been cleared, the workmen had been employed in the interior, and soon came upon the remains of a Roman house, a little to the south-west of the grand entrance gateway; and they have subsequently commenced clearing another Roman house, of large dimensions, in the northern part of the area, which Mr. Wright thought, from its extent, might have been some public building, although its plan had as yet been very imperfectly traced. The end of a room in the latter, forming a half hexagon, and looking towards the town wall, had evidently had windows, as fragments of window-glass were found on the ground under it. Mr. W. gave a detailed account of the peculiarities attending the discovery of these remains, and illustrated his meaning by plans and diagrams. The smaller house contained an extensive hypocaust, the pillars of which, composed of flat tiles, were partly destroyed, and the pavement they supported was

entirely gone. These hypocausts have been usually considered as baths, but there can be no doubt that they constituted the Roman method of warming the houses in these climates; and many of the tiles of the flues which distributed the warm air over the houses were found lying about. In excavating these houses, an abundance of broken pottery, glass, fragments of wall frescoes, keys, fibulæ, and other petty articles, coins, &c., were found; and in the house first opened a rather pretty intaglio was met with. The walls of the houses have in parts been dislocated by the same cause which has affected the walls, though most of the former are standing upright in their places. This is easily explained, for the walls of the houses were light and low, and therefore easily followed the motion of the ground, which would not be the case with the massive town walls.

It will be seen from this how little has yet been done towards uncovering the interior of this English Pompeii. The excavations hitherto made have been, with the exception of the last-mentioned exploration, restricted to the line of the walls, with a view to restore the ground-plan, and to ascertain peculiarities of architecture, and the sites of towers and entrances. The sinews of exploration are wanting to explore the interior area effectively. This is a state of things which it is to be hoped will be obviated, for within the area we may expect to find vestiges of public buildings and monuments, and other objects calculated to throw light on the local history of the *Castrum* and port, and this hope may be entertained with a surer prospect of realisation, from the circumstance that the ground appears never to have been disturbed since the remote period of the catastrophe which overturned and buried the walls. Indeed, these excavations, if sufficiently encouraged by the public, may not only make us more fully acquainted with one of the largest and most interesting stations of the Romans in this island, but will probably throw an entirely new light on the public and domestic condition and habits of the Romano-British population.

What is yet to be hoped for in the case of Lymne may almost be said to have been accomplished for Richborough by the indefatigable industry of Mr. Rolfe and Mr. C. R. Smith. Such a collection of coins, fictile vessels, glass, personal ornaments, mural paintings, implements and utensils, and other miscellaneous remains, have, perhaps, never been collected and described from any one site of the same magnitude in Great Britain. The introductory historical evidences of the antiquity and importance of Richborough, as afforded by ancient writers, is drawn up by Mr. C. R. Smith with exceeding care and accuracy. We had some time back been induced, by a visit to the locality in question, to rub up the references to the spot contained in the olden geographers, which also led us by force of circumstance to the poets and historians, more especially Lucan, Juvenal, and Ausonius, who have spoken of this locality as of much repute in a gastronomic, almost as in an historical point of view; and we have found that all these notices have been collated by our worthy friend in the most clear and satisfactory manner.

In reference to the gastronomic reputation of Richborough, Mr. C. R. Smith says:

"It is under a different, and more benign aspect, that we find the Rutupine coast next mentioned. It occurs in the story of the consultation of

the Roman senators, at the court of Domitian, about a turbot. The satirist Juvenal, ridiculing the abject servility of the patricians towards the imperial tyrant of the day, bestows especial consideration on one Montanus—a type of court sycophants—who recommended that a large dish should be purposely made to hold, uncut, the gigantic fish; and that, the emperor approving, a company of potters should in future attend the camp, to provide against a similar exigency. Montanus, the poet observes, had long been a partaker in the luxury of court living, and was an adept in the pleasures of eating. No one in such matters was more scientific. At first taste he could tell whether an oyster had been bred in the Circean Harbour, or by the Lucrine Rocks, or was dredged up from the Rutupine Sea; and at a glance would tell from what shore a crab came :—

Nulli major fuit usus edendi  
Tempestate mea. Circeis nata forent, an  
Lucrinum ad saxum, Rutupinove edita fundo,  
Ostrea, callebat primo deprendere morsu ;  
Et semel adspecti littus dicebat echini.

*Sat. iv., l. 139.*

An extensive oyster fishery, it is well known, is carried on at the present day at Whitstable, and along the line of coast at Reculver and Margate. In the time of the Romans, this trade, which furnished so choice a luxury to the Roman market, was also supplied from sources nearer Richborough; and recent discoveries have, Mr. C. R. Smith remarks, shown alike the literal application of the words of Juvenal, and the change that has taken place in this district since his days. In digging in the marshes, at the depth of from four to six feet, beds of oysters are often brought to light. The shells are quite perfect and hard, precisely resembling those which have been found in great quantities, in and around the Castrum, where they were mixed with fragments of pottery and bones, the refuse of the table. So late as last year, in digging clay for bricks, on the left of the road from Sandwich to Richborough, a stratum of these shells was found. Pliny testifies to the esteem in which the British oysters were held at Rome; and when the Romans came to Britain, it would seem as if they could not partake too extensively of the much-esteemed delicacy. They founded stations at Richborough and Reculver, where oysters abounded; and heaps of shells have been found almost on every site where the remains of Roman buildings have been discovered.

One of the most remarkable relics at Richborough is a solid rectangular platform of masonry, which has much excited the curiosity of antiquaries, but the original purpose of which is still undetermined. The description of the pottery found at the same place has given Mr. C. R. Smith an excellent opportunity, of which he has not failed to avail himself, of expatiating upon the recent discoveries in that branch of inquiry, and which have thrown so much light upon the subject that the initiated are now acquainted with the names of several hundred potters (300 different potters' names were found by Mr. C. R. Smith in London alone), and are enabled, at a glance, to appropriate particular classes of fictile ware to distinct and ascertained localities, and to decide what is of home and what is of foreign manufacture. When we consider that the manu-

facture of pottery with the Etruscans, the Greeks, and the Romans, was carried to a degree of perfection which has not been equalled in modern times, with all the advantages which science has afforded, the advantage of such knowledge will be more sensibly felt.

Libatory vessels, beads, and children's toys, were found in glass and clay. Bronze fibulæ, plain or enamelled, pins and needles of bone, armilla or bracelets, intaglios, workmen's tools, steel yards and weights, keys, styli, fragments of armour, bosses of shields, nails, &c., have also afforded new and rare illustrations of the habits and manners of Romans and Saxons alike. The department of Mr. Rolfe's Richborough collection, however, in which the monuments are most numerous and of the highest value and interest, are the coins. They extend over a period of upwards of four hundred years—from the first arrival of the Romans in Britain, to their final departure. The coins of most of the earlier emperors are comparatively scarce; but towards the latter end of the third century, when Carausius wrested the province from Diocletian and Maximilian, they suddenly increase in number, and those of the ten years during which the island maintained its independence far exceed those of any other reign, although the coins of many of the subsequent emperors are very numerous. This, Mr. C. R. Smith ascribes to Rutupie having been the head-quarters of Carausius. The denarii of Carausius, marked R.S.R., he believes were struck at Rutupia. The Richborough coins, indeed, preserve an almost uninterrupted and a faithful index of the Roman domination in Britain; and they also illustrate, to a minor extent, the state of the liberated province when left to its own resources for government, more especially the Saxon period.

We have dwelt so long upon the overthrown *Portus Lemanis* and the inexhaustible treasures of Rutupia, that we must deal briefly with ancient Regulbium. "*Reculver*," says Mr. C. R. Smith, "at the present day presents a very different aspect to Richborough. The vestiges of the walls of the *Castrum* want that solemn grandeur and impressive majesty of loneliness which distinguish the more perfect remains of its ancient ally. The capricious sea, which has deserted its old boundaries at Richborough, and left dry the estuary which formerly separated Thanet from the mainland, has swallowed up one-half of the site of Regulbium, and annihilated as much of its walls. The encroachments of generations of villagers, and of a once flourishing monastic establishment, have aided the waves in dismantling the place of architectural characteristics, and of its more prominent and striking features of antiquity; and the thousands of voyagers who daily pass the site, and see a dark mass of cottages, and the two spires of a desecrated church, situated upon a cliff slightly elevated above the land on either side, see only a picturesque spot, adding to the natural beauties of the Kentish coast a pleasing diversity of scenery; and they pass on upon their watery way. If one, more curious than his companions, is tempted to ask the history of the desolated church with its towers and spires, he may probably be told that these steeples are called "*the Two Sisters*," and hear one of those legends which popular ignorance everywhere so readily invents, to account for the origin of objects which appear mysterious or remarkable. He little knows, nor perhaps cares to know, the events and revolutions which that little spot of land has witnessed, in times, to him, of un-



suspected antiquity. The more adventurous visitors of adjoining watering places, who are attracted thither in the ordinary routine of sight-seeing, are satisfied with the interest attached to all places which present a diversity of impressions; and Reculver is one which must gratify, on a summer's day, all save the most unimpassioned and listless observer. The difficulty (not insurmountable) of access; the church in ruins; the half-obliterated gravestones, marking where 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;' the bleached bones, which strew the beach, of the nameless ejected tenants of graves undermined by the waters; and the broken framework of human bodies, projecting from the black unctuous cliff; a few fishermen's cottages, and a little inn, designated (not by the Herald's College) the 'Ethelbert's Arms,' present themes for reflection, and objects to gratify the general visitor, though he may return home without having been accompanied by a guide to the Roman antiquities of Reculver."

We hope that Mr. C. R. Smith's beautifully got-up volume will diminish, if it does not altogether extinguish, such a race of thoughtless and indifferent sight-seers. Tourists will now know that Reculver was a stronghold of the Romano-British population, at the time when the boldness and ability of Carausius gave a first and sudden blow to imperial power in these countries, as also when, after the temporary relief given by Constantius, the Saxons and Franks were making perpetual descents on the British coast; that, as Lymne was garrisoned by men of Tournay, Reculver was garrisoned by Vetasii or Betasii—men of Brabant; that Ethelbert, the fifth king of Kent, who received and protected Augustine, made this castle his palace, for him and his successors; that 213 years after that, Eadbert, another king of Kent, built here a college and dedicated it to the Virgin Mary; that in 792, Egbert, a king likewise of the same country, built a monastery of the order of St. Benedict; that the church, which tradition hallowed as the burial-place of Ethelbert, stood as a monument of the downfall of paganism, and the triumph of Christianity, upwards of a thousand years, till at the commencement of the present century it was seized upon by some Anglo-Goths, who tore it to pieces and divided the spoil, "but the curse of heaven fell upon them, and they and their families came to ruin!"

Lastly, they will learn that the ancient remains which have been discovered at Reculver were as abundant and as interesting as those which have been collected from Richborough; that Battely, the author of "*Antiquitates Rutupinæ*," published at Oxford, in 1711, was to Reculver, while rector of Adisham, what Mr. Rolfe is to Richborough, the tutelary *genius loci*; and that these remains are now figured and described for the benefit of the intelligent tourist in this interesting account of three of the most striking sites of by-gone times that are, perhaps, to be met with throughout the country.

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## SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

## CHAPTER LIV.

## FARMER PEASTRAW'S DINÉ-MATINÉE.

WE left Mr. Sponge with Sir Harry Scattercash's heterogeneous hounds running into Lord Scamperdale's clean wild fox, instead of the dirty, aniseeded, bag one they had started with, the interchange of foxes at the end affording a fine sample of retributive justice (the aniseeded one having been originally stolen from Sir Harry to sell to his lordship, and restolen from his lordship to resell to Sir Harry), and showing gentlemen the impolicy of having anything to do with fox-stealers. Having disposed of the moral we will now to the worry. There are pleasanter situations than being left alone with twenty couple of even the best-mannered fox-hounds; many much pleasanter situations than being left alone with such a tearing frantic lot of devils as composed Sir Harry Scattercash's pack. Sportsmen are so used (with some hounds at least) to see foxes "in hand" that they never think there is any difficulty in getting them there; and it is only a single-handed combat with the pack that shows them that the hound does not bring the fox up in his mouth like a retriever. A tyro's first *tête-à-tête* with a half-killed fox, with the baying pack circling round, must leave as pleasing a souvenir on the memory as Captain Gordon Cumming would derive from his first interview with a lion.

Our friend Mr. Sponge was now engaged with a game of "pull devil, pull baker," with the hounds for the fox, the difficulty of his situation being heightened by having to contend with the impetuous temper of a high-couraged, dangerous horse. To be sure, the gallant Hercules was a good deal subdued by the distance and severity of the pace, but there are few horses that get to the end of a run that have not sufficient kick left in them to do mischief to hounds, especially when raised or frightened by the smell of blood; nevertheless, there was no help for it. Mr. Sponge knew that unless he carried off some trophy it would never be believed he had killed the fox. Considering all this, and also that there was no one to tell what damage he did, he just rode slap into the middle of the pack, as Marksman, Furious, Thunderer, and Bountiful, were in the act of despatching the fox. Singwell and Saladin (puppies) having been sent away howling, the one bit through the jowl, the other through the foot.

"Ah! leave him—leave him—leave him!" cried Mr. Sponge, trampling over Warrior and Tempest, the brown horse lashing out furiously at Melody and Lapwing. "Ah, leave him! leave him!" repeated he, throwing himself off his horse by the fox, and clearing a circle with his whip and the hoofs of the animal. There lay the fox before him killed, but as yet little broken by the pack. He was a noble fellow; bright and brown, in the full vigour of life and condition, with a gameness, even in death, that no other animal shows. Mr. Sponge put his foot on the body, and quickly whipped off his brush. Before he had time to pocket it, the repulsed pack broke in upon him and carried off the carcase.

"Ah! d—n ye, you may have *that*," said he, cutting at them with

his whip as they clustered upon it like a swarm of bees. They had not had a wild fox for five weeks.

"*Who-hoop!*" cried Mr. Sponge, in the hopes of attracting some of the field. "*WHO-HOOP!*" repeated he, as loud as he could halloo. "Where can they all be, I wonder?" said he, looking around: and echo answered—*where?*

The hounds had now crunched their fox, or as much of him as they wanted. Old Marksman ran about with his head, and Warrior with a haunch.

"*Drop it, you old beggar!*" cried Mr. Sponge, cutting at Marksman with his whip, and Mr. Sponge being too near to make a trial of speed prudent, the old dog did as he was bid, and went slinking away.

Our friend then appended this proud trophy to his saddle-flap by a piece of whipcord, and, mounting the now tractable Hercules, began to cast about in search of a landmark. Like most down countries, this one was somewhat deceptive: there were plenty of landmarks, but they were all the same sort—clumps of trees on hill tops, and plantations on hill sides—but nothing of a distinguishing character, nothing that a stranger could say, "I remember seeing that as I came;" or, "I remember passing that in the run." The landscape seemed all alike: north, south, east, and west, equally indifferent.

"Curse the thing," said Mr. Sponge, adjusting himself in his saddle, and looking about; "I haven't the *slightest* idea where I am. I'll blow the horn, and see if that will bring anybody."

So saying, he applied the horn to his lips, and blew a keen, shrill blast, that spread over the surrounding country, and was echoed back by the distant hills. A few lost hounds drew to it from various quarters, in the unexpected way that hounds do come to a horn. Among them were a few branded with an S,\* who did not at all add to the beauty of the rest.

"'Ord rot you, you belong to that old ruffian, do you?" said Mr. Sponge, cutting at one with his whip, exclaiming, "Get away to him, you beggar, or I'll tuck you up on a tree."

He now for the first time saw them together in anything like numbers, and was struck with the queerness and inequality of the whole. They were of all sorts and sizes, from the solemn towering calf-like fox-hound down to the little wriggling harrier. They seemed, too, to be troubled with various complaints and infirmities. Some had the mange; some had blear eyes; some had but one; many were out at the elbows; and not a few down at the toes. However, they had killed a fox, and "Handsome is that handsome does," said Mr. Sponge, as, with his horse surrounded by them, he moved on in quest of his way home.

At first, he thought to retrace his steps by the marks of his horse's hoofs, and succeeded in getting back to the dean, where Sir Harry's hounds changed foxes with Lord Scamperdale's; but there he got confused with the imprints of the other horses, and very soon had to trust entirely to chance. Chance, we are sorry to say, did not befriend him, for, after wandering over the wide-extending downs, he came upon the little hamlet of Tinkler Hatch, and was informed that he had been riding in a semicircle. He there got some gruel for his horse, and, with the shades of night drawing on, now set off, as directed, on the Ribchester Road, with the assurance that he couldn't miss his way. Some of the

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\* "S," for Scamperdale, showing they were his lordship's.

hounds here declined following him any further, and slunk into cottages and outhouses as they passed along. Mr. Sponge, however, did not care about their company.

Having travelled musingly along two or three miles of road, now thinking over the glorious run—now of the gallant way in which Hercules had carried him—now of the pity it was that there was nobody there to see—now of the blackguarding match he had had with Lord Scamperdale, just as he passed a well-filled stack-yard, that had shut out the view of a flaming red brick house, with a pea-green door and windows, an outburst of "*hoo-rays!*" followed by one cheer more—"*hooo-ray!*" made the wild hounds prick up their ears, and our friend rein in his horse, to hear what was uppermost. A bright fire in a room on the right of the door overpowered the clouds of tobacco-smoke with which the room was enveloped, and revealed sundry scarlet coats in the full glow of joyous hilarity. It was Sir Harry and friends recruiting at Farmer Peastraw's after their exertions; for, though they could not make much of hunting, they were always ready to drink. They were having a rare set-to—rashers of bacon, wedges of cheese, *grande* circumferences of bread, with oceans of malt-liquor. It was the appearance of a magnificent cold round of beef, red with saltpetre and flaky with white fat, borne on high by their host, that elicited the applause and the one cheer more that broke on Mr. Sponge's ear as he was passing—applause that was renewed as they caught a glimpse of his red coat, not on account of his safety or that of the hounds, but simply because they were in the cheering mood, and ready to cheer anything.

"*Hil-loo!* there's Mr. What's-his-name?" exclaimed brother Bob Spangles, as he caught view of Sponge and the hounds passing the window.

"So there is!" roared another; "*Hoo-ray!*"

"*Hoo-ray!*" yelled two or three more.

"Stop him!" cried another.

"Call him in," roared Sir Harry, "and let's liquor him."

"Halloo! Mister *What's-your-name!*" exclaimed the other Spangles, throwing up the window. "Halloo! won't you come in and have some refreshment?"

"Who's there?" asked Mr. Sponge, reining in the now lather-dried brown.

"Oh, we're all here," shouted brother Bob Spangles, holding up a tumbler of hot brandy-and-water; "we're all here—Sir Harry and all," added he.

"But what shall I do with the hounds?" asked Mr. Sponge, looking down upon the confused pack, now crowding about his horse's head.

"Oh, let the beef-eaters—the scene-shifters—I mean to say the servants—those fellows, you know, in scarlet and black caps, look after them," replied brother Bob Spangles.

"But there are none of them here," exclaimed Mr. Sponge, looking back on the deserted road.

"None of them here!" hiccuped Sir Harry, who had now got reeled to the window. "None of them here," repeated he, staring vacantly at the uneven pack. "Oh (hiccup), I'll tell you what do—(hiccup) them into a barn or a stable, or a (hiccup) of any sort, and we'll send for them when we want to (hiccup) again."

"Then just you call them to you," replied Sponge, thinking they would go to their master. "Just you call them," repeated he, "and I'll put them to you."

"(Hiccup) call to them?" replied Sir Harry; "I can't (hiccup)".

"Oh, yes!" rejoined Mr. Sponge; "call one or two by their names, and the rest will follow."

"Names! (hiccup) I don't know any of their nasty names," replied Sir Harry, staring wildly.

"Towler! Towler! Towler! here, good dog—*hoop!*—here's your liquor!" cried brother Bob Spangles, holding the smoking tumbler of brandy-and-water out of the window, as if to tempt any hound that chose to answer to the name of Towler.

There didn't seem to be a Towler in the pack; at least, none of them qualified for the brandy-and-water, by answering to it.

"Oh, I'll (hiccup) you what we'll do," exclaimed Sir Harry; "I'll (hiccup) you what we'll do. We'll just give them a (hiccup) kick apiece, and send them (hiccup)ing home," said Sir Harry, reeling back into the room to the black horse-hair sofa, where his whip lay.

He presently appeared at the door, and, going into the midst of the hounds, commenced laying about him, rating, and cutting, and kicking, and shouting.

"*Geete* away home with ye, ye brutes; what are you all (hiccup)ing here about? *Ah! cut off his tail!*" cried he, staggering after a venerable blear-eyed sage, who dropped his stern and took off.

"*Be off!* Does your mother know you're out?" cried Bob Spangles, out of the window, to old Marksman, who stood wondering what to do.

The old hound took the hint also.

"Now, then, old feller," cried Sir Harry, staggering up to Mr. Sponge, who still sat on his horse, in mute astonishment at Sir Harry's mode of dealing with his hounds. "Now, then, old feller," said he, seizing Mr. Sponge by the hand, "get rid of your quadruped, and (hiccup) in, and make yourself 'o'er all the (hiccups) of life victorious," as Bob Spangles says, when he (hiccups) it neat. This is old (hiccup) Peastraw's, a (hiccup) tenant of mine, and he'll be most (hiccup) to see you."

"But what must I do with my horse?" asked Mr. Sponge, rubbing some of the dried sweat off the brown's shoulder as he spoke; adding, "I should like to get him a feed of corn."

"Give him some ale, and a (hiccup) of sherry in it," replied Sir Harry; "it'll do him far more good—make his mane grow," added he, smoothing the horse's thin, silky mane as he spoke.

"Well, I'll put him up," replied Mr. Sponge, "and then come to you," throwing himself, jockey fashion, off the horse as he spoke.

"That's a (hiccup) feller," said Sir Harry; adding, "here's old Pea himself come to see after you."

So saying, Sir Harry reeled back to his comrades in the house, leaving Mr. Sponge in the care of the farmer.

"This way, sir; this way," said the burly Mr. Peastraw, leading the way into his farmyard, where a line of horses stood shivering under a long cart-shed.

"But I can't put my horse in here," observed Mr. Sponge, looking at the unfortunate brutes.

"No, sir, no," replied Mr. Peastraw; "put yours in a stable, sir; put yours in a stable;" adding, "these young gents don't care much about their horses."

"Does anybody know the chap's name?" asked Sir Harry, reeling back into the room.

"Know his name!" exclaimed Bob Spangles; "why, don't you?"

"No," replied Sir Harry, with a vacant stare.

"Why, you went up and shook hands with him, as if you were as thick as thieves," replied Bob.

"Did I?" hiccuped Sir Harry. "Well, I thought I knew him. At least, I thought it was somebody I had (hiccup)ed before; and at one's own (hiccup) house, you know, one's obliged to be (hiccup) feller well met with every (hiccup) body that comes. But, surely, some of you know his (hiccup) name," added he, looking about at the company.

"I think I know his (hiccup) face," replied Bob Spangles, imitating his brother-in-law.

"I've seen him somewhere," observed the other Spangles, through a mouthful of beef.

"So have I," exclaimed some one else, "but where I can't say."

"Most likely at church," observed brother Bob Spangles.

"Well, I don't think he'll corrupt me," observed Captain Quod, speaking between the fumes of a cigar.

"He'll not borrow much of me," observed Captain Seedybuck, producing a much tarnished purse, and exhibiting two fourpenny pieces at one end, and three halfpence at the other.

"Oh, I dare say he's a good feller," observed Sir Harry; "I make no doubt he's one of the right sort."

Just then in came the man himself, hat and whip in hand, waving the brush over his head.

"Ah, that's (hiccup) right, old feller," exclaimed Sir Harry, again advancing with extended hand to meet him; adding, "you'd (hiccup) all you wanted for your (hiccup) horse: mutton broth—I mean barley-water, foot-bath, everything right. Let me introduce my (hiccup) brother-in-law, Bob Spangles, my (hiccup) friend Captain Ladofwax, Captain Quod, Captain (hiccup) Bouncey, Captain (hiccup) Seedybuck, and my (hiccup) brother-in-law, Mr. Spangles, as lushy a cove as ever was seen; arn't you, old boy?" added he.

All these gentlemen severally bobbed their heads as Sir Harry called them over, and then resumed their respective occupations—eating, drinking, and smoking.

These were some of the debauched gentlemen Mr. Sponge had seen before Nonsuch House in the morning. They were all captains, or captains by courtesy. Ladofwax had been a painter and glazier in the Borough, where he made the acquaintance of Captain Quod, while that gentleman was an inmate of Captain Hudson's strong house. Captain Bouncey was the well-known billiard-table marker; and Seedybuck was such a constant customer of Mr. Commissioner Fonblanque's court, that that worthy legal luminary, on discharging him for the fifth time, said to him, with a very significant shake of the head, "You'd better not come here again, sir." Seedybuck, being of that opinion also, had since fastened himself on to Sir Harry Scattercash, who found him in meat, drink, washing, and lodging. They were all attired in red coats, of one sort or another, though some of which were of a very antediluvian, and

others of a very dressing-gown cut. Bouncey's had a hare on the button, and Seedybuck's sat on him like a sack. Still a scarlet coat is a scarlet coat in the eyes of some, and the coats were not a bit more unsportsmanlike than the men. To Mr. Sponge's astonishment, instead of breaking out in inquiries as to where they had run to, the time, the distance, who was up, who was down, and so on, they began recommending the victuals and drink; and this notwithstanding Mr. Sponge kept playing with the brush.

"We've had a rare run," said he, addressing himself to Sir Harry.

"Have you (hiccup)? I'm glad of it (hiccup). Pray, have something to (hiccup) after it; you *must* be (hiccup)."

"Let me help you to some of this cold round of beef?" exclaimed Captain Bouncey, flourishing the great broad-bladed carving-knife.

"Have a slice of 'ot 'am," suggested Captain Quod.

"The *finest* run I ever rode!" observed Mr. Sponge, still endeavouring to get a hearing.

"Dare say it would," replied Sir Harry; "those (hiccup) hounds of mine are uncommon (hiccup)." He didn't know what they were, and the hiccup came very opportunely.

"The pace was terrific!" exclaimed Sponge.

"Dare say it would," replied Sir Harry; "and that's what makes me (hiccup) you're so (hiccup). Pea, here, has some rare old October,—(hiccup) bushels to the (hiccup) hogshhead."

"It's capital!" exclaimed Captain Seedybuck, frothing himself a tumblerful out of the tall brown tin.

"So is this," rejoined Captain Quod, pouring himself out a liberal allowance of gin.

"That horse of mine carried me *MAGnificently*!" observed Mr. Sponge, with a commanding emphasis on the *MAG*.

"Dare say he would," replied Sir Harry; "he looked like a (hiccup)er —a white 'un, wasn't he?"

"No; a *brown*," replied Mr. Sponge, disgusted at the mistake.

"Ah, well; but there *was* somebody on a white," replied Sir Harry.

"Oh,—ah—yes,—it was old Bugles on my lady's horse. By the (hiccup) way (hiccup), gentlemen, what's got Mr. Orlando (hiccup) Bugles?" asked Sir Harry, staring wildly round.

"Oh! old Bugles! old Pad-the-Hoof! old Mr. Funker! the horse frightened him so, that he went home crying," replied Bob Spangles.

"Hope he didn't lose him?" asked Sir Harry.

"Oh, no," replied Bob; "he gave a lad a shilling to lead him, and they trudged away very quietly together.

"The old (hiccup)!" exclaimed Sir Harry; "he told me he was a member of the Surrey something."

"The Sorry Union," replied Captain Quod. "He *was* out with them once, and fell off on his head and knocked his hat-crown out."

"Well, but I was telling you about the run," interposed Mr. Sponge, again attempting to enlist an audience. "I was telling you about the run," repeated he.

"Don't trouble yourself, my dear sir," interrupted Captain Bouncey; "we know all about it—found—checked—killed, killed—found—checked."

"You *can't* know all about it!" snapped Mr. Sponge; "for there wasn't a soul there but myself, much to my horror, for I had a regular row with old Scamperdale, and devil a soul to back me."

"What! you fell in with that mealy-mouthed gentleman, who can't (hiccup) swear because he's a (hiccup) lord, did you?" asked Sir Harry, his attention being now drawn to our friend.

"*I did*," replied Mr. Sponge; "and a pretty blackguarding match we had of it."

"Indeed! (hiccup)," exclaimed Sir Harry. "Tell us (hiccup) all about it."

"Well," said Mr. Sponge, laying the brush full length before him on the table, as if he was going to demonstrate upon it. "Well, you see we had a devil of a run—I don't know how many miles, as hard as ever we could lay legs to the ground; one by one the field all dropped astern, except the huntsman and myself. At last he gave in, or rather his horse did, and I was left alone in my glory. Well, we went over the downs at a pace that nothing but blood could live with, and though my horse has never been beat, and is as thorough-bred as Eclipse—a horse that I have refused three hundred guineas for over and over again, I really did begin to think I might get to the bottom of him, when all of a sudden we came to a dean."

"Ah! Cockthrottle that would be," observed Sir Harry.

"Dare say," replied Mr. Sponge; "Cock-anything-you-like-to-call-it for me. Well, when we got there, I thought we should have some breathing time, for the fox would be sure to run it. But no; no sooner had I got there than a countryman hallooed him away on the other side. I got to the halloo as quick as I could, and just as I was blowing the horn," producing Watchorn's from his pocket as he spoke; "for I must tell you," said he, "that when I saw the huntsman's horse was beat, I took this from him—a horn to a foot huntsman being of no more use, you know, than a side-pocket to a cow, or a frilled shirt to a pig. Well, as I was tootling the horn for hard life, what should turn out of the wood but old mealy-mouth himself, as you call him, and a pretty volley of abuse he let drive at me."

"No doubt," hiccuped Sir Harry; "but what was *he* doing there?"

"Oh! I should tell you," replied Mr. Sponge, "that his hounds had run a fox into it, and were on him full cry when I got there."

"I'll be bund," cried Sir Harry, "it was all sham—that he just (hiccup)'d an excuse for getting into that cover. The old (hiccup) beggar is always at some trick, (hiccup)ing my foxes or disturbing my covers or something," Sir Harry being just enough of a master of hounds to be jealous of the neighbouring ones.

"Well, however, there he was," continued Mr. Sponge; "and the first intimation I had of the fact was a loud, gruff voice, exclaiming, 'Who the h—ll are you?'

"'Who the h—ll are you?' replied I."

"Bravo!" shouted Sir Harry.

"Capital!" exclaimed Seedybuck.

"Go it, you cripples! Newgate's on fire!" shouted Captain Quod.

"Well, what said he?" asked Sir Harry.

"'They commonly call me the Earl of Scamperdale,' replied he, 'and those are MY HOUNDS.'

"'They're *not* your hounds,' replied I."

"'Whose are they, then?' asked he."

"'Sir Harry Scattercash's, a devilish deal better fellow,' replied I."



"“ Oh, by G—d !” roared he, ‘ there’s an end of everything. Jack,’ shouted he to old Spraggon, ‘ this gentleman says these are not my bounds !’

“ ‘ I’ll tell you what it is my lord,’ said I, gathering my whip and riding up to him, ‘ I’ll tell you what it is ; you think, by G—d, because you’re a lord, you may curse and swear at people as you like, but, by G—d, you’ve mistaken your man. I’ll not put up with any of your nonsense. I’ll fight you any non-hunting day you like with pistols, broadswords, or blunderbusses.’ ”

“ Well done you ! Bravo ! that’s your sort !” with loud thumping of tables and clapping of hands, resounded from all parts.

“ By Jove, fill him up a stiff ’un ! he deserves a good drink after that !” exclaimed Sir Harry, pouring Mr. Sponge out a beaker, equal parts brandy and water.

Mr. Sponge immediately became an hero, and was freely admitted into their circle. He was clearly a choice spirit—a trump of the first water—and they only wanted his name to be uncommonly thick with him. As it was, they plied him with victuals and drink, all seeming anxious to bring him up to the happy state of inebriety in which they themselves were. They talked and they chattered, and they abused old Scamperdale and Jack Spraggon, and lauded Mr. Sponge up to the skies.

Day soon closed in, and farmer Peastraw’s bright fire shed its cheering glow over the now encircling group. One would have thought that with their hearts mellow, and their bodies comfortable, their minds would have turned to that sport in whose honour they sported the scarlet ; but no, hunting was never mentioned. They were quite as genteel as Nimrod’s swell friends at Melton, who cut it altogether. They rambled from subject to subject, chiefly on in-door and London topics ; billiards, balls, betting-rooms, Cole Holes, Cremorne Gardens, Cider Cellars, there being an evident confusion in their minds between the characters of sportsmen and sporting men. Mr. Sponge tried hard to get them on the right tack, were it only for the sake of singing the praises of the horse for which he had so often refused three hundred guineas, but he never succeeded in retaining a hearing. Talkers were far more plentiful than listeners.

At last they got to singing, and when men begin to sing, it is a sign that they are about drunk, or have had enough of each other’s company. Sir Harry’s hiccup, from which he was never wholly free, increased tenfold, and he hiccuped and spluttered at almost every word. His hand, which shook so at starting that it was odds whether he got his glass to his mouth or his ear, was now steadied, but his glazed eye and cadaverous countenance showed at what a sacrifice the temporary steadiness had been accomplished. At last his jaw dropped on his chest, his left arm hung listlessly over the back of the chair, and he fell asleep. Captain Quod, too, was overcome, and threw himself full-length on the sofa. Captain Seedybuck began to talk thick.

At length, as they were all about brought to a stand-still, the trampling of horses, the rumbling of wheels, and the shrill *twang, twang, twang*, of the now almost forgotten mail horn, roused them from their reveries.

It was Sir Harry’s drag scouring the country in search of our party, going like a cholera cart to pick up the dead. It had been to all the

public-houses and beer-shops within a radius of some miles of Nonsuch House, and was now taking a speculative blow through the centre of the circle.

It was a clear frosty night, and the horses' hoofs rang, and the wheels rolled soundly over the hard road, cracking the thin ice, yet hardly sufficiently frozen to prevent a slight upshot from the wheels.

*Twang, twang, twany*, went the horn full upon Farmer Peastraw's house, causing the sleepers to start, and the waking ones to make for the window.

"COACH-A-HOY!" cried Bob Spangles, smashing a pane in a vain attempt to get the window open. The coachman pulled up at the sound.

"Here we are, Sir Harry!" cried Bob Spangles, into his brother-in-law's ear, but Sir Harry was too far gone; he could not "come to time." Presently a servant entered with furred coats, and shawls, and checkered rugs, in which those who were sufficiently sober enveloped themselves, and those who were too far gone were huddled by Peastraw and the man; and amid much hurry and confusion, and jostling for inside seats, the party freighted the coach, and whisked away before Mr. Sponge knew where he was.

When they got to Nonsuch House, they found Mr. Bugles exercising the fiddlers by dancing the ladies in turns. Without intending the slightest disparagement to the Surrey Union (if Mr. Bugles really is a member), we may say that he was a better hand at dancing than hunting.

## CHAPTER LV.

### A MOONLIGHT RIDE.

THE position, then, of Mr. Sponge was this. He was left on a frosty, moonlight night at the door of a strange farmhouse, staring after a receding coach, containing all his recent companions.

"You'll not be goin' wi' 'em, then?" observed Mr. Peastraw, who stood at his back, listening to the notes of the shrill horn dying out in the distance.

"No," replied Mr. Sponge.

"Rummy lot," observed Mr. Peastraw, with a shake of the head.

"Are they?" asked Mr. Sponge.

"*Very!*" replied Mr. Peastraw. "Be the death of Sir Harry among 'em."

"Who are they all?" asked Mr. Sponge.

"*Rubbish!*" replied Peastraw with a sneer, diving his hands into the depths of his pockets. "Well, we'd better go in," added he, pulling them out and rubbing them, to betoken that he felt cold.

Mr. Sponge, not being much of a drinker, was more overcome with what he had taken than a seasoned cask would have been; added to which, the keen night air striking upon his heated frame soon sent the liquor into his head. He began to feel queer.

"Well," said he to his host, "I think I'd better be going."

"Where are you bound for?" asked Mr. Peastraw.

"To Puddingpote Bower," replied Mr. Sponge.

"So," observed Mr. Peastraw, thoughtfully; "Mr. Crowdey's—Mr. Jogglebury that was?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Sponge.

"He is a deuce of a man, that, for breakin' people's hedges," observed Mr. Peastraw; "he can't see a straight ash, or a holly, or a thorn, or anything, but he's sure to be at it."

"He's a great man for walking-sticks," replied Mr. Sponge, staggering in the direction of the stable in which he put his horse.

The house-clock then struck ten.

"She's fast," observed Mr. Peastraw, fearing his guest might be wanting to stay all night.

"How far will Puddingpote Bower be from here?" asked Mr. Sponge.

"Oh, no distance, sir, no distance," replied Mr. Peastraw, leading out the horse. "Can't miss your way, sir—can't miss your way. First turn on the right takes you to Collins' Green; then keep by the side of the church, next the pond; then go straight forward for about a mile and a half, or two miles, till you come to a small village called Lea Green; turn short at the finger-post as you enter, and keep right along by the side of the hills till you come to the Winslow Woods; leave them to the left, and pass by Mr. Roby's farm, at Runton—you'll know Mr. Roby?"

"Not I," replied Mr. Sponge, hoisting himself into the saddle, and holding out a hand to take leave of his host.

"Good night, sir; good night!" exclaimed Mr. Peastraw, shaking it; "and have the goodness to tell Mr. Crowdey from me, that the next time he comes here a bush-ranging, I'll thank him to shut the gates after him. He set my young stock all wrong the last time he was here."

"I will," replied Mr. Sponge, riding off.

Mr. Peastraw's directions were well calculated to confuse a clearer head than Mr. Sponge then carried; and the reader will not be surprised to learn that, long before he reached the Winslow Woods, he was regularly bewildered. Indeed, there is no surer way of losing oneself than trying to follow a long train of directions in a strange country. It is far better to establish one's own landmarks, and make for them as the natural course of the country seems to direct. Our forefathers had a wonderful knack of getting to points with as little circumlocution as possible. Mr. Sponge, however, knew no points, and was quite at sea; indeed, even if he had, they would have been of little use, for a fitful and frequently obscured moon threw such bewildering lights and shades around, that a native would have had some difficulty in recognising the country. The frost grew more intense, the stars shone clear and bright, and the cold took our friend by the nape of the neck, and shot across his shoulder-blades and right down his back. Mr. Sponge wished and wished he was anywhere but where he was—flattening his nose against the coffee-room window of the Blenheim, tooling in a Hansom as hard as he could go, squaring along Oxford-street criticising horses—nay, he wouldn't care to be undergoing Gustavus James himself—anything, rather than rambling about a strange country in a cold winter's night, with nothing but the hooting of owls and the occasional bark of a shepherd's dog to enliven his solitude. The houses were few, and widely scattered. The lights in the cottages had long been extinguished, and the occupiers of the farmhouses were gruff in their answers and short in their directions. At length, after riding and riding and riding, more with a view of keeping himself awake than in the expectation of finding his way, just as he was preparing to knock up the inmates of a cottage by the roadside, a sudden gleam of moonlight fell upon the building, and revealed the half-Swiss, half-Gothic lodge of Puddingpote Bower.

## CHAPTER LVI.

## PUDDINGPOTE BOWER.

WE must now back the train a little, and have a look at Jog and Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Jog had had another squabble after Mr. Sponge's departure in the morning. Mr. Jog reproving Mrs. Jog for the interest she seemed to take in Mr. Sponge, as shown by her going to the door to see him amble away on the piebald hack. Mrs. Jog justified herself on the score of Gustavus James, with whom she was quite sure Mr. Sponge was much struck, and to whom, she made no doubt, he would leave his ample fortune. Mr. Jog, on the other hand, wheezed and puffed into his frill, and reasserted that Mr. Sponge was as likely to live as Gustavus James, and to marry, and to have a bushel of children of his own, while Mrs. Jog rejoined that he was "sure to break his neck"—breaking their necks being, as she conceived, the inevitable end of fox-hunters; just as the anti-racing saints say turfites are sure to go to h—ll. Jog, who had not prosecuted the sport of hunting long enough to be able to gainsay her assertion, though he took especial care to defer the operation of breaking his own as long as he could, fell back upon the expense and inconvenience of keeping Mr. Sponge and his three horses, and his saucy servant, who had taught their domestics to turn up their noses at his diet table; above all, at his stick-jaw\* and undeniable small-beer. So they went fighting and squabbling on, till at last the scene ended as usual, by Mrs. Jogglebury bursting into tears, and declaring that Jog didn't care a farthing either for her or her children. Jog then bundled off, to try and fashion a most incorrigible-looking, knotty blackthorn into a head of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst. He afterwards took a turn at a hazel that he thought would make a Joe Hume. Having occupied himself with these till the children's dinner-hour, he took a wandering, snatching sort of meal, and then put on his paletot, with a little hatchet in the pocket, and went off in search of the raw material in his own and the neighbouring hedges.

Evening came, and with it came Jog, laden, as usual, with an armful of gibbies, but the shades of night followed evening before there was any tidings of the sporting inmates of his house. At last the piebald appeared, shuffling up the avenue with Mr. Leather's white breeches, now moving backwards now forwards, now leaning on this side, now lurching on that, much in the manner of the drunken hussar at a circus—the wearer being almost too drunk to sit on, and yet too wise to fall off. Whenever the breeches seemed irrevocably gone, they recovered themselves with a lurch and a jerk.

Mr. Jog went out to meet them. Leather saw his great outline looming in the distance, and sat shaking his head endeavouring to identify it. He thought it was the squire, and yet somehow he thought it wasn't.

"Oh, it's you, old boy, is it!" at last exclaimed he, extending his right hand to the figure, and nearly overbalancing himself; "it's you, old boy, is

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\* By-the-way, this well-known luxury was printed "stick-saw," at p. 106, last month. There were some other trifling errors in the September portion, caused by the late vexatious post-office arrangements, which prevented the author, who had gone to that fashionable *English* watering-place, Boulogne-sur-Mer, in France, returning his proof in time. At p. 101, for "where they formed" read "where they found;" p. 108, for "comical lodge or" read "comical lodge and."

it!" repeated he, adding, "I thought it had been the old woolpack here," nodding his head towards the house. "Well," said he, recovering himself, pulling up, and sitting, as he thought, quite straight in the saddle, "we've had the finest day's sport and the most equitable drink I've enjoyed for many a long day. 'Ord bless us, what a gent that Sir 'Arry is! He's the sort of man that should have money. I'm blowed, if I were queen, but I'd melt all the great blubber-gutted fellows like this 'ere Crowdey down, and make one sich man as Sir 'Arry out of the 'ole on 'em. Beer! they don't know wot beer is there! Nothin' but the werry strongest hale, instead of the puzzon one gets at this awful mean place, that looks like nothin' but the washin' o' brewer's haprons. O! I 'umbly begs pardon," exclaimed he, dropping from his horse on to his knees on discovering that he was addressing Mr. Crowdey—"I thought it was Robins, the mole-ketcher."

"Thought it was Robins, the mole-catcher," growled Jog; "what have you to do with (puff) Robins, the mole-catcher? (wheeze)."

Jog boiled over with indignation. At first he thought of kicking him, a feat that his suppliant position made extremely convenient, if not tempting. Prudence, however, suggested that Leather might have him up for the assault. So he stood puffing and wheezing and eyeing the bleared-eyed, brandy-nosed old drunkard with, as he thought, a withering look of contempt, and then, though the man was drunk and the night was dark, waddled off, leaving Mr. Leather on his white breeches' knees. If Jog had had reasonable time, say an hour or an hour and twenty minutes, to improvise it in, he would have said something uncommonly sharp, as it was he left him with the pertinent inquiry ~~we~~ have recorded—"What have you to do with Robins, the mole-catcher?" We need hardly say that this little incident did not at all ingratiate Mr. Sponge with his host, who re-entered the house in a worse humour than ever. It was insulting a gentleman on his own *ter-ri-tory*—bearding an Englishman in his own castle. "Not to be borne (puff)," said Jog.

It was now nearly five o'clock, Jog's dinner-hour, and still no Mr. Sponge. Mrs. Jog proposed waiting half-an-hour, indeed she had told Susan, the cook, to keep the dinner back a little, to give Mr. Sponge a chance, who could not possibly change his tight hunting things for his evening tights in the short space of time that Jog could drop off his loose flowing garments, wash his hands, and run the comb through his lank, candle-like hair.

Five o'clock struck, and Jog was just applying his hand to the fat red-and-black worsted bell-pull, when Mrs. Jog announced what she had done.

"Put off the dinner (wheeze), put off the dinner (puff)," repeated he, blowing furiously into his clean shirt-frill, which stuck up under his nose like a hand-saw; "put off the dinner (wheeze), put off the dinner (puff), I wish you wouldn't do such (wheeze) things without consulting (gasp) me."

"Well, but, my dear, you couldn't possibly sit down without him," observed Mrs. Jog, mildly.

"Possibly! (puff), possibly! (wheeze)," repeated Jog. "There's no possibly in the matter," retorted he, blowing more furiously into the frill.

Mrs. Jog was silent.

"A man should conform to the (puff) hours of the (wheeze) house," observed Jog, after a pause.

"Well, but, my dear, you know hunters are always allowed a little law," observed Mrs. Jog.

"Law! (puff), law! (wheeze)," retorted Jog. "I never want any law"—thinking of the dose he got at the County Court for the Hackberry Dean gibby-stick transaction, and then of the dose Lord, when Mr. Brougham, administered to him in the breach of promise case, "*Smiles v. Jogglebury*." His thoughts kept him silent for a time, for Brougham had made an impression upon him that a lapse of years had little effaced.

Half-past five o'clock came, and still no Mr. Sponge; and Mrs. Jog, thinking it would be better to arrange to have something hot for him when he came, than to do further battle with her bull-headed husband, applied her fine arm to the bell-pull, and gave it the double ring indicative of "bring dinner."

"Nay (puff), nay (wheeze); when you have (gasp)ed so long," growled Jog, taking the other tack, "you might as well have (wheeze)d a little longer"—snorting into his frill as he spoke.

Mrs. Jogglebury said nothing, but slipped quietly out, as if after her keys, to tell Susan to keep so-and-so in the meat-screen, and have a few potatoes ready to boil against Mr. Sponge arrived. She then sidled back quietly into the room. Jog and she presently proceeded to that all-important meal, Jog blowing out the company-candles on the side-table as he passed.

The dinner consisted of mutton-broth and haddocks, a boiled leg of mutton with caper-sauce, a brace of partridges, and a pudding something similar to the servants' "*stick-jaw*," only of a more mitigated character—that is to say, not quite so sticky as the servants' one. Jog munched away with a capital appetite; but Mrs. Jog, who took the bulk of her lading in at the children's dinner, sat trifling with the contents of her plate, listening alternately for the sound of horses' hoofs outside, and for squalls from the nursery above.

Dinner passed over, and the fruity port and sugary sherry soon usurped the places that stick-jaw pudding and cheese had lately occupied.

"Mr. (puff) Sponge must be (wheeze), I think," observed Jog, hauling his great silver watch out, like a bucket, from his fob, on seeing that it only wanted ten minutes to seven.

"Oh, Jog!" exclaimed Mrs. Jog, clasping her beautiful hands, and casting her bright beady eyes up to the low ceiling.

"Oh, Jog! What's the matter now? (puff—wheeze—gasp)," exclaimed our friend, reddening up, and fixing his stupid eyes intently on his wife.

"Oh, nothing," replied Mrs. Jog, unclasping her hands, and bringing down her eyes.

"Oh, nothin'!" retorted Jog. "*Nothin'!*" repeated he. "Ladies don't get into such tantrums for nothin'."

"Well, then, Jog, I was thinking if anything should have ha—ha—happened Mr. Sponge, how Gustavus Ja—Ja—James will have lost his chance." And thereupon she dived for her lace-fringed pocket-handkerchief, and hurried out of the room.

But she had said quite enough to make the caldron of Jog's jealousy boil over, and he sat staring into the fire, imagining all sorts of horrible devices in the coals and cinders, and conjuring up all sorts of evils, until he felt himself possessed of a hundred and twenty thousand devils.

"I'll get shot of this chap at last," said he, with a knowing jerk of his head and a puff into his frill, as he drew his thick legs under his chair, and made a semicircle to get at the bottle. "I'll get shot of this chap," repeated he, pouring himself out a bumper of the syrupy port, and eyeing it at the composite candle. He drained off the glass, and immediately filled another. That, too, went down, then he took another, and another, and another; and seeing the bottle get low, he thought he might as well finish it. He felt better after it. Not that he was a bit more reconciled to our friend Mr. Sponge, but he felt more equal to cope with him—he even felt as if he could fight him. There did not, however, seem to be much likelihood of his having to perform that ceremony, for nine o'clock struck and no Mr. Sponge, and at half-past Mr. Crowdey stumped off to bed.

Mrs. Crowdey, having given Bartholomew and Susan a dirty pack of cards to play with to keep them awake till Mr. Sponge arrived, went to bed too, and the house was presently tranquil.

It however happened that that amazing prodigy, Gustavus James, having been out on a sort of eleemosynary excursion among the neighbouring farmers and people, exhibiting as well his fine blue feathered hat, as his astonishing proficiency in "Bah! bah! black sheep," and "'Obin and 'Ichard," getting seed-cake from one, sponge-cake from another, and toffy from a third, was troubled with a very bad stomach-ache during the night, of which he soon made the house sensible by his screams and his cries. Jog and his wife were presently at him, and, as Jog sat in his white cotton nightcap and flowing flannel dressing-gown in an easy chair in the nursery, he heard the crack of the whip, and the *yeeu-u-u-p* of Mr. Sponge's arrival. Presently the tramping of a horse was heard passing round to the stable. The clock then struck one.

"Pretty hour for a man to come home to a strange house!" observed Mr. Jog, for the nurse, or Murry Ann, or Mrs. Jog, or any body that liked, to take up.

Mrs. Jog was busy with the rhubarb and magnesia, and the others said nothing. After the lapse of a few minutes, the clank, clank, clank of Mr. Sponge's spurs was heard as he passed round to the front, and Mr. Jog stole out on to the landing to hear how he would get in.

*Thump! thump! thump!* went Mr. Sponge at the door; *rap—tap—tap*, he went at it with his whip.

"Comin', sir! comin'!" exclaimed Bartholomew from the inside.

Presently the shooting of bolts, the withdrawing of bands, and the opening of doors, were heard.

"Not gone to bed yet, old boy?" said Mr. Sponge, as he entered.

"No, thir!" snuffled the boy; "been thitten up for you."

"Old guts gone?" asked Mr. Sponge, depositing his hat and whip on a chair.

The boy gave no answer.

"Is old *bellows-to-mend gone*?" asked Mr. Sponge in a louder voice.

"The charman's gone," replied the boy, who looked upon his master—the chairman of the Stir-it-stiff Union—as the personification of all earthly greatness.

"D—n your impittance," growled Jog, slinking back into the nursery—"I'll pay you off! (puff)," added he, with a jerk of his white night-capped head. *I'll (puff) bellows-to-mend you! (wheeze).*"

## WHERE TO PASS THE AUTUMN.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## I.

## OF THE DIRECTION IN WHICH MR. BOSBERRY TRAVELLED.

PROTECTED from mutual observation by the ample sheets of the *Times* and *Morning Post*, and indulging in the thoughts to which the columns of those journals respectively gave birth, Mr. and Mrs. Bosberry were quietly seated at breakfast in their villa in St. John's Wood, one very warm morning in the month of August last.

Mr. Bosberry was, of course, a politician, and Mrs. Bosberry a woman of fashion; that is to say, their tendencies lay that way: for which reason Mr. Bosberry read the *Times*, and Mrs. Bosberry the *Morning Post*.

This pursuit they had indulged in, harmlessly, for many years. Nothing of importance had resulted from it, either to the state or to society. Notwithstanding the great dearth of ability in the ministry, and the acknowledged want of "a leading mind," Mr. Bosberry had not yet been "sent for," and that talent still remained buried in St. John's Wood which ought to have blazed forth in all its glory at Westminster. So it befel with Mrs. Bosberry. Year after year "some lady patroness seceded from the direction of Almack's," some newer ladyship "threw open her elegant mansion to the *élite* of the *beau monde*;" but from the ballot-box at Willis's issued not the name of Bosberry, neither was the welkin made uproarious by linkmen at her expense. In short, this respectable couple were suffered to live on as completely unnoticed as if their existence were not even necessary to the worlds either of politics or fashion; a selfish mistake, no doubt, but if mistakes were not sometimes made no one would ever grow wiser.

On the morning in question, when the mental faculties of the *Sieur* Bosberry had been sufficiently obfuscated by the perusal of the previous night's debate, he turned for relief to the advertising columns, which, unlike the parliamentary ones, instruct while they amuse. Though his corporeal presence was in St. John's Wood, and he was actually sitting within four feet of the partner of his bosom, his thoughts, like those of the dying gladiator, were soon "far away," though not occupied with precisely the same objects. The Dacian, in the Roman arena, longed for his distant wife and children; the Briton in his snug villa had no "young barbarians" to excite his sympathies, but he had many times sighed for the absence of Mrs. Bosberry. Not that he did not greatly admire that estimable woman, nor behave towards her with perfect marital propriety, but there *are* moments—as everybody will allow—when a temporary separation, even from those we love, becomes rather pleasant than otherwise, arising, of course, from the anticipated delight of meeting again. It is thus we are enabled to explain the feeling that occasionally glowed in the breast of Mr. Bosberry—a feeling scarcely weaker than his patriotism.

The cause of Mr. Bosberry's abstraction was one natural to a man who felt himself *un homme d'état manqué*, and was, moreover, to a certain extent, tied by the leg; but without these exciting causes, the first two or three columns of the *Times* are quite sufficient—in the height of summer—to stir the locomotive propensities of the reader.



Mr. Bosberry began by wishing himself at Bombay, "with leave to call at the Cape," while visions of lion-hunting flitted before his eyes, and he rivalled, in imagination, the exploits of Mr. Gordon Cumming. Then Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta, passed in review, accessible by "well-known teak-built ships," all "coppered and copper-fastened, with splendid poop accommodations" for the voyage, on board of which, remote from Mrs. Bosberry—but thinking of her—he might revel in the enjoyments familiar to all who make the long Indian passage. Next followed the Mauritius, suggesting sentimental images of shipwrecked Virginias; Batavia and Macassar, famed for gold-headed walking-sticks and Rowland's oil; Sydney and Adelaide, rife with kangaroos and convicts; and New Zealand, where, if he escaped martyrdom at the hands of Heki, he might peradventure found a future city, which should bear the honoured name of Bosberry.

All these places were tempting to one who longed for travel, and whose experience that way had been restricted within the seas of Britain; but the very fact of his never having been abroad was one of the principal reasons which made the temptation nugatory, and when he thought of the possibility of being sick all the way, he turned to the next column in search of a shorter excursion.

California caught his eye, and for a few moments he paused. Bosberry was a man of substance; but had his dividends been ten times larger than they actually were, the idea of increasing them would only have been in accordance with the general practice of the wealthy. We must, however, say this in favour of Bosberry, that he was thinking rather of the golden coast in a romantic than a utilitarian point of view; and when he reflected on the character of the adventurers who throng to the *placers*, he came to the conclusion that in their society a stout elderly gentleman, like himself, might probably get the worst of it, if he rashly hazarded his person in San Francisco. He, therefore, wisely shunned the allurements of the *Lalla Rookh*, the *Tintern*, and other poetically-named vessels, a residence on board of which was announced in the several advertisements as being a delight only a trifle short of Paradise itself.

Madeira he thought of with pleasant recollections of the wine in which he professed himself a *connoisseur*; Cadiz attracted him for the same cause; and the shores of the Mediterranean smiled pleasantly on paper, but to one and all these there was the insuperable objection of—the sea.

"To be sure," sighed Mr. Bosberry, "that must be crossed, go where I will, if I wish to see the world. Let me look for the shortest passage to the Continent."

The next advertisement was headed:

**DAY SERVICE** to Belgium, Germany, and the Rhine, by Ramsgate and Ostend. The Packets of the Belgian Government and the South-Eastern Company, will leave Ramsgate every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Direct Tickets may be obtained at the Offices, 40, Regent Circus; 147, Cheapside; and the London Bridge Station.

Mr. Bosberry read this over several times, and the oftener he read it the stronger became his desire to avail himself of the route it pointed out. It was not, indeed, the shortest way to the Continent—Calais, or Boulogne, or Dunquerque, were nearer than Ostend; but he had more than one reason for avoiding the French ports.

In the first place, being a patriot of the "England-expects-every-man-to-do-his-duty" school of politics, he made it a matter of conscience to hate our very lively and impressionable friends over the water; and in the next, he could not speak a word of what—with a strong expression of disgust on his countenance—he called "their gibberish." It is true he was equally at fault with *all* the continental tongues, but never having heard of such a thing as the Belgian language *per se*, he fancied that "the natives there" spoke a sort of neutral dialect, and that an Englishman would stand as good a chance of making himself understood as anybody else. On the score of Germany also he was perfectly easy; for a friend of his who had been up the Rhine, had told him that "there was hardly any difference between German and English;" and, in proof of this assertion, said that "a glass of wine or beer" was exactly the same, and that "bread" and "butter" were as intelligibly rendered to English ears as if they had fallen from the lips of a Yorkshireman. With such an accommodating vocabulary as this, there could be no difficulty in "getting on," especially as Mr. Bosberry's proposed mission, which he kept entirely to himself, was of high political importance. Perhaps he might have been led to this view of the case by what he had just read of the evidence given before the House of Commons' committee by the noble Secretary for Foreign Affairs, wherein his lordship is reported to have laid it down, as an invariable principle, that the great secret of diplomacy consisted in *à propos* eating and drinking. To know how to ask for the common necessities of life was, at all events, a step in the right direction; and Mr. Bosberry felt no doubt that these few magic words would prove the "open sesame" to the whole mystery.

These speculations had caused Mr. Bosberry to be silent for a much longer time than was his custom when engaged with his paper; for he seldom got through a leading article, or an important subject of any kind, without expressing his opinion upon it, either for praise or blame. Mrs. Bosberry, on her part, was not so completely absorbed in the flounces and furbelows of the last fashionable marriage, as not to notice the abstraction of her spouse, nor perceive that his attention was directed to a part of the paper which seldom occupied him very long.

"Do you see anything, Mr. B., to your advantage?" asked the lady, when she at length grew tired of gazing at her ruminant husband. "Perhaps, if you do, you'll be good enough to let me have my share of it?"

"My dear!" exclaimed Mr. Bosberry, waking up from his brown study, "I was reading—a—a—reading—an—advertisement!"

"Rather a long one, Mr. Bosberry, I should think," retorted the dame, somewhat acrimoniously.

The accustomed tone restored her husband's presence of mind, and, we are sorry to say, steeled his heart against feelings of a gentler nature, which were beginning to creep over him. The fact was, Mr. Bosberry had for the last few moments been thinking that he might as well associate Mrs. Bosberry in the treat which he meditated; his carpet-bag would be better packed, the buttons on his shirts could be replaced when lost, and many indispensable little offices more comfortably rendered by her hands than those of others,—when the reverse of the picture suddenly presented itself, and he remembered the particular snappishness which distinguished his wife whenever she set out upon any expedition, how-

ever short. He also recollected that the pleasure of being a free agent more than counterbalanced the discomfort of absent buttons. He therefore decided upon keeping his good intentions to himself, and merely said that he thought of giving himself a little holiday in a day or two.

"A holiday, Mr. Bosberry! And pray where are we to go to?"

"I said nothing about 'we,' Mrs. Bosberry," replied her husband, in the coldly-grand, or cabinet-minister style, which so well became him. "I am going alone—to the Continent."

"And what on earth takes you to the Continent, Mr. Bosberry, and without *me*, I should like to know?"

"There are political reasons, Mrs. Bosberry, which influence me. I shall probably see Lord Palmerston on the subject this very day. You will excuse me if I say no more."

Mrs. Bosberry knew by experience that the most prominent feature in her husband's character was what Mr. Bosberry himself called "firmness," but which she, in moments of spleen, was accustomed to describe to a confidential friend of hers as "nothing more nor less than pig-headed obstinacy." She knew, therefore, that it would be useless to offer any opposition to his will. But while she submitted in silence, she could not but feel some surprise at the suddenness of her husband's determination; and her curiosity, moreover, was excited in no slight degree to discover in what it had originated.

When, therefore, Mr. Bosberry put on his hat and gloves, and sallied forth, as was his wont, to catch the Atlas omnibus, which set him down at the Minerva Club, in Pall-Mall, of which he was a member, his wife took up the *Times*, and eagerly glanced at the third column, in the full expectation of finding there the key to Mr. Bosberry's secret. Nor was that expectation disappointed, for her eye immediately fell on an advertisement, which, with the promptitude of female suspicion, she at once applied to her deceiving lord. It ran thus:—

**Y. B.**—All is arranged at Camberwell. Come quickly. Success depends upon celerity. The Monster has gone to the Lakes. Lull the Dragon. Bring gold. Spn qrx lckrumby dol vizz pestel A 150. In two days.

Mrs. Bosberry was one of those domestic martyrs who say they can bear a great deal, and, if their own accounts are to be credited, are perfect camels in endurance. But, like the camel, a straw may overweight them; and jealousy, which very often is lighter than a straw, proved, in this instance, too much for Mrs. Bosberry. Here was an evident intrigue.

"Y. B." was her husband's name, of course, read backwards. There never was anything straightforward about such doings.—The minx lived at Camberwell, then.—"Quickly!" That accounted for Mr. B.'s hasty resolve.—Who could the "Monster" be? The hussey's protector, most likely.—And the "Dragon!" Was that herself?—"Gold!" Oh, yes; plenty of gold, to waste upon sluts, while a faithful wife was grugged a new bonnet only last Saturday!—Hieroglyphics, too! That was the reason he was so long spelling it out.—"A hundred and fifty!" The cost of the journey, no doubt.—"In two days!" The very time he named.—Wasn't she a basely-treated wife, and a heart-broken, put-upon, suffering slave?

Once upon this theme, Mrs. Bosberry became supremely eloquent. Most women are so when thus excited. There is nothing like an imaginary wrong for opening the flood-gates either of tears or talk. Her first thought was to tear the paper in pieces; her next, to cut out the hateful advertisement, and paste it in her pocket-book. She would confound and defy Mr. Bosberry, and claim her rights. There was, nothing, in short, that she would not do. She had been passive too long, et cetera. The reader, if he be a married man, needs not to be told all that the angry lady threatened.

Meantime, Mr. Bosberry, unconscious of the storm that was brewing at home, made the best of his way down to the Minerva, to consult one or two travelled friends as to the best way of reaching Vienna, a city he had all his life held in a kind of reverential awe, as the head-quarters of political information, to acquire which had always been the object of his ambition.

He received, of course, very opposite advice, as no two men are ever found to agree when you ask them to give you the benefit of their experience. The hotels which one declared to be first-rate, another pronounced execrable; one recommended him to take a courier, another earnestly advised him to have nothing to do with that class of persons. "Circular notes are safest," said one; "You always lose upon paper in Germany," said another. The result of the conference consequently was that Mr. Bosberry's state of mind was no less hazy at its close than at its commencement, and, for all purposes of practical utility, he might as well have left his friends unconsulted. In one point, however, they were all agreed—that it was requisite he should take a Foreign-office passport; without that he would find it impossible to enter the Austrian territory. They cautioned him, too, to be very particular about the description of his person, so that no doubt should arise as to his identity on the part of the authorities.

Mr. Bosberry cogitated over this matter for some time, and at last a bright idea struck him. Though not exactly in office, nor in any way connected with the government, nor indeed in parliament, his political reputation, he had no doubt, was well known beyond the limits of a much wider circle than the Marylebone vestry, extensive as that is. It might even—there was no saying in these days of universal knowledge—it might even have reached Vienna. Bosberry was, at all events, a remarkable name; and if attention were once excited towards it, his mission might be suspected. He resolved, therefore, to do what other exalted personages constantly did. He would travel incognito. What name should he assume to pass unnoticed among the undistinguished herd? All his linen was marked with the letter B. It is always a perplexing thing to have to choose a name, and the greater the choice, of course the greater the difficulty. Brown? No, that was too common, though he knew one man named Brown who said his ancestors came over with the Conqueror. Baggs? That was too undignified, and he didn't wish to sink his respectability altogether. Barclay? That was a quiet decent name;—yes, Barclay would do, and therefore, when he announced himself at the Foreign-office, it was under that designation.

As time presses with us, there is no occasion to say more on the subject of the passport than that he paid 2*l.* 7*s.* for it, and was described in it as

"stout," with one or two other remarks on his personal appearance, which would, for the most part, have answered equally well for any body else.

Armed with this valuable document, which, as all the world knows, causes an Englishman to be respected wherever he shows it, Mr. Bosberry then paid a visit to Coutts's, provided himself with circular notes and gold, in order to be right on both sides of the question (not omitting a letter of credit, in case of need), got his ticket for Ostend at the Circus, and then walked gently homewards, preferring to go on foot in order that he might have an opportunity of telling any of his acquaintance whom he might meet that he was "off for Vienna," and had "just got his (a fit of coughing converted "passport" into "despatches") from the Foreign-office,—and so," pursued Bosberry, in every instance, shaking his friend warmly by the hand,—“and so, God bless you, my boy!”

Of the row that took place in St. John's Wood when he made his appearance there—for when she stood upon her "rights" Mrs. Bosberry would face a lion—we shall say but little. "It may," as more than one celebrated writer has observed, "be more easily imagined than described." Mr. Bosberry disclaimed all consciousness of the advertisement in the *Times*, which Mrs. Bosberry sneeringly, angrily, weepingly, and in every possible shape hurled in his face. The result, however, was a compromise. He not only repudiated "the dragon," "the monster," and, worse than all, "those indecent hieroglyphics," but gave Mrs. Bosberry a handsome cheque to keep her quiet during his absence, promised her a handsome pair of crimson Bohemian cut-glass chandeliers for her drawing-room, and, in proof of his fidelity, agreed that Mrs. Bosberry and her *dame de compagnie*, Miss Scarecrow, whom he hated, should accompany him to the seaside to see him fairly off. Having obtained these terms, his wife wiped her eyes and was content.

## II.

### HOW MR. BOSBERRY GOT ON WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF ALONE.

ALTHOUGH peace had been proclaimed between Mr. and Mrs. Bosberry, yet from the moment the ratifications were exchanged, in the pleasant shape of the cheque before alluded to, the latter (either personally or through the organs of Miss Scarecrow) never once lost sight of her husband till the steamer for Ostend was fairly outside of Ramsgate harbour.

When that fact was established, Mrs. Bosberry dried the tears which parting—or the east wind—drew down her cheeks, and, accompanied by Miss Scarecrow, whose feelings were beyond the reach of any emotion or any wind, went back to a remarkably good breakfast at the Pier Hotel, and planned a pleasant excursion for the day, though the wind blew fresher than most wives (it is to be hoped) would altogether have liked.

Mr. Bosberry, meanwhile, was a prey to—never mind what; let us, to a certain extent, suppose it to be grief, increased perhaps by the state of the weather and the aptitude for "kicking," which distinguished the Belgian steamer. Whatever it was, it caused him to wear a very sea-green aspect, and to claim the support of the steward to assist him below, where his prostration of mind and body became complete; and whoever had seen the distinguished Mr. Bosberry at that moment—knowing him

for what he was—would have said, “That man is the victim of a mistaken policy!”

Mistaken or not—as only too often happens in this world—there was no remedy now for what he had done; he was obliged to yield to the force of circumstances and steam, and go whithersoever the vessel took him. Being a “government boat,” and *censé* to make the passage in “about four hours and a half,” of course she took nine; and if Mr. Bosberry had been capable of asking the reason why the voyage was prolonged, he would have been told, not that ships at sea ever keep their word, but that a shift of weather had unexpectedly taken place to prevent what would otherwise have been the quickest passage on record.

“Look at that ’ere wind,” one of the mates would gruffly say, when confidentially asked his opinion; “look at that ’ere wind, why it’s a blowin’ dead in our teeth; you can’t expect to make short passages under they circumstarnces.”

And then, to get rid of the importunity, he would order three or four stout fellows with wet swabs to come aft and make the deck impossible for the querist.

Good fortune and less fog than usual having suffered Ostend to be distinguishable from Blankenberg and fifty other places on the Belgian coast exactly like it, the government steamer got safely into harbour, and Mr. Bosberry was roused to the agreeable intelligence that his sea sorrows were, for the present, over.

Battered, bruised and bewildered, he arose from the horsehair couch on which he had so long been sliding, and made for his legs once more, in the forlorn hope of being able to retain them, which, to his surprise, he found he did. As there was no lack of spoken English on board, he had no difficulty in finding out a few particulars as to the manner of landing, the choice of an hotel, and a few other necessary matters. To be sure he would have been spared the trouble of asking questions had he yielded to the earnest solicitations of the somewhat *empressés* gentlemen whom he encountered the moment he set his foot on shore; but as, under their guidance, he might have been induced to take up his quarters at “The Bottle of Grogs,” “The Red Herring,” or some such *cabaret* with a deceitful English name—many of which are to be found on the quays of Ostend, and where the staple commodities of diet are strong gin and salt fish—Mr. Bosberry, with greater good luck than befalls most people who travel on the Continent for the first time, got safely under the convoy of the commissioner of the Hôtel de l’Europe, and was by him conducted to that comfortable place of refuge for strangers.

In the course of a quarter of an hour he was seated before a pile of smoking cutlets, and he must have been more than Bosberry—though probably less than man—who did not do full justice to them. Under their influence, not unaided by some excellent Bordeaux, he not only forgot all the horrors of his recent passage, but singularly enough had only a very dim perception that there was anything (or anybody) left to care about on the other side of the water. Whether this was owing to any peculiar property in the Bordeaux or the cutlets, or was attributable to any moral cause, we will not take upon us to say; but we cannot forego the opportunity of recording our opinion, that we know of no hotel on the Continent—and we have tried a great many—where mutton cutlets are so well served, or of such admirable quality. Call them by their Flemish name of

"Schaafsvleesch" if you like, but there they are, undeniable, and worthy of the best *cuisine* in Paris.

But, however praiseworthy the skill of the *chef* of the Hôtel de l'Europe, something more than a good dinner is necessary to make a place enjoyable, and as there is nothing to see at Ostend but the Dyke, from which, after about three turns on it, a stranger is anxious to precipitate himself into the German Ocean, it is not surprising that Mr. Bosberry, who went abroad to survey the world, and, as it were, feel the pulses of all mankind, should have decided upon starting for Brussels by the first train.

Many persons—particularly our artistical and archæological friends—may think that Mr. Bosberry was deficient in taste in not stopping, on his way to the capital, at either Bruges or Ghent; but those persons must consider that, although the middle ages are not quite out of fashion, in spite of the raptures which have nearly made them so, there are really more important missions for a traveller verging on his sixtieth year than that of spoiling guide-books, particularly since everybody has his "Murray," and very few have a vocation for recording the result of their travels.

But, pleasure, you will say! Did not Mr. Bosberry enjoy these things? Was he not an admirer of colour, expression, form, of all that constitutes the charm of the painter's or the sculptor's art? Certainly he was, and criticised art no worse—nor, perhaps, any better—than his friends. But Mr. Bosberry, we must remind the public, did not travel for the mere purpose of seeing sights. Although he liked, as much as any one, to be able to say he had seen all the wonderful things in Europe, yet he greatly preferred to have it thought that he had been thrown into contact with the men who ruled her policy. A political celebrity, past or present, was therefore of greater interest in his eyes than the crumbling walls of the Colosseum, or the Protean lizard of the caves of Adelsberg. He merely accepted the one, but he was always on the *qui-vive* to find out the other; that is to say, such was his natural tendency, for, hitherto, circumstances had prevented him from putting what he so much desired in practice, and, as far as the Continent was concerned, it might, perhaps, have been deferred still longer, but for the sinister result of the last Marylebone vestry election, when the "old list," on which he had figured for thirty years, was rejected, and untried men, who knew nothing of politics, and only made themselves busy about parochial matters, were chosen to replace himself and friends.

When, therefore, Mr. Bosberry hastened to Brussels it was less for the purpose of admiring the windows and pinnacles of the Hôtel de Ville, or of gazing on the towers of Ste. Gudule (which modern skill has so well restored), than of walking beneath the windows of the house where Prince Metternich has taken up his abode, in the ardent hope of getting a glimpse of that illustrious personage.

Travelling on the Continent by rail is not more difficult than the same operation in this country, when once you have fairly mastered the difficulty of paying for your place at one *bureau* and for your baggage at another, and have finally comprehended that the portmanteau which you had made on purpose to go under the seat can by no means be allowed to accompany you. These minor mysteries were satisfactorily explained to Mr. Bosberry by the *commissionnaire* of his hotel, whose mode of speaking

English confirmed Mr. Bosberry in the belief that the Belgians have no language of their own, and he took his place with the comfortable notion that the worst was over. His nerves, to be sure, were somewhat excited when he witnessed the dangerous process by which the Belgian railway guards, who climb like cats, collect the tickets on the journey, sometimes coming in at the window, sometimes at the door, just as it suits their convenience; and he had more than one squabble about his ticket; but, on the whole, Mr. Bosberry got on very well and sustained exhausted nature along the road by eating hardboiled eggs, hot potatoes and *brioche*s, which were offered him for sale at every station. It is true he very nearly lost the train in the maze of network which confuses the traveller at Malines, when he just stepped out to take a "bifsteck" at the railway restaurant, and was as nearly as possible whisked back to Ostend again (we once knew an Englishman to whom this happened three times, until on the last occasion it required a brace of gendarmes with drawn sabres to make him agree not to *changer le convoi* at all)—but some miraculous interposition saved him, and he slept that night at the Bellevue, in the great square at Brussels.

### III.

#### MR. BOSBERRY MEETS WITH A COMPANION.

MR. BOSBERRY rose early and rang for his shaving-water, and the act originated his first difficulty; for though the *femme-de-chambre*, who answered the bell, inquired what he wanted in the simplest phrase possible, Mr. Bosberry was unable to comprehend her.

"Vous avez sonné, monsieur?" said the damsel.

Mr. Bosberry made no reply, but listened to hear the words repeated, in the faint hope that a further acquaintance would render them more intelligible; but though the question was again asked—and this time in a shriller accent—our friend was no nearer the mark. He had nothing for it, therefore, but to express his wants boldly, and leave the rest to chance.

"Bring me some hot water to shave with," exclaimed Mr. Bosberry, in as dignified a tone as a man can speak in who applies words to such insignificant purposes.

"Plait-il, monsieur?" demanded the *femme-de-chambre*.

"What do you say?" returned Mr. Bosberry.

"Oui, monsieur," replied the maid, who now perceived there was little likelihood of coming to an understanding with the strange gentleman, and cut short the colloquy by walking off without the slightest intention of going near the room again.

Mr. Bosberry waited patiently for some time, but as the hot water did not make its appearance, he rang again, and even a third time, but still without success. His temper, that useful attribute in travelling, then failed him, and rushing out into the corridor he leant over the balustrade, and expressed his desires as loudly as he could utter them in his native tongue, enforcing them, we are sorry to say, with an oath. Upon this there was a great ringing of bells, the faces of waiters were seen looking up from the basement, the heads of chambermaids were bent downwards from the gallery on the first floor, and that of Mr. Bosberry projected from the second, while his voice was heard the loudest amidst the general clamour. It subsided as quickly as it rose, for when the presence of the



strange English gentleman became known, there was a universal call for "Auguste," who, being on the spot, rushed up stairs to tranquillise Mr. Bosberry.

Auguste was the linguist of the hotel. He was one of that class so common in Belgium, who seem to have been born everywhere, so glibly do they combine the dialects of their various neighbours, and speak, without fable, "a leash of languages" at once. Auguste had great personal activity, had been everywhere, and knew all about everything, in short, he was an accomplished *valet-de-place*.

He soon made himself aware of Mr. Bosberry's wants, and in a few moments ministered to them by re-appearing with an immense *bouloir*, very much battered, the usual substitute on the Continent for a jug of hot water. It answered the purpose, however; and Auguste, perceiving he was likely to have a good *pratique*, busied himself in rendering a hundred little offices, explaining at the same time that he was entirely at the service of monsieur, during the period of his stay in Brussels.

Mr. Bosberry, in whose mind a dark suspicion had for some time been brooding, paused a moment, before he accepted this offer, to ask a question.

"What sort of a language do they speak in this place?" he asked; "it isn't Dutch, is it?"

"Dutch, sir!" replied Auguste, in amazement. "No, sir, in Brussels we speak the purest French!"

And, by-the-by, the poor mistaken Belgians encourage this delusion among themselves.

"French!" exclaimed Mr. Bosberry, "no wonder I couldn't make 'em out. And can't they speak English too?"

"There is no one in this house speaks English but myself," returned the *valet-de-place*.

"Poor devils!" ejaculated Mr. Bosberry, "I pity 'em."

It is doubtful, however, considering that Mr. B. was travelling in a foreign country, which was most to be pitied.

When Mr. Bosberry found that the case stood thus, he made a virtue of necessity, and, closing with Auguste's proposition, engaged him on the spot. Under his able pilotage he was soon made familiar with the city; but not even the skill of Auguste could obtain for him the diplomatic *entrées* which he had so much at heart.

As a matter of course, Mr. Bosberry waited on the British minister, but unfortunately his excellency was at the moment on leave of absence in England. He left his name, too, at the palace, believing that King Leopold expected it of every Englishman; but he was disappointed of admission, his majesty having just set out for his château of Ardenne. Prince Metternich was gone to Spa, and Mr. Bosberry began to fear that not a single political celebrity was to be met with at Brussels.

Auguste, who, like Don Juan, believed there was "a remedy for any ill," tried to divert Mr. Bosberry's thoughts from politics, for which he had himself no great inclination, and suggested that the Belgian ladies possessed great attractions. Of course he did not know that Mr. Bosberry was already married, or the high sense of morality which distinguishes his class and nation would have kept him inflexibly silent on this subject. If, therefore, Auguste erred, we fear the cause of his error lay with Mr. Bosberry himself, who never so much as hinted at the matri-

monial fetter. On the contrary, he began to give himself all the airs of a *garçon*, and, one morning as they were crossing the park, actually put his glass in his eye, and boldly stared at a fine-looking woman, whom Auguste pointed out to him as "a splendid lady of rank" who had just arrived at the Bellevue.

"She has been in Brussels several times before, so I know her very well by sight," said Auguste. "She is immensely rich, and travels greatly for her own pleasure."

We have said that Mr. Bosberry looked hard at the lady; we may add that he also looked admiringly, and there certainly was no frown on the lady's brow as she swept past. Mr. Bosberry fancied even that he could detect an approving smile, and pursued his walk with a firmer step and more elated air, a change which was not lost on the observant *valet-de-place*, who more than once returned to the subject of "the countess" (as he called her), until his master began to be quite on the tenter-hooks till he saw her again.

The opportunity was afforded him sooner than he looked for, and in a manner he did not expect. He had taken his place at the *table-d'hôte* of the Bellevue, which at this season of the year was but scantily attended, when accidentally turning his head, he perceived "the countess" enter the room, and advance towards one of the vacant seats at the end of the table where he sat.

Mr. Bosberry was an extremely polite man, and, neglecting his soup, rose to offer the lady a chair, which she very graciously accepted, delighting his ears at the same time by saying,

"Thank you, sir," in excellent English, with only a very slight accent.

Isolated as Mr. Bosberry had begun to find himself—for the conversation of Auguste was not always of the most improving nature—the apparition of "the Countess" was quite a god-send, and after one or two preliminary hems to clear his throat and get up his courage, he ventured to address her.

"I believe, madame," he said, "I had the honour of meeting you in the park this morning."

The Countess thought such might possibly have been the case, but could not distinctly remember; her memory was not a very good one, and yet she must have seen the gentleman somewhere before, but, like herself, he had doubtless travelled a great deal, "and that, you know," added the Countess, smiling sweetly, "effaces impressions almost as speedily as they are made."

Mr. Bosberry blushed when he disclaimed the fact of being a great traveller, and his blushes deepened into a fine crimson glow when he assured the Countess that there were *some* impressions which were ineffaceable.

The fair one only looked her answer to the last observation, but loudly expressed her astonishment at being mistaken in her first supposition.

"No," said Mr. Bosberry candidly, for there was something in the expression of the Countess's eye that convinced him he had better speak the truth; "no, madame; the fact is, this is my first visit to the Continent."

"I should never have supposed it," was the reply.

"It is true," continued Mr. Bosberry, caressing his vanity as a compensation for her candour, "that my habits and pursuits may make a difference. Men who make the actions of the great their study, who mix

in thought with the world at large, who—who—in fact—have a diplomatic turn of mind——”

“Exactly so; I see,” said the Countess; “the beings who are formed to direct the councils of nations are not moulded of common clay. I perceive at once why you have rushed into the vortex.”

This clearness of vision was, perhaps, more than even Mr. Bosberry gave himself credit for; but there are some things in which, as Lord Duberly says, women are much “cuter than men,” and this, no doubt, was one of them.

“It is singular,” resumed the Countess, pausing for an instant from her *salmi de grenouilles*—her appetite being by no means bad; “it is singular that, thus accidentally, I should have again encountered an individual possessed of this gift! Except Count Hardenberg, perhaps, and the late Baron von Schwindleheim, my own father, I do not think I have known two persons in whom *la haute diplomatie* was a quality of innate growth. My own fate,” she added, with an ill-suppressed sigh, “has naturally rendered political society more familiar to me than any other, for when at sixteen I was married to Count Joseph de la Fourberie, who at that time represented our court in Bavaria, a diplomatic life became henceforward my only lot. There are moments, possibly, when—donnez-moi du canard, s’il vous plait,—when I may have regretted that the affections went for nothing in that marriage; but, as your experience, monsieur, must have shown you, there is always at work some compensating power. If we must not desire everything we see, we can at all events see everything we desire.”

The depth of the Countess de la Fourberie’s philosophy astonished Mr. Bosberry as much as her ingenuousness, and the tribute which she had the discernment to pay to his own merits charmed him.

“Good heavens!” he mentally exclaimed, “that there should be two such people in the world at once as this fascinating Countess and Mrs. Bosberry!”

It was the first time he had thought of his wife since he left England, and we grieve to think the first time should have been to her disadvantage.

A conversation *entamé* in the manner we have described, is of a kind that makes rapid progress.

From the discussion of politics in the abstract, Mr. Bosberry and the Countess fell upon the state of affairs in Europe, and then by a gradation which was quite imperceptible, the Countess led her new acquaintance to speak of those which concerned him more particularly; and in return for the confidence which he bestowed, she gave him as much of her own as she thought proper.

Madame de la Fourberie thus learnt, to her no small satisfaction, that the purse of Mr. Bosberry was very well lined; and the latter, besides being made acquainted with many passages in her domestic history which greatly interested him, acquired the knowledge that the Countess was herself at that very time on her way to Vienna (whither, he had informed her, he was bound) for the purpose of taking possession of a large estate in Styria, a law suit of thirty years’ duration having only just been decided in her favour. The news of her good fortune had only reached her two days before while living in retirement at the Hague (where she visited no one but the royal family), and she had set out in such haste as actually to

have forgotten, until she reached Brussels, that she was in want of a courier; and what was more embarrassing, for the moment, had omitted to supply herself with the necessary funds for so long a journey. She must now, she feared, be delayed until she could write to her banker and receive his answer, for the Belgian Chamber not being at that moment sitting, all her Brussels friends were absent at the German baths—or elsewhere.

But the Countess had not practised diplomacy without a full knowledge of its value, and merely spoke of this matter, as it seemed, casually, though with a view to prepare the mind of her hearer for anything that might come afterwards. She now changed the subject, and discoursed of lighter matters in a style that was anything but disagreeable to Mr. Bosberry, who was soon as much captivated by her manners as he had at first sight been struck by her personal appearance.

It is true, that the first bloom of youth no longer shed its radiance on the cheek of the Countess, but the bloom that replaced it was so skilfully laid on that a closer observer than Mr. Bosberry might have been deceived by the counterfeit. Those raven braids, too, swept so majestically over her snowy brow, and rendered the contour of her face so perfect, that it was impossible to suppose the hairdresser had supplanted nature. For the rest, she had good teeth and eyes—they were her own, and neither were worn out; her figure was tall, and, if no longer round, not angular, and her voice, no unimportant ally to her charms, was silvery and persuasive.

It would not, therefore, be much to be wondered at when we consider Mr. Bosberry's position—alone—in a foreign capital—with no warning friend to advise—no menacing wife to deter, and with such a syren as the Countess at his elbow,—if, in spite of his great political capacity and the remarkable weakness of his head, he should have fallen into the very scrape which Mrs. Bosberry had watched him to the coast to prevent.

Something that very nearly resembled it was, in fact, the case; for, although the Countess de la Fourberie was too high-minded to accept of anything but a loan from her distinguished friend, to be returned the instant she reached Frankfort, and could only be induced to travel in the same railway carriage with him on the condition of her maid occupying one of the compartments; and required, moreover, the security of a courier to guard her person when travelling by steam was no longer practicable—the accomplished Auguste being engaged for that purpose; in spite, we say, of all these precautions, a censorious world, or at all events Miss Scarecrow, would have said that Mr. Bosberry was making a fool of himself, and that the Countess de la Fourberie was no better than she should be.

#### IV.

##### AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

It is a received belief that "*Amor et majestas non bene conveniunt in una sede morantur*;" but it was reserved for Mr. Bosberry to disprove the rule; with him politics and love went hand in hand.

The Countess de la Fourberie had, as she often said, been too much mixed up with courts and affairs of state not to be a perfect mistress of her subject. There were few of the leading personages of the day with whom she had not come into contact, and her memory was stored with

anecdotes concerning them. She had chosen the sunny side of politics; and the result was all the more agreeable to Mr. Bosberry, who felt that in listening to her conversation he was not derogating from what he conceived to be the natural dignity of man. But what lent its greatest charm to his intercourse with the fair politician, was the tenderness of tone which so frequently pervaded her language; and though her conduct was marked by a propriety so rigid, that even Miss Scarecrow would have been at a loss to find a flaw in it, the Countess could afford to be playful, and winning, and sentimental in a way that well-nigh distracted Mr. Bosberry, who urged a platonic affection about as far as it was capable of going.

It is not to be supposed that one so highly born as Pauline de la Fourberie, *née* von Schwindleheim, should not have habits and tastes correspondent with her rank. The child of luxury—luxuries were her natural inheritance, and her manner of living supplied a daily illustration of the truth that we are altogether creatures of custom. Buried in a cloister, the pure and lofty-minded Pauline would have edified the faithful by her piety during her lifetime, and after her death have taken her place amongst the most conspicuous saints of the Romish calendar; but, thrown into the glittering arena of the world, and surrounded by its pleasures and temptations, she at once comprehended the part that was assigned her to perform in the mysterious drama of life, and she acted that part to perfection. What, though she only were cognisant of her ancestral honours, or cherished the memory of a husband whose very existence society had forgotten; what, though no traveller had ever yet penetrated to that remote district in Styria where frowned the feudal towers of her family; what, though the base and envious might have whispered that she had no banker at the Hague, that her newly-acquired courier was her ally, that the orphan Coralie was her partner instead of her *femme-de-chambre*, and that the princes, barons, duchesses, and other such personages of whom she discoursed so intimately, were her former masters and mistresses before her talents for speculation, intrigue, and lying were discovered, and she became a thoroughpaced adventuress;—what of all these things in their separate or collective form, if Bosberry knew them not,—if Bosberry alone were unconscious that the delicate fingers now interlaced with his own, were trembling to clutch his well-stored pocket book, and, metaphorically speaking, make ducks and drakes of every stiver in his purse.

*En attendant* the opportunity for cleaning the old gentleman out completely, she assisted him in spending his money freely, and Mr. Bosberry was too much of a gentleman and too utterly galvanised by her fascinations to make the slightest objection to any expense. Auguste and Coralie lived—to use a familiar expression—like fighting-cocks; and if the countess and Mr. Bosberry did not literally comport themselves like turtle-doves, it was simply because the lady was aware, that the longer she held off the better it made for the game she was playing.

Thus the party pursued their journey, through the imperial city of Charlemagne, amid the cloistered walls of Cologne, upon the bosom of the Rhine, and beneath the castellated vine-clad heights of Johannisberg, a journey of pleasure to all, and of enchantment to Mr. Bosberry, till they reached the famous city of Frankfort, and were safely housed in the Hôtel de Russie.

At Frankfort the Countess expected those remittances which Mr. Bos-

berry's gallantry and forethought had relieved her from the necessity of waiting for at Brussels, but by the most unaccountable neglect they had not yet been forwarded from the Hague, though a fortnight had elapsed since she wrote. This was the more annoying as she found a letter from her Styrian intendant to say, that funds were lodged to her credit at the house of Blase and Schein in Vienna, payable, however, only to herself in person. This letter, to show the perfect sincerity of her disposition, she immediately showed to Mr. Bosberry, who, if he could have mastered the German handwriting and then have understood its meaning, would probably have wept over its contents, so affecting were the loyalty and devotion expressed by the Styrian intendant. But as he was obliged to take the word of the Countess for its meaning—and what better security could he have had?—he expressed his sympathy in a more substantial way—entertaining, nay, compelling Madame de la Fourberie to let him once more be her banker. Sly Bosberry!

Did he not know that by the well-timed nature of the loan he made sure of the Countess as his companion to Vienna, where, apart from the delights of her society, he should enjoy the happiness of being presented by her to all the notabilities of the capital?

A thousand florins were accordingly transferred forthwith to the *escritoir* of the Countess, who, before she opened a single *rouleau*, sat down and wrote an order on Messieurs Blase and Schein for the whole sum in which she was indebted to Mr. Bosberry; it amounted, taking the difference of exchange into account—the Countess being very particular on that point—to within a trifle of a hundred and eighty pounds.

On his own account Mr. Bosberry made his letter of credit available for a tolerable figure; the Countess assuring him—and Auguste confirming the fact—that he would gain immensely by making the transaction at Frankfort instead of Vienna; and by her advice Mr. Bosberry sent his courier with his passport to be *visé* by the Austrian minister. Auguste performed his mission at the chancellerie so well, representing there that the English gentleman, Mr. Barclay, the bearer of Lord Palmerston's safe-conduct, had rejoined his wife and family, *en route*, that he had no difficulty in including the Countess and her allies under the designation of "*Madame Barclay et ses domestiques*,"—a fact of which Mr. Barclay, *alias* Bosberry, remained profoundly ignorant; though, had he deciphered the secretary's hieroglyphics, the chances are he would have been as highly delighted as astonished.

The next thing the travellers had to think of was their line of route to Vienna. A lover of the picturesque would have chosen that by Würzburg and Nuremberg; but, as the Countess preferred the world as it goes to the world that is gone by, and had one or two private reasons beside, she recommended Mr. Bosberry to take the pleasant city of Homburg by the way, as affording more amusement, and being quite as expeditious; they would then make for Ratisbon, and so drop down the Danube to their final place of destination.

In the little capital of Hesse they therefore spent two or three very enjoyable days, the society being first-rate; and, conspicuous among the guests, several German and Italian princes, old friends of Madame de la Fourberie, who were so careless of their immense revenues that they squandered them away night after night at the *rouge-et-noir* and *roulette* tables, until it would sometimes happen that they rendered themselves

literally penniless, and were compelled, goodnatureedly, to apply for a trifling loan to the first gaping stranger they met with. Some of these princely fellows tried it on with Mr. Bosberry; but, as the Countess wished to keep him all to herself and party, she conquered her ardent love for the gaming-table, which would otherwise have nailed her at Homburg for the season, and hurried Mr. Bosberry away as quickly as she had led him thither. It had been her purpose to have got up something in a quiet way with one, or at most two associates; but to her regret, she found that the Princes mustered too strongly, and that luck had very much gone against them; so, reserving the Homburg hell for an after-speculation, she directed our traveller's footsteps to Ratisbon, at which ancient city they embarked on board of one of the Danube steamers, and safely accomplished the descent of the river to Passau, where, owing to the precautions taken at Frankfort, the whole party were received without scruple within the Austrian dominions.

No event of any importance occurred between Passau and Linz, but the weather becoming bad at the latter place, instead of continuing the journey by the steamer, it was decided to proceed by land. Auguste, therefore, was employed to hire a comfortable carriage, and with a noble display of horses—not the fastest, indeed, but endowed with great powers of endurance—Mr. Bosberry and the Countess left Linz. On the journey the Countess was more meditative than usual, and a shadow would now and then pass over the fine forehead of Bosberry, though in neither case was any cause assigned for the change; it might have been that they were oppressed by the weather, or perhaps they had been happy too long!

The carriage rolled slowly on, and the day slowly wasted away till the travellers reached the small village of Dürrenstein, which takes its name from the ruins of the neighbouring castle, within whose walls the captive Cœur de Lion once poured forth his melancholy lays.

But just at the entrance of the village, the postilion, by some mismanagement, drove the carriage against a post and upset it. Luckily, nobody was hurt, but the axletree was broken, and till it could be repaired there was no possibility of resuming the journey; neither did the Red Horse, the only inn, offer the best accommodation. The consequence was that the whole party were put out of temper; Mr. Bosberry growled for the first time since he left Brussels; the placid Countess contracted her brows; Coralie snapped at everybody she spoke to; and Auguste bullied the people right and left. In short, they all made themselves eminently disagreeable, and they must have exerted themselves with this object in view, for it is by no means an easy matter to rouse the ire of the Austrian people. When once roused, however, the flame burns fiercely, and is not readily extinguished. Of this truth, Mr. Bosberry and his party became presently aware.

The incident which we are now narrating is not yet a month old; and at the time it occurred considerable excitement prevailed in the Austrian territory in consequence of the rough treatment which the celebrated General Haynau had experienced at the hands of the London brewers of Bankside. A telegraphic despatch had been received at Vienna to the effect that General Haynau had been cruelly maltreated by the London populace, and though information does not ordinarily spread with great rapidity in Germany, ill-news is an exception there as elsewhere.

As Dürrenstein lies on the high road to the capital, it is more in the way than most places of picking up waifs and strays of intelligence; and it happened, while Mr. Bosberry was clamouring for his dinner and Auguste was abusing the innkeeper for a *Dummkopf* in not getting it ready, that the news arrived of what had befallen General Haynau. As it spread, a degree of ill-will, which had previously only lacked an impulse to extend, began to manifest itself, and the surly innkeeper replied in no measured terms to the insolence with which the courier had treated him. The idlers round about took up the quarrel, and the arrival of the head of the Polizei did not mend the matter, for, before he inquired into the rights of the business, he requested to be shown the travellers' passports. Mr. Bosberry's was handed to him, and with the party assembled before him in the *Stube* of the Red Horse, he proceeded to interrogate and compare.

As he unfolded the precious document which Mr. Bosberry had purchased at the Foreign-office for the small sum of 2*l.* 7*s.*—purchasing also, as he thought, inviolability and respect along with it—the brow of the Austrian functionary grew darker.

"Englisch," he muttered, and a movement of anger was visible among the crowd who were gathered round the open doorway.

"Wie heisst Du?" he said with a menacing aspect to Mr. Bosberry, but he might as well have spoken Sanscrit, for our friend only stared in reply.

The Austrian guessed the difficulty, and repeated the question in French.

"Comment fous nommez-vous?"

The Countess de la Fourberie took up the answer.

"Ce monsieur s'appelle 'Barclay'—il est rentier Anglais, voyageant pour son plaisir; moi, j'ai l'honneur d'être sa femme, et ceux-ci sont nos domestiques. Vous trouverez, monsieur, que nos papiers sont parfaitement en règle."

The police-officer scanned the lady curiously for a few moments, and then cast his eye on the passport; it fell upon the name of "Barclay," on which he put his hand in his pocket, and producing another paper spread it out on the table before him.

"'Parglay,'" he muttered, "das ist derselbe Name. Parglay's prewers, die haben unser General Haynau geschlagen!"

"Yes," he repeated, in a tone meant to be heard by all around him; "these people are English; this man is Parglay, whose brewers have assaulted General Haynau. Parglay's Stout is the English for beer; here are the very words on the passport,—

"'Parglay,'—'Stout.' Es ist kein Versehen; Sie müssen allen zum Gefängniss gehen!"

Without stopping to examine the perspicuity of this discovery, or the justice of this decree, the mob at once set up a terrific shout and fastened on Mr. Bosberry and Auguste, and dragged them off to prison,—an Austrian village being always provided with this accommodation. It was in vain they shouted and offered every species of resistance,—in vain Mr. Bosberry repudiated the name of Barclay, and yelled forth the war-cry of his own noble house, "Bosberry à la rescousse!" No one came to his rescue,—not even the Countess de la Fourberie. On the contrary, when she perceived that Mr. Bosberry was arrested, the thought immediately flashed across her mind that her venerable friend was a swindler like



herself, and that the money he so readily parted with had been acquired as dishonestly as her own. She resolved, therefore, at once to deny all knowledge of him; and addressing the officer of *Polizei* in her most insinuating manner, begged to inform that she was not the wife of the culprit Barclay, but a simple acquaintance only, whom she had encountered on the road; that the real Mrs. Barclay had been left behind at Frankfort in very ill-health, and that it was merely to save trouble she had not brought a passport of her own. She added, in a confidential tone, that she had reason to believe, in addition to his other misdemeanours, that her travelling companion was neither more nor less than a political spy—a concealed agent of the wily Palmerston.

The Austrian, whose excitement had now subsided, listened with great gravity to this statement, and after once more looking at her very attentively, replied,—

“I have also received orders to arrest two female swindlers, named Pauline Dupont and Coralie Lecoq, formerly in the service of the Countess von Rossberg, whose jewels they are accused of having stolen at the baths of Ischl in September, 1848.”

We are ignorant, at present, what has become of Mr. Bosberry, but the latest advices left him still in prison, detained there, not for having countenanced the attack on General Haynau, but for travelling under an assumed name in the company of a knot of swindlers.

## H E S T E R S O M E R S E T.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

### B O O K II.

#### C H A P T E R I.

##### THE RUINED GENTLEMAN IN THE FLEET PRISON.

WELL has the Fleet Prison been denominated the “house of sighs;” well has the old structure, within the last few years, been levelled with the ground. A popular movement destroyed the Bastille in Paris; but here no national convulsion, no blood-stained revolution, no uptearing of the foundations of society, were required to effect the demolition of the hoary pile. A quiet enactment of the legislature brought about the desired event; and now the house of mourning, of cruelty, and extortion, ranks only among the things which were.

But our story is retrospective, embracing events which occurred some twenty years ago. Then the Fleet Prison, though shorn of its ancient terrors, when a Newton, a Bambridge, and a Huggins, memorable wardens, plied chain and starvation to wring the last farthing from the miserable debtor; then, however, it saw quite sufficient suffering, and heard within its walls an amount of sighs large enough to render it, at best, a very ominous, unenviable, and fearful place.

We may remind the reader, that the old prison, situated between Newgate and the thoroughfare now called Farringdon-street, was surrounded by a lofty brick wall, the outer portion of which remains standing at the time we write. Access was had to the prison through an iron-bound door beneath a stone arch; After passing the porch, you perceived on the left hand a small room, and there sat the grim Cerberus, the

keeper. Beyond the coffee-room, you reached the area, or yard, where the melancholy debtor contrived at times to kill weary time, and drown thought, by plunging desperately into the exciting games of skittles and rackets.

"Remember the poor debtor!" sounded in your ear. The pitiful appeal came from some prisoner placed for the time, as it was termed, "on the grate:" but whether the charitable pence dropped by the visitors into his box really went to relieve his own wants, or to fatten the warden and regale the tipstiffs, seemed to be a point never exactly ascertained.

Burnt down by the great fire of London, 1666,—rebuilt, burnt, and burnt again during the Gordon riots, and still, like a huge phoenix, rising from its ashes,—the strange nondescript pile of buildings within the high encircling wall now spread before you. The attempt were hopeless to describe the place. Long passages, extending from one extremity of the prison to the other, pierced with countless doors opening into single rooms; galleries above, and galleries below; large square apartments, in which debtors, unable to pay for private accommodation, were lodged half-a-dozen together; damp rooms below the level of the yard; narrow, dark paths, sweeping around the entire buildings, and separating them from the great outer wall; a little town in itself, here exhibiting a heart-touching picture of misery, and there a scene of low, riotous mirth; bakers, with baskets of loaves on their backs for those who could purchase them; Jews, with great black bags, driving bargains with gentlemen for their coats, the said gentlemen being content, until some kind friend from the outer world should transmit them new garments, to perambulate the lobbies in their shirt-sleeves; the stout, facetious tipstiffs, with red bottle-noses; the lean man of letters, invoking inspiration with a sigh, and wetting his paper with his tears; the new comer, staring around him in bewildered alarm; the initiated of thirty years pacing slowly along, and hanging his white head in pensive resignation to his fate;—such was the scene which this ancient establishment, this celebrated prison, presented.

It was early in the morning, and few of the inmates were yet stirring, being too happy to shorten the long day by indulging in slumber. One man, however, was awake, and had risen. The room which he occupied belonged to those situated in the lowest part of the building. It was about four yards square; the sides and roof were of stone; the floor was of the same cold material, relieved only by narrow slips of wood placed across—very welcome indeed to the solitary occupants, especially in winter. A low truckle-bed, with scanty clothes, but a few sacks providentially kept in reserve, in case the sleeper should feel chilly; two chairs, without the convenience of backs; a single round table, standing unsteadily on half-demolished claws; a deal box belonging to the inmate, containing his linen—these comprised the garniture of the room.

He sat on the corner of his truckle-bed; his elbows rested on the table which he had drawn towards him, and his grey head reclined on his palms. The light which shone through the small window above the door, rendered his features distinctly visible. No violent paroxysm of sorrow now affected him; his brow was slightly contracted, his eye was fixed on the opposite wall, and his breathing was low and steady. The mind appeared to be wandering—can we assign limits to the ethereal spirit?—can we chain the rainbow wings of fancy?—it was wandering away from that miserable room, from that house of darkness and sorrow, from

the vortex of busy, and to him fatal, London. Where was it wandering? in some imaginary land? some elysium of its own creating?—no.

Hugh Somerset was again in the old Elizabethan mansion of Brookland Hall. He sat in his study, his favourite volumes around him, with all the charms, the luxuries, of an ancestral home. His eyes, directed towards the large traceried window, roamed over the extensive park; the trees were rising there in picturesque groups; the deer were gambling on the knolls, and the stream, spanned by the rustic bridge, was bubbling along and sparkling in the sun. His ear was attracted by a sound; it was the silvery merry laugh of Hester, a child once more, chasing a butterfly on the terrace. Swiftly with her tiny feet she darted along the white shining pebbles, down the flight of polished steps, to the garden, and up again; around the large urns and vases; off to the fountain, cooling her arms in the liquid crystal; then flying, with the long golden hair like a stream behind her, towards the house: a thing of joyous impulses, to whom the mere sense of being seemed a rapture. So, flushed, breathless, but still all loveliness and laughter, she entered her father's study. She rushed up to his knee and hid her face on his arms, while Somerset stooped down and showered kisses on the neck, the brow, the hair, of his loved and beautiful child.

Ecstatic dream of hours never to return! Kind fancy! which can thus restore to the bereaved heart scenes of such exquisite bliss! Oh! if, by some happy process of mental alchemy, these moments of golden imagination could endure through life, the seeming wretched would be wretched no more; but the silvery mist floats away; the sun of reason must rise. A brawling in the outer court of the prison between some tipstaff and pugnacious debtor awakened Somerset to the reality of the scene around him. Slowly he turned his gaze to the stone roof, the stone floor, and the wretched pallet. Brookland Hall, the park, the trees, the young child, all the fairy scene had vanished, and he was alone—ruined—without hope. The once-envied, the wealthy and happy man, was a prisoner in a squalid gaol. Again his head drooped on his supporting palms, and his eyes were riveted on the rough table; yet he uttered no complaint to himself; he did not sigh, but remained there silent and immovable as a statue.

## CHAPTER II.

### HESTER VISITS HER FATHER IN PRISON.

PRISONERS unable to pay anything towards their lodging or support were placed in that part of the building called the "common side." There they were quartered in large rooms, capable of holding several beds, and they ate their scanty fare at a common table. Anxious to avoid such a mode of living altogether repugnant to his feelings, Mr. Somerset preferred a room apart in the lower story, even though it might be damp and cold. For this the terms were one shilling and three pence per week. He might have obtained for the same sum an apartment higher up in the building, but then he would have been subject to the annoying system of "chumpage;" that is, others might have been billeted upon him, to get rid of whom a certain weekly allowance would have been demanded.

The rooms alluded to, as may be supposed, were the worst in the prison, since a pound and two pounds a week were commonly charged for apartments offering the least degree of comfort, not to say luxury, to the occupiers.

There was a knock at Mr. Somerset's door, and he sprang up with animation. No, it was not she whom he expected, but the morning charwoman going her rounds. So the poor man, wrapping a tattered coat about him (his best garment had been sold to a Jew), walked out into the court-yard. Mr. Somerset paced slowly to and fro, but was too much absorbed in his own bitter musings to take much notice of those around him. He would raise his eyes as if to gaze beyond the iron spikes which fenced the summit of the lofty wall, yet it was not to lament the impossibility of escape, or to dream of the world without, but to observe whether the sky were fine, or the passing clouds were likely to pour rain.

"Yes, she has a long way to come," he whispered; "and her poor, delicate, little feet—but it won't rain, it won't rain;" and again he pursued his hurried walk.

He stopped, and mechanically felt for his watch, then, recollecting it had been pawned, shook his head. Did St. Andrew's clock strike eight? the hour at which the prison-gate was opened for the admission of strangers—the hour intensely longed for by him every morning. He stood in a listening attitude, straining his ear; but it was not eight o'clock, and the father must have patience a little longer.

"Your room is done, and your breakfast things are set," said the charwoman to Mr. Somerset, as she passed carelessly near him; but he did not heed her, thinking only of the hour of eight, and the appearance of Hester. Another ten minutes—a quarter of an hour passed—five minutes more: the clock *does* strike!—that is St. Andrew's on the hill, and that is St. Sepulchre's by Newgate. The strokes vibrate on his heart, yet carry with them a pleasure he scarcely believed himself capable of experiencing in a prison. Moving away from the court he entered his room, for he felt a dislike at betraying his emotions before the unsympathising people of the place.

His door was ajar, and he stood looking out; he heard the bolt withdraw, and the gate open. The devotee may be late at the altar; the lover may be after the appointed time at the trysting-place; but that poor child did not so disappoint her expectant father. A minute had not elapsed before her dress might have been seen fluttering through the porch, and across the prison-yard. She was coming, like a gentle angel of peace and mercy, to the care-worn and broken-hearted.

Mr. Somerset threw open his door; Hester could understand his delicacy in forbearing to meet her in the open space, for love like theirs was too sacred to be scoffed at by the rude hard spirits that surrounded them. Here unseen, except by heaven, the father and child could indulge in that gushing fondness which is not less beautiful, less sanctified, because a natural instinct.

She lay in his arms, her lips murmuring words of affection and comfort, soft and almost indistinct in their sweetness, like the balmy breathing of summer's eve through some old forest trees. Mr. Somerset's grey head bent over her, and he was unable to utter a word, his emotions taking away for the moment his voice, and almost choking him.

Such was the greeting, and such was it every morning; nor did the pleasure experienced by each grow less because often repeated. They became calm, and Mr. Somerset seated himself on a chain, only, it would seem, to look at his child. There was little now except softened sadness stamped on his face, and memory, like a dark cloud, had gathered on his

brow. Not so Hester; either with a view of cheering her father, and that he might not believe *she* suffered, or that her spirit did in reality rally, mounting like a brave little bark over the billows of destiny, she evinced all her former lightness and energy. Misfortune and sorrow seemed in vain to have assailed her. Her slim rounded form was active and flexible as ever; her rosy lips were wreathed with smiles, and her full blue eyes beamed with joyous light.

But the daughter was now to act the part of the good housewife; her bonnet was thrown off, her fair hands were ungloved, and she was busily searching in the corner of a small basket which she had carried on her arm. The roll appeared at last, and the butter, the egg and the coffee; and Hester kept prattling all the while of a thousand indescribable things—trifles to which the sweet tongue of woman only can give interest and significance. Then she invited her father to partake of the prepared breakfast; and the melancholy man did eat, and talk to her, and at times his worn, anxious countenance was cheated into a smile.

Hester did not often refer to her father's affairs, dreading the effect of such allusions, but she left the issue of events rather to plans which already were passing through her hopeful brain.

Mr. Somerset was unwilling for his daughter to remain with him long; she would gladly have borne him company through the day, but such a practice, the father knew, in a place like the Fleet Prison, where the coarsest language was constantly heard, and vicious habits witnessed, would be highly prejudicial to the female mind.

They were about to part. Why had not Mr. Somerset yet made inquiries for his wife—the mother of his child? He was about to do so several times, but some undefined feeling stopped his tongue; his hesitation seemed to imply an unaccountable aversion to allude to the subject, as though it were connected with a fearful and harrowing secret. After a fruitless effort, and another, to speak of Isabella, he at length said, with difficulty,

"Did you call—at the —, yesterday?"

"Yes," answered Hester, her sunny countenance becoming suddenly overcast.

"Did they say there was any—change?"

"They told me there was no alteration; but she continued calm, quite calm, except——"

"Except, Hester? that is a fearful word."

"At short intervals."

Somerset drew a deep breath, and averted his head. He lifted his hands to his temples, pressing them there, and stood for a few moments silent and thoughtful, then turning slowly towards Hester, he said in a low voice,

"Well, well; I pray to be resigned. Heaven's will be done! The shock was great—too great for her fine and sensitive brain; but the tangled thread may be unwound, and the bent reed again be made straight."

"They will, father—they will; hope! The storm shall pass away, and the sun shine again upon us all, by-and-by—hope! Yes, we shall meet, and be a happy family once more. Suffer a little longer—bear up bravely a little longer. Oh! hope! hope!"

So whispered the heart of youthful love which never yet desponded. But Somerset, with the less imaginative temperament, and the more deeply-seeing eye, shook his head. St. Andrew's clock struck eleven, and the father and daughter parted.

## THE OUTRAGE UPON GENERAL HAYNAU.

It is seldom that we interfere in matters which belong more properly to the journalist, but in the case of the un-English outrage upon General Haynau, and in the absence of all proceedings against the perpetrators of that outrage, English honour and justice are so deeply involved, that we feel obliged to speak out, if it is only that our sentiments, at least, may not be misinterpreted. A more un-English act, one in which the perpetrators have least reason to take pride, where a whole host of the ablest-bodied workmen in Europe set upon one aged and defenceless man, could scarcely be found in the annals of ruffianism; a more cowardly and unmanly assault in the mode of its perpetration, and the extent to which it was carried, cannot be conceived; nor, supposing, which is not the case, that the Austrian General had merited by his tyranny or severity the execrations of the world, is it for a mob to vindicate the rights of humanity. A horde of infuriated draymen let loose upon a veteran fresh from the field of battle—a savage array of broomsticks directed against an hero, weak in body, but great in intellect and sensitive in honour, is a melancholy display of mob law, mob heroism, and mob humanity. It has been satisfactorily shown that the Austrians were by no means so sanguinary in their reprisals upon the rebel and insurgent Hungarians as the Hungarians had been upon their former masters; the “Bloody Assize,” which has appeared in the columns of the *Times*, has sufficiently attested to this great fact. It has been shown that in the case of the woman-flogging, of which so much has been made by designing demagogues, that it was the act of a cavalry captain, done when General Haynau was some 140 miles distant from the spot where the occurrence took place; it has been shown that in similar extreme cases the same practices have not only obtained in far-away and still somewhat rude countries, but with our own hero honoured by all, as also with the very pet of democrats—the great leader of the Spanish auxiliary legion. But with these facts we have nothing to do, our desecration of the outrage arises simply from the fact that the whole transaction is disgraceful and dishonourable—a stain upon the reputation of Englishmen for manliness, courage and humanity. The only relief to so truly painful and distressing a view of the matter is that no one believes that the impulse was English; no one, indeed, could credit such a thing for a moment. It was remarked the instant the occurrence became known, that it was preposterous to believe that a body of operatives so constituted could each and all have imbibed, from independent observation, such strong convictions on the subject of the Hungarian war, as to have been animated by one instinctive impulse at the very name of Haynau. It was most probable that not one in ten had any previous acquaintance with his title or his capacity. How then came so grievous an outrage to be perpetrated? The unerring voice of the public said,—from abroad. In Paris, likewise, all the organs of public opinion that were not especially miso-Anglican at once attributed the outrage to certain German demagogues who had been employed to excite them. Even in Austria itself, where public indignation was excited to the highest degree, there was still that latent belief in the respect entertained by the

English for law and order, that credit was given to fugitive traitors for having provoked the outrage.

This is so far consolatory; but two most serious grievances remain still to be animadverted upon, one is that a portion of the press, misled by itinerant firebrands and run-away rebels, has debased itself so far as to applaud an outrage—one of the most humiliating to our national honour that has occurred in modern times.

That a body of British Red Republicans, or "National Democrats," as they call themselves, should cover itself with infamy by decreeing an ovation to the authors of this outrage is no more than might have been expected. The language used at such a meeting was sufficient to stamp its character. *Monsieur* Julien Harnay, a "brother proletarian," would place the Austrian general in a situation whence he beheld heaven but felt hell. A man, Brown, said of the general that he had the form of a man, but all the fiends of hell were centred in his heart. The composition of the meeting, opened by a Hungarian singing the Marseillaise, with resolutions moved by the demagogue Ruffy, by the French editor of the *Red Republican*, and by "citizen" Engels, and concluded by an English version of *Mourir pour la patrie*, and a very English version we should think it must have been, attested the foreign origin of the whole affair, and made of it a pitiable farce worthy to crown the ignoble scene which had preceded it.

But that a portion of the so-called liberal press should have courted complicity with foreign refugees, rude draymen, and home demagogues, by the manner in which they have alluded to the occurrence, is a more grievous and humiliating result. When we read that in the excess of their indignation some Austrian officers had insulted English tourists—some of those English of whom the *Algemeine Zeitung* says in its anger, "they every year spoil our beautiful landscapes by the oddity of their appearance and the 'refinement' of their manners,"—that they had assaulted even the portrait of our good Queen Victoria, we felt that bad as was our position, that of the Austrians was for the time being worse—the outrage which now sullies our fair fame having been committed by a rude and senseless mob, set on by foreign agitators, whilst the insult inflicted in retaliation by the Austrians was done by officers and men of education! But even this trifling satisfaction was denied to us by a portion of the press, notoriously misguided by political refugees, lending their countenance to the outrage.

That this outrage can be allowed to pass over, as it would appear passively to be the wish of those in authority should be the case, is out of the question. Public indignation has branded it as a stain to our national honour which must be wiped off. A man travelling in the wilderness is prepared beforehand for the assaults alike of wild beasts or savages, and he takes the law in his own hands. If a Turkish mob sets a troop of ferocious dogs upon a Frank, merely because he is a Frank, there is no consolation but the feeling that the Frank is in a semi-barbarous country; but if in a so-called civilised country, a man—a gentleman of high rank and reputation—is to be assaulted, treated with every possible indignity, and beaten almost to death, by a mob of frenzied political opponents, and no inquiry is to take place, no responsibility to be attached to any one, no punishment awarded, then that country must forswear its claim to be any

longer considered as civilised. A heavy reckoning is still due from those who, with an utter disregard of what they owed to their employers and the community, have exposed the character of Englishmen to the censures and contempt of the world, and that reckoning must be paid.

Politically speaking, when an English mob, in violation of the law, but with the approbation of a portion of the press, undertakes to inflict summary vengeance on the distinguished officer of a foreign state, what becomes of our boasted non-interference? Morally speaking, by a passive silence we acquiesce in the disgraceful outrage, and by allowing the crime to go unpunished we abrogate our dignity and honour as a nation.

Such results ought to be anticipated by the free action of the law pursuing its ordinary course; if it is not so, the ambassador of the emperor of an insulted country will probably take care that such shall be the case. A ministerial paper states that no such demand is ever made by a foreign government, unless in default of that reparation from the law of the country where the alleged offence is committed. This is precisely the case in the present instance: no reparation has been offered. But Baron Haynau, having fled from the country, was unable to make any "formal" demand for redress; *ergo*, according to the same ministerial organ, he is not entitled to any. If the baron had been killed by the mob, he would in like manner have been unable to make a "formal demand" for redress, and, according to the same argument, would not have been entitled to any. The ministerial paper would, in fact, wish to make the public believe that the general was quite pleased and grateful for the treatment he received. It is further sincerely to be hoped that the Haynau affair, which has assumed so serious a complexion, from its foreign origin, the support lent to it by a portion of the press under the influence of foreign democratic feelings, and the foreign Red Republican demonstration which immediately followed upon it, will open the eyes of the public to the doings and intrigues of a horde of dangerous men whom we harbour in our bosom. It is said to be an ascertained fact that the most active measures are now and have been for some time past adopted by some of the most notorious foreign socialist leaders in England to instil secretly their principles into the minds of the English operatives, with the view of effecting a total change of society. The pages of the *Red Republican* show that this propagandism is not effected so secretly as is supposed. It is obvious that those who have the power to prevent these social perversions being effected by foreign refugees, must be on their guard before it is too late. Measures—we will not say of expulsion—but of repression, we have all along urged should be taken relative to the political proceedings of the hosts of refugees of all nations now in this country.

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## THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

DOINGS AT MABILLE.—The cold autumnal evenings are beginning to warn the proprietors of Mabilie, Asnières, and the Château des Fleurs, that they must very soon make up their minds to shut up shop for the season; unless they wish, each in his own separate domain, to enact the part of Alexander Selkirk. The *billard chinois* is fast losing its patrons, the *chevaux de bois* look stiffer than ever for want of exercise, the roses and carnations, once paraded by the eloquent *bouquetières*, are transformed into dahlias and china-asters, and even the *tir au pistolet* contributes very little shot to the locker. As for the open-air *cafés* in the Champs Elysées, they can muster few *habitués* beyond their own *garçons*; the tenors formerly engaged there for fifty francs a night having latterly given place to stout, strongly-built barytones, proof against colds and rheumatisms, and bellowing in the desert air for the small consideration of a five-franc piece.

THE NEPAULESE.—But we have had some gay and jolly doings during the last month, especially at Mabilie. On one occasion, the Nepaulese ambassador and his suite paid us a visit; and great was the emotion of the *lorette* world! So beset were the swarthy strangers by admiring crowds that the aid of several *sergents de ville* was necessary to clear a passage for them; and thus escorted, they proceeded round and round the dancing ring with impressive solemnity. Curious fellows they were, too; not a *bosquet* did they pass by unexplored, not a bonnet did they omit investigating in the hope of finding a pretty face within it. At one moment, I was playing a *poule* at the *billard chinois*; and among the spectators was a charming little actress—never mind who—seated alone in her glory on an adjoining bench. Well, it was my turn to show off, when a tremendous rush from behind announced the arrival of the “lions.”

“Vous voilà piqué au jeu!” exclaimed the little actress, laughing like *Nicole* in the “Bourgeois Gentilhomme,” as a compact wedge of human beings completely environed me and my cue, the jewelled turbans of the Nepaulese further contributing to paralyse my energies. However, by dint of a back stroke right into the chest of a fat man immediately in my rear, I contrived to send the first ball into No. 5, and the second into No. 6; and then, feeling tolerably satisfied with both attempts, fell to chalking the point of my cue, glancing instinctively at the Nepaulese, to see what impression my score of eleven had made on them.

*Ah bien, oui!* the three pair of eyes appertaining to the principal trio were fixed in one concentrated stare, not on me—not on my cue—nor even on the two balls in their respective niches—but on the pretty face of the little actress. And a most comprehensive look it was, taking in her soft blue eyes, which she didn't know what to do with, her dimpled chin, her merry smile (for it was no use trying, she could *not* keep her countenance), her bonnet, her shawl, in fact, the entire *ensemble* of her pretty person.

My *amour-propre* began to chafe, and I sent the two next balls into No. 1, and the fifth out of bounds altogether. Then I again had recourse to the chalk, and took another look at the turbaned gentry. They hadn't even winked, and evidently thought no more of me than of the man in the moon. *That was a comfort.*

The sixth ball slipped gracefully into No. 5, and the seventh glided as genteely into No. 4. They must have seen *that*, said I to myself, and chalked and looked again. The stare was becoming glassy, and the little actress was evidently growing nervous.

This will never do, thought I; so having but one ball left, and ascertaining the exact position of my fat friend behind, I brought the butt end of my cue so fiercely in contact with his stomach, that I fairly doubled him up. This occasioned a general move, and the three pair of eyes being insensibly diverted from their focus, their owners very gravely stalked away, leaving us to conclude our *poule* in peace. I was still congratulating Mademoiselle — on her *conquête*, when we overheard a lady-habitué of the locality—evidently more versed in the mysteries of the Schottisch than in things topographical—exclaim to her arm-bearer,

“Dis donc, mon petit Henri, si ce gros serin-là est l'ambassadeur d'une *épaule*, je demande à voir celui de l'autre!”

MADemoisELLE MATHILDE.—A week or two ago, a new beauty, apparently a very field-flower for modesty, graced for the first time by her presence the precincts of Mabilie. She was then simply dressed, gracious and unassuming, informed us that her name was Mathilde, and her birthplace Boulogne-sur-Mer. Last Saturday, in the *entr'acte*, between a polka, the eternal “Fauvettes,” and a waltz, I remarked an unusual phenomenon, a strange excitement, in which even the most *blasés* frequenters of the Allée des Veuves appeared to participate. Group after group passed me, evidently attracted towards the same unknown object. I followed, and presently came in sight of a magnificent velvet cloak, surmounted by a most coquettish pink bonnet. The face of the wearer was turned from me; so, addressing myself to my nearest neighbour,

“C'est donc 'Liévenne,” said I.

“Mieux que ça!”

“Amélie . . Anaïs . . Esther! quoi donc?”

“C'est Mathilde, une toute nouvelle.”

And so it was. Silk and velvet had operated a marvellous change, not only on the exterior, but also on the *morale* of the field-flower. She now talked as loudly, laughed as merrily, and tossed her pretty head as saucily, as if she had been born and bred in the *arrondissement* jointly presided over by the number *treize* and by Notre Dame de Lorette; in a word, she was *lancée*.

*Gran bien lui fasse!*

MADemoisELLE ESTHER.—Talking of Esther, a friend of mine had some fun with her the other evening. “She is very *gentille*,” said he; “I have a good mind to speak to her.”

“*Va donc*,” said I, and awaited the result.

Presently, pursuing her solitary round, the lady passed us. My companion gave an irresistible twirl to his moustache, and whispered in her ear,

“Comment, Mademoiselle, vous voilà seule, sans cavalier!”

“J'en ai tant que j'en veux!” replied Esther, very abruptly.

“Bon,” said my friend. “Better luck next time.” So we went round again.

In two or three minutes the syren re-appeared, looking as black as midnight.

“Vous êtes donc de bien mauvaise humeur ce soir?”

Esther vouchsafed no answer, detached a rose from her bouquet, pulled it to pieces, and walked on.

"*Très bien*," said my friend.

• "D'ye give it up?" said I, thinking of Billy Black.

"I have one more string to my bow," replied he. "*Jouons serré cette fois*."

We had barely accomplished two-thirds of our round, when Esther, who had evidently walked double quick march time, came sailing along again with a very ominous frown.

"*Voulez-vous accepter mon bras?*" insinuated my Lovelace, as she swept by us.

"*VOUS M'EMBÊTEZ!*"

"*Décidément, ça ne prend pas*," said my friend. "*A une autre!*"

As I was leaving the gardens, two figures passed me, and entered a *coupé* stationed near the door. I had just time to catch a glimpse of a very pretty blue bonnet, and . . . the rejected of Mademoiselle Esther.

*Audaces fortuna juvat!*

A MODEL QUADRILLE.—That very evening I was among the spectators of a quadrille danced with more gaiety and *entrain* than anything of the kind I ever witnessed before. The performers were eight in number, consisting of a rollicking damsel in black silk, another in pink *idem*, a thorough pocket Venus in grey, and a fourth also in grey, but with black velvet pipings (I think they are called so) at the bottom of her dress. Two of their partners deserve note, one a tall, active, elastic individual, who threw his legs about in so fearful a manner that it was dangerous to approach him; and the other, a young *commis* with a very pale face, a very large head, and a considerable quantity of wine in it. We will call him for distinction's sake, Pochard. They were evidently all of a party, and on the most familiar terms with each other.

Presently M. Pilodo strikes up, and away they go. Black silk at the very first *chassez* forward displays an unexceptionable ankle, and pocket Venus dispenses circular glances among the lookers-on. Pochard hands his cigar to a friend, and brings his left leg to the level of his ear. The elastic individual opens and shuts his legs as if they were a huge pair of scissors. Before the first figure is at an end, their tongues go as nimbly as their feet.

Pochard (dancing very unsteadily).—*Vive le champagne, et surtout l'amour! et sur-tout l'a-mour.*

Grey and Black.—*Est-i' drôle, c't animal-là! est-i' drôle.*

Black Silk and Pocket Venus simultaneously execute a *pas de deux*, twisting about like a pair of humming-tops on the point of tumbling.

Spectators.—*Brava! brava!*

Elastic Individual.—*Ça chauffe, mes petits enfans, ça chauffe!* (wipes his forehead, as well he may).

Pink (to Elastic Individual).—*N'accroche donc pas ma robe!*

Pochard (sings).—

Une robe légère

D'une entière blancheur.

Non, je me trompe, d'une entière rougeur. (To his friend) *Donne-moi mon cigare!*

Grey and Black.—*Bon, v'là mon chapeau qui me tombe sur les yeux!"*

*Black Silk* (to Elastic Individual, who gets in everybody's way).—Tu m'ennuies avec tes jambes.

*Elastic Individual*.—Je demande un pas seul des dames !

*The four ladies*.—Non ! non ! non !

*Their four partners*.—Si ! si ! si !

*Spectators* (encouragingly).—Brava !

Chicard, in the front row, nods approvingly.

*Grey and Black*.—Ma foi, tant pis, je me risque ! Plus haut, père Pilodo, on n'entend pas l'air !

*Pochard* (growing very pale indeed, and dancing very irregularly).—Vive le champagne et sur-tout l'a-mour !

*Pocket Venus*.—Est-il assomant avec son amour !

*Grey and Black* (after a surprising bound).—Ah ! nom d'un petit bonhomme, v'là ma robe déchirée. Qui a une épingle à me donner.

(The hands of two or three female spectators dive underneath their shawls, but, after a little fumbling, re-appear pinless.)

*Elastic Individual*.—Je boirais bien un verre de bière.

*Pink* (alighting on the toes of a polite bystander).—Pardon, m'sieur !

*Polite Bystander*.—Faites pas attention !

(Grand final *chassez* forward of Pocket Venus and Grey and Black. Great and general excitement. Pocket Venus repeats the humming-top manoeuvre with variations. Grey and Black kicks up behind like Jack Hinton's Moderideroo.)

*Grey and Black* (as the music ceases).—Nini, c'est fini !

*Pocket Venus* (recovering her breath with some difficulty).—C'est pas malheureux !

*Pochard* (staggering away feebly).—Et sur-tout l'a-mour.

FÊTE AT THE CHATEAU DES FLEURS. RENCONTRE.—About three weeks ago, the Château des Fleurs announced a *fête* of unusual splendour; with concert, tombola, fireworks, and half-a-dozen other engaging items. The bait took, and I was one of the nibblers. Up to ten o'clock it was a very slow affair; the concert proved a failure. Madame Allard Blin sang herself hoarse in vain attempts to make herself heard; and Edouard Clément, the comic singer, instead of being laughed *with*, was only laughed *at*. The garden was crowded with *bons bourgeois*, old women, and children; here and there a stray *habitué* of Mabilles was ineffectually striving to espy a *figure de connaissance*; heat, dust, jostling, and toe-treading—items *not* in the programme. Such were the inauspicious characteristics of the *fête* at its commencement. But by and by things began to improve; most of the children, after loading their dear little stomachs, and besmearing their dear little fingers with *sucre de pomme*, were walked off to bed, and in many cases the mammas walked off with them. Gradually, familiar faces became visible: Rigolette, in a green silk dress, straw bonnet, and diamond brooch; Frisette, Amélie, Esther, and our old friends Grey and Black and Black Silk.

At length, as I was looking on at the *billard chinois*, where a most persevering player was deep in his thirty-fifth game without having gained a single prize, a well-known merry voice struck my ear. I turned round, and lo and behold! there was Madame — of the Vaudeville with her beau, and Mademoiselle —, of the same theatre, with *hers*. The thirty-fifth game having terminated like its predecessors, the player had become disgusted, and was settling his score; so, the table being free, the two beaux set to work forthwith at a *poule*.

"Eh ben, eh ben! et nous?" exclaimed Madame —.

"Ils nous plantent-là!" rejoined Mademoiselle —.

"Est-ce qu'ils croient que nous allons rester là à les regarder," resumed Madame —. "Plus souvent! Monsieur l'Habitué, donnez-moi le bras, et allons faire un tour."

Off we went all three, and came in front of the orchestra just as the tombola had been drawn, much laughter being excited by the delivery to a stout gentleman, holder of a winning number, of a pair of ladies' garters.

"Dites donc," said Mademoiselle —. "J'ai envie de monter sur les chevaux de bois."

"Va pour les chevaux de bois!" cried Madame —, and in another minute we were all seated, lance in hand, poking away at the rings in regular tournament style; it being agreed that I (in schoolboy phrase) should *stand* the other two.

*Proprietor*.—Allez, monsieur et mesdames. Un—deux. Pas touchée!

*Madame* (to Mademoiselle —).—Combien en as tu? J'ai deux, moi.

*Mademoiselle*.—Moi une, et vous? (to me.)

*L'Habitué*.—Trois.

*Madame*.—Bon! nous voilà enfoncées. J'ai froid aux pieds.

*Proprietor*.—Cinq, six.

*Mademoiselle*.—A qui les six?

*Proprietor*.—A ces dames.

*L'Habitué*.—Encore une de manquée.

*Madame* (aiming very gracefully).—Enlevée.

*Mademoiselle*.—Mon cheval s'emporte!

*Proprietor*.—Huit et huit! Encore deux à faire.

*Madame* (after a miss).—A côté!

*Mademoiselle*.—Je la tiens.

*L'Habitué*.—Moi aussi.

*Proprietor*.—Dix! monsieur a gagné.

*Madame* (dismounting).—Du tout! Qui perd paie. Monsieur paie, donc monsieur a perdu.

*Mademoiselle*.—C'est clair! allons jouer aux quilles.

After the *quilles* came the *toupie*, and then the fireworks, in the shape of a windmill, backed by a grand display of transparencies and *feux de Bengale*. As twelve o'clock struck, the last rocket went off, and we all followed its example.

"C'est mal nommé, cet établissement!" said madame, as she got into her *coupé*. "Ce Pavillon Chinois peut se dire château à la rigueur, mais en fait de fleurs il n'y a qu'une seule plate-bande. Je ne vois pas d'autres."

"Ni moi," said mademoiselle.

"Il ne manque, pourtant, qu'une chose ici, mesdames," observed one of our party, "pour que vous en voyiez."

"Quoi donc?"

"Un miroir."

**MR. MITCHELL'S RETIREMENT.**—I did not intend to touch on dramatic matters this month, but Mr. Mitchell's retirement from the administration of the St. James's Theatre is an event which cannot be passed over in silence. The intelligence, activity, and generosity which, from its commencement to its close, have invariably characterised his managerial career, only tend to increase the regret which the termination of that

career has generally—indeed, universally—excited. Under Mr. Mitchell's able superintendence, the French play has gradually attained a permanent footing in London; it has become a *besoin*, a necessary aliment for the intellectual classes; not one of the numerous *spécialités* of Parisian drama (and they are legion) having at one period or another been unrepresented on its boards.

It is more than probable that a new organisation of this popular theatre will be attempted; but, whatever success may attend that attempt, it will be long, very long, ere the recollection of the past glories of the St. James's, and of its lamented director, will pass away. In him the *artistes* have lost a kind and faithful friend, and the public a spirited and enterprising caterer, as remarkable for tact and judgment as for liberality and honourable feeling.

The regret generally inspired by his retirement from a position which he has so long and so efficiently occupied, is, perhaps, after all, the best and most gratifying tribute that could be given to the abilities of the manager, and to the qualities of the man. As one of those personally indebted to him for many an act of kindness and attention, sadly do I bid my excellent and respected friend, adieu! Would that I *could* say, "au revoir!"

Paris, September 22, 1850.

## LITERATURE.

### THREE POETESSES.\*

THE generous object of the fair and gifted authoress of the "Vision of Great Men," is to introduce to the English public some charming and too long neglected syrens who have sung "Lorelei" on the banks of their own streams, and lured many to listen to their sweet pipings for a brief space, but whose melody echo has allowed to die away.

We grieve to know, through the justly indignant revelation of our authoress, that, in the fatherland, poetry from a daughter's lips is treated with less respect than it deserves; and, if the lyre is strung by many such as those introduced to our admiring notice by Mrs. de Crespigny, we are the more surprised at the want of gallantry, not to say the insensibility, of men, whose highest glory should be deference to the genius of the gentler sex.

Cold must be his heart, and much "bemused in beer" must he be, who does not feel a chord awakened in listening to the strains of the bewitching Helminas, Annettes, Luises, Emmas, and Marias, whom we shall henceforth number amongst our familiar friends; for the delightful garb in which Mrs. de Crespigny has clothed their thoughts, rendering them more sweet to our ears than the originals, will effectually prevent them from being forgotten, so attractive are they made to appear.

We are quite ready to agree with the remarks of the fascinating Countess Ida, that literary women of *merit* are only ridiculed by commonplace men, who, wrapped up in "their Latin," and bewildered by their

\* A Vision of Great Men, with other Poems and Translations of the Poetesses of Germany, &c. By Caroline de Crespigny. Newby: London. Groos: Heidelberg.

useless studies, imagine, in their presumption, that women are beneath them in knowledge. Such volumes as are now before us may go far to confute and shame such individuals. Let them read the simple and graceful verse of Annette Von Droste, the feminine Wordsworth of Germany, and let the powerful dramatic writing of Madame von Ploen-nies put them to the blush.

But, in according due praise to the German ladies, we must not forget the modest English poetess who, careless for herself, has left us in doubt which of the poems in her pleasing collection are her own, and which translated from her favourites. She dates from Heidelberg; that romantic town, whose castle towers sacred to the memory of the most charming and unfortunate of her sex, may well inspire the poetical mind. Who, wandering on the banks of the silver, winding Neckar, or gazing far over its enamelled meadows, from the proud heights which crown it, can fail to dream, or fail to utter his thoughts in verse, if the perfection of beautiful scenery can influence the poet?

We are not surprised that, lingering in such a locality, the elegant mind of our authoress has clung to the witchery of poesy, and invoked the spirits of the land whose language is so rich in words to express the teeming and original thoughts of its enthusiastic children.

In the "Envoi" of her book, Mrs. de Crespigny calls herself "the humblest of the tuneful train," in which notion we cannot go along with her. She continues, in a pretty, wild strain:—

What am I?—a chameleon, from its food  
Of flowers that borrows somewhat of their dyes:  
A bird, that in a transatlantic wood  
Mocks other harmonies.

The legend of "Genevieve" is exquisitely given, and its pictures are full of grace and spirit, agreeing well with the introduction:—

It was a balmy evening, in the leafy month of June,  
And to her mate the nightingale poured forth a loving tune.  
On Tymrale I stood, where Anet's forests stretched afar,  
And gazed, scarce conscious that I gazed, upon the evening star:  
When 'twixt me and his orb there tripped, along the briery slope,  
A form in airy lightness that outstepp'd the antelope.

This pretty peasant girl is the heroine of the simple tale, to whom the princely narrator rendered a trifling service; for she had been injured by her goat, which was not so gentle as Maria's, at least when the prince of sentimental travellers first saw her:—

She smiled upon me through her tears, and sobbed her thanks the while;  
There was a thorn in ev'ry tear,—a rose in ev'ry smile!

The royal wanderer becomes enamoured, and the humble beauty is made his bride, in spite of the "world's dread laugh," which he scorns for a period; but, alas! evil tongues and evil counsellors interpose, and the sad record of thwarted happiness, told with a touching simplicity that goes to the heart, ends with these lines, which explain the lot of the fatally-exalted beauty of Anet:—

They buried her in St. Etienne's pile in royal pomp and pride,—  
And raised a tomb for the peasant-bride by my sainted mother's side.

POEMS. BY CAROLINE GIFFARD LETHBRIDGE.\*

LORD FREDERIC FITZ-CLARENCE, to whom this beautiful little volume of fairy thoughts and mourning memories is dedicated, must be proud

\* Poems. By Caroline Giffard Lethbridge. W. Robinson. Second edition.

of the "tribute of gratitude" offered him by the charming young lady who expresses her feelings in such melodious murmurs. We can scarcely credit her when she speaks of suffering and disappointment, for we have visions, as we read, of youth and smiles, and beauty and wit, which we cannot banish from our mind. She is now Mrs. Burton Phillipson, her name having been changed since the first edition of her poems appeared; and we cannot doubt that henceforth her sorrows will only "serve for sweet discourses."

Sweet they are, and full of music is the record of her early griefs, which we cannot help suspecting, except when she tells of bereavements, must have resembled the despairs of pretty birds in bowers forsaken by the spring, or,

Flowers that fade when autumn heats remove.

We hope it was no worse, and sincerely do we wish even imaginary woes may never intrude again on the sweet poetess, who nevertheless almost makes us selfishly fond of her grief, when she utters her complaints in such strains as the following:—

#### RETROSPECTION.

Oh, never more,—oh, never more  
 Mine eye will rest on thine!  
 Nor yet again, nor yet again  
 My voice reply to thine!  
 Silence is o'er the happy past,  
 Dim clouds the future veil,  
 And on life's dark and waveless sea  
 Is seen no distant sail!  
 No sail from Hope's far shore,—and yet  
 Remembrance clings to thee,  
 And vanished hours are with me still  
 In visions wild and free.  
 Dreams, fitful dreams of days whose light  
 Was brilliant, calm, and clear;  
 Whose sunshine was undimmed by clouds,—  
 Pure from another sphere.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh! that the past for me could seem  
 As it hath seemed to thee!  
 Oh! that my love was fantasy  
 As thine has been for me!

Is there not some native composer to catch up such soft lines, inviting music, as these which follow?

#### DOST THOU FORGET.

Dost thou forget the happy past?  
 The hour when first we met?  
 Has all its brightness, fading fast,  
 Departed from thee yet?  
 Oh, I remember well the day  
 Of blessedness now passed away!  
 Summer was bright upon us then,  
 The birds and flowers around  
 Made beautiful each wood and glen,  
 Gave music to each sound:  
 And my heart hail'd each coming hour  
 As though dark clouds might never lower!

\* \* \* \* \*

I would not mar one blissful dream,  
 Nor blight an hour of thine,  
 For all the fancied joys that stream  
 From Hope's celestial clime.  
 Nor cause one sigh, one thought of me,  
 To dim a moment's revelry!



We will not quote the poem in which occur such sad words as—

The month of May, the month of May!  
I should like to die in the month of May,

but will rather conclude our notice by wishing that in the future life of the fair authoress every month may be May.

#### POEMS BY MARY ADA KING.\*

Mary Ada King is the last among this series of fair aspirants for poetical fame, and the graceful volume which has been the fruit of her earliest efforts, gives ample promise of what may be expected from her when her genius is fully matured. As the production of a young lady, scarcely seventeen, Miss King's poems far exceed in vigour the ordinary run of verses written at the opening of life, while they retain all the freshness and tenderness which lend so great a charm to youth. The mythological tales of Paganism have furnished the themes of several of the most attractive poems in this collection, and we are bound to say that Miss King's versions of some of our classical favourites will bear comparison with many whose claims are of older date; we may mention, as instances of her success, the stories of Orpheus, of Midas, and of the Nymph Coronis.

But passing from these to subjects which are more directly associated with the well-springs of poesy, we find much that is beautiful to commend in the tributes claimed by affection, and those ties of nature which are the closest. "The Last Adieu," and "The Widow's Lament," belong to this class; and while their truthfulness leads us to sympathise with the sorrow of the young writer, the pious spirit which informs them tells us, that the only cure for grief has not been sought by her in vain. We earnestly trust that the hope of advancing the interests of her family, which has led to the publication of this graceful little volume may not be disappointed, and that its sale may be as extensive as its merits demand.

#### CLAUDE; OR THE DOUBLE SACRIFICE.†

This new story of Mary Molesworth's opens with a lengthened and clever satirical sketch of the *Demoiselle à marier*. Never did we see the whys and wherefores—the inimitable and incomparable heroine, Ada Francillon, had not at twenty-two years of age entered into the wedded state—set forth with more exalted feminine vanity. Solicitors—ugly as the illustrious unmentionable who is supposed to exercise a peculiar influence over the whole profession,—poor curates,—love in a cottage "with an ordinary looking mortal, who wears high-lows and never combs his hair,"—are all summarily disposed of. "From the earliest times," says Ada, "a woman wedded to letters has been compelled to renounce all hope of other espousals;" and then, after enumerating the dead, among whom Aspasia, who, she says, "I am afraid was not a married woman," she gives a list of half-a-dozen living authoresses, who, we think, will scarcely feel grateful at finding their names consigned. The worst of this kind of writing is, that it suggests involuntary associations between Ada and the authoress herself. Ada, however, weds a gallant soldier with magnificent locks of hair—a perfection dwelt upon with infinite gusto; and the double sacrifice consists in letting the gallant lover go abroad before marriage, and then wedding him on his return, when a ball, irrecoverably buried in his body, threatened momentary dissolution. The history of that ball forms quite a new feature in fiction.

\* Poems by Mary Ada King. Hatchard and Sons, Piccadilly.

† Claude; or, the Double Sacrifice. By Mary Molesworth. Author of "A Stumble on the Threshold." 2 vols. H. Colburn.

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## FOREIGN INFLUENCE ON THE BANKS OF THE DANUBE.

### FIRST PART.

RUSSIA, ever ready to sow the seeds of discord among her southern neighbours, in the hope of reaping the harvest of intervention, and Austria, still smarting under the feelings of resentment which were raised by the hospitality afforded last year to the Hungarian refugees, have been more than usually active of late in their systematic attempts to impede the tranquil administration of the Turkish provinces. The results of that activity are curious, not only as subjects worthy of the consideration of diplomatists and statesmen, and as supplying matter for serious reflection to all who value political morality, but also as offering certain combinations which are probably new to many who still entertain the old opinions with regard to the three great empires alluded to.

In Bulgaria, a spirit of dissatisfaction was artfully fomented, by rousing the peasantry to a sense of wrongs suffered by them at the hands of those who speculate in the farming of the land-revenues. They were prompted to complain to the Pacha, through their priests; and the latter, most of whom are employed as secret agents of Russia, pretended to have fulfilled their mission, but, in reality, concealed the existence of any such feeling. The villagers of Upper Bulgaria, perceiving the non-effect of the steps which they had taken, and further encouraged to act more openly, collected in great numbers, and moved towards Widin, for the purpose of laying their grievances before the Pacha. The Russian emissaries were on the alert, however, and they quickly spread the alarm among the peasants that they would be cut to pieces by the Turks if they placed themselves within their power, while they roused the indignation of the Turkish populace against the rebellious movement of the Bulgarians. The latter, therefore, remained at a distance of several miles from their villages, afraid to proceed, and unwilling to return without having accomplished their object. They were not armed, and, in their apprehensions for their own safety, after committing themselves by suddenly leaving their districts and gathering around the town, they commenced stopping the Turks whom they met on the roads, and taking their guns, swords, and pistols from them. When these were given up without resistance, no acts of violence were committed, and most of those who were thus disarmed took refuge in Servia, supposing that a general insurrection of the Christians had broken out; but in several instances deadly struggles ensued, and a few lives were lost. The Pacha of Widin, anxious to put an end to this state of matters, despatched officers to the

different quarters where the peasants had assembled, with instructions to inquire into the motives of their conduct, and to endeavour to persuade them to return to their villages. One of these delegates, by name Marouf Aga, raised a number of irregular troops in the country, which he was authorised to do for his own security, and went with them to meet the Bulgarians who were in the neighbourhood of Lom Palanka. He called upon them to give some explanation of their proceedings; but before any understanding could be come to, Sherif Effendi, one of his followers, commonly called the Arab, from his dark complexion, drew his sword, and attacked the peasants, inciting the Turks at the same time to imitate his example. Marouf Aga remonstrated against this violence, and declared that he had no instructions which could justify it; but the resentment of his band of impetuous partisans was stirred up against the Christians, who had been insidiously represented to them as having revolted against their common sovereign, and their vindictive spirit could not be restrained. Some were killed, and the remainder took to flight.

This happened on the 11th of June last; and no time was lost in spreading the intelligence that a battle had been fought by the Turkish army and the Bulgarian insurgents, in which a hundred and fifty of the latter had been left dead on the field; the fortified town of Widin was asserted to be blockaded; innumerable executions of the rebels by the Turks were mentioned; and a serious revolution was said to have broken out in Bulgaria. The Russian officers recrossed the Danube to report progress, and the Austrian vice-consul at Widin forwarded despatches on the subject. No other power having an accredited agent there from whom more accurate information might have been received, it was hardly possible that the truth should immediately become known; and Russia, true to her habitual policy of making as much as she could of such incidents in Turkey, and Austria, triumphing in the alleged embarrassment of her ancient ally, against whom she now bears the most marked ill-will, rejoiced in the brilliant success of their manœuvres. But the facts have at last been ascertained to have occurred as they are stated above; and, instead of a hundred and fifty, not more than twenty-five Bulgarians were killed on that occasion.

The evil did not stop here, however; nor had the secret machinations, producing it, ceased their baneful influence. Marouf Aga's band pursued the fugitives. Two hundred of them were said to have been butchered on the hills. But the real number of Bulgarians put to death in their flight did not exceed thirty.

The irregular troops reached the town of Belgradgik on the 25th of June. There they found the inhabitants of the surrounding villages occupying the heights in the neighbourhood, and the Turks shut up in the fort, with the prospect of their supply of water failing. Such was their real position, although it was represented as being very different, for it was reported that the Turks had been defeated, and the fortress taken by assault; whereas there had not been a single shot fired, or a sword drawn at Belgradgik, before Marouf Aga's arrival there. That officer, if hitherto less to blame than Sherif Effendi, was now only so inasmuch as the *onus* of having shown the first example cannot fall on him, for he was as cruel and bloodthirsty in the town of Belgradgik as the other had been in the district of Lom Palanka. They entered the

place, and were received amicably by its Bulgarian inhabitants, none of whom had taken any part or interest in the movement of the villagers; they met the advances of the townspeople by firing upon them, and cutting them down in the open streets. Forty-five persons were affirmed to have been thus massacred, among whom there were three women and four children; while the shops and houses were ransacked to the amount of 600,000 piastres. Marouf Aga then proceeded to the fort, where he stationed a part of his gang; and the remainder went to disperse the villagers, no less than nine hundred and fifty of whom were asserted to have been put to death during the collision. In these statements, however, the hostile disposition of Austria towards Turkey was more than ever visible; for her agent at Widin, whose animosity induced him to give a willing credence to the most gross exaggeration, dictated his opinions, and deprived him even of the semblance of impartiality, was the person who most assiduously spread the reports circulating with regard to the late events at Belgradgik. The reports were untrue, as only twelve Bulgarians were killed in that town, and among them were neither women nor children, although several were wounded. The amount of plunder also was probably overrated, but, being still uncertain, nothing positive can be specified with regard to that allegation; and, the most minute investigations having been made at the villages of Ghirza, Racovizza, Bercovza, and Calla, to which the peasants, who were put to death, belonged, it has been proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that the number of lives lost there was not more than seventy.

The total sacrifice of life in Upper Bulgaria may, therefore, be computed thus in round numbers: twenty-five Bulgarians were killed near Lom Palanka, thirty on the hills, twelve in the town of Belgradgik, seventy on the surrounding heights, seven at the fort—as will soon be explained, and twenty-four Turks, during the whole affair; making a total within 200. This result of the inquiries, which have been made, is certainly not above the mark, and probably not much under it; and it is as near an approximation to the truth as it is possible to reach in a country like Bulgaria, where more regular proceedings to ascertain such facts are almost impracticable. As the political importance of similar occurrences, and the interest attached to them, must greatly depend on the extent of the harm done, it will easily be understood with what studied care the list of casualties was swollen from its just proportions to the preposterous amount of 1350, and with what dramatic skill the accessory horrors, too awful and disgusting to relate, were added to the sum of atrocity.

The most striking incident that took place during the fortnight which this reputed insurrection lasted, was the death of seven Bulgarians at the fort of Belgradgik, and, singularly enough, it seems to have escaped the notice of those who were so industrious in their scrutiny of the darkest scenes of the tragedy. When the Turks of that town perceived that the villagers were approaching in great numbers, they sent for the principal shopkeepers of the place, and enticed them into the fort, where they were detained as hostages. Their children were permitted to carry food to them daily for some time, and they saw them in confinement, with chains on their hands and feet; but after Marouf Aga and Sherif Effendi had entered the town with their irregular troops, and had killed twelve of the inhabitants, they were refused admittance into the fort; and nothing

further was heard of the seven prisoners by their families until it was discovered, six weeks later, that on the 25th of June they had been led to a height in the vicinity and stabbed to death by the Turks. Their bodies were thrown among the bushes, where they were devoured by dogs, after the heads had been cut off and carried away. The son of one of them was also killed in cold blood. He happened, on the same day, to be standing at the door of his father's house in the town, when one of the followers of Marouf Aga was passing along the street; the Turk remarked him, and said that he wished to be his guest; the Bulgarian told him he was welcome, and held his horse while he dismounted. As they were entering the house together, the Turk drew a pistol from his girdle, shot the young man through the head, and then took possession of all the money and articles of value belonging to the family. Forty children were left totally destitute by the death of these seven Bulgarians, one of whom had no less than nine, the eldest of them being only thirteen years of age; and, although they had been the most wealthy tradesmen of the town, their widows became utterly penniless, for everything they possessed was carried off during the stay of the irregular troops at Belgradgik, even to the most necessary household utensils. When their case came to the knowledge of the Pacha, however, he immediately gave orders that a regular supply of food should be given to them, until he should have it in his power to restore all that had been appropriated by Marouf Aga's band to the rightful owners; and he also took steps to bring that officer, as well as Sherif Effendi and others, to trial for their conduct.

The irregular troops are Mahometans of the province of Bulgaria, while the Pacha and his immediate subordinates are Turks from Constantinople, and there is a wide distinction to be made between these two classes, although they seem to have been most grossly confounded in all the accounts of the recent events which have hitherto reached other quarters. The former proved themselves to be violent and unpromising, but the latter acted throughout in a spirit of judicious conciliation; the conduct of Marouf Aga's followers was characteristic of an irritated populace, whose fierce intolerance has not yet been sufficiently tempered by the laudable endeavours of their rulers to bring them within the pale of civilisation, while the measures adopted by Ziá Pacha, and Ferik Risá Pacha, the commander of the forces, were in every respect such as would have been resorted to under similar circumstances by governors and generals belonging to the most enlightened nations; and, if any censure can be awarded them, it must only be for a want of severity at the commencement of the disturbances, for they were certainly deficient in vigour and energy of action, rather than in principles of humanity and benevolence, as has been stated by prejudiced observers. But even this reproach was soon removed, for the counsels of the able and resolute commissioner of the Ottoman Porte in Wallachia and Moldavia, Ahmed Vefyk Effendi, soon induced them to act in a manner more consistent with the interests and dignity of the empire, and with the exigencies of the circumstances. Instead of attributing this insurrectionary movement to the oppressive administration and unfeeling conduct of the Turkish government, as some have done, it would, therefore, be more near the truth, if the whole blame were laid at the door of those foreign

powers which suggested and encouraged it, threw obstacles in the way of its prompt and satisfactory conclusion, and then exaggerated its results to make them serve their own subtle purposes. They attempted to conceal its real origin by misrepresenting it to be a general disaffection of the Bulgarians towards the Ottoman government, and they propagated the false notion that the Turkish yoke was about to be thrown off by Bulgaria, and that a native Hospodar would be appointed, as in the Danubian principalities,\* exciting thus the national pride and religious fanaticism of the Mussulman population, and cheering them on in secret to give no quarter to the Christians. The immediate responsibility for the bloodshed which has taken place rests, however, with Marouf Aga, Sherif Effendi, and their followers; and Ziá Pacha, as well as the system of government followed by the Porte, is unjustly accused by those who have spread the reports current on the subject, for it can hardly be credited that his orders to them were dictated by a totally different spirit from that in which he imparted his instructions to many others who were acting in the same affair. All the officers employed by him, with the exception of these two, behaved with great moderation and good feeling; the local authorities of Lom Palanka and Belgradgik were immediately replaced by others who enjoyed his confidence, and their conduct has proved that they deserved it. The excitement of the Turkish population at Widin was kept in check by the most praiseworthy measures, executed under his own personal direction; and delegates were sent by him to the villages to calm the irritation of the Bulgarians and dispel their fears. In all these cases the results were perfectly satisfactory; it cannot, therefore, be fair to hold him responsible for the misdeeds of two among his many agents, who were acting independently and at a distance from him; and still less so, to impute to a system of administration the evils which the personal defects of individuals, worked upon by artful intrigue, have produced. It was, doubtless, unfortunate that the Pacha should have been obliged to employ the irregular troops at all, but he had only 800 men of the regular army then at his disposal, and it would have been exceedingly imprudent, under such circumstances, to weaken the garrison of Widin; indeed, it was well that he did not detach any of them, because it was owing to their active exertions, under his instructions, in guarding the streets and places of public resort, that a general massacre of the Bulgarians by the Turkish populace did not take place there, so violent was the irritation which had been raised among the latter by the designing insinuations of foreign agents.

The reinforcements opportunely sent from Wallachia by the Ottoman commissioner, and their skilful distribution in disturbed districts, together with the efficient services of those entrusted with the difficult task of bringing the deluded peasants to a just sense of the state of matters, and especially the admirable conduct of Yasuf Bey, a distinguished colonel in the regular army, to whom Ahmed Vefyk Effendi had confided the delicate mission of inducing some of the insurgents to accompany him to the town of Widin for the purpose of proving the falsehood of the

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\* In this designing assimilation of the State of Bulgaria to that of Wallachia, a strong fact was lost sight of, which is, that the population of the latter is exclusively Christian, with the sole exception of the Jews; while no less than a million and a half of the inhabitants of the former are Mahometans.

statements made to them, that they would be put to death by the Turkish authorities, soon effected the complete pacification of the province. Patrols of regular dragoons cover the country, and regiments of infantry are stationed in suitable positions; the villagers regard them as their protectors, and entertain the most friendly feeling towards them, but it could not well be otherwise considering how the Turkish army is now organised, disciplined, and commanded; and it is much to be regretted that a regular corps of *gendarmerie* should not also have been formed, as these deplorable events could not in that case have occurred.

The alleged revolution is thus concluded, and the attitude of the Turkish government is really worthy of remark, not only as offering a striking contrast to the conduct of those powers which have endeavoured to embroil its affairs, but also as furnishing a profitable lesson of forbearance and tact to other cabinets of Europe which have been similarly situated, and have acted differently. Here, there are neither executions nor even arrests, and the only persons prosecuted are those who were employed by the government; provisions are supplied to the families of the victims among the supposed enemies of the Sultan, and steps are being taken for the purpose of restoring their plundered property. The insurgents are informed that, if they have any grievances or complaints to lay before the government, they will be listened to with attention and promptly taken into consideration; and, a deputation of five being selected from among them, every facility is afforded by the Pacha for their immediately proceeding to Constantinople with the view of explaining their position and conduct.

Such is the modern system of Turkey, and such the ancient policy of Russia; let justice be done between them, a meed of praise awarded where it is due, and condemnation passed on those whom the facts convict. The moderation of the Turkish government under these harassing circumstances, the absence of all revengeful feelings after them, and the perfect impartiality displayed in the manner of treating the two classes of subjects in collision, make it a matter of merited congratulation that its issue should be so favourable; while the Austro-Russian intrigue, which has not even obtained the sanction of success, as many bad actions do, which has failed because it was an anachronism, and because Turkey cannot now be shorn of her provinces by such manœuvres as she once was, has procured nothing else but the ridicule of enlightened politicians by its failure, and the abhorrence of all upright minds by its detection.

On the left bank of the Danube the same game, obsolete with every other power, is still played by Russia. It is complicated there, however, by the presence of her army of occupation. Imaginary plots and fabulous conspiracies are discovered and suppressed by the quick-sightedness of her diplomatic agents and the energy of her general commanding; and fearful revolutions are constantly on the point of breaking out, and always put down in time by the activity of her patrols parading through the towns of Bucharest and Crajova, and the watchfulness of her sentries doubled on every post, no one knows why. This is one way of proving the necessity of an Army of Occupation; it may not be the best way, but the Russians have not been able to hit off any other, so they must make the most of it. It is decidedly faulty, however, in one respect, which is, that the Wallachians cannot be brought to believe that they are themselves

desirous of revolutionising the country, and will not be convinced that such is their own intention, with whatever degree of insistence they may be assured of the fact by the Russian corps of intrigue, attached to that of occupation. Austria plays a subordinate part in the principalities, as she has no army in the country to give her importance, and her conduct is more spiteful than self-interested, for she wishes to injure Turkey, but cannot expect to derive any personal advantages from the desired misfortunes of the common enemy. Her duties in the league with Russia are merely to assist the cause by spreading reports, generally stated to have reached Vienna by hypothetical telegraphs, and to have been forwarded thence by apocryphal special couriers, by transmitting in return garbled and distorted accounts of facts and faithful details of fictions, by opening and reading all letters which come and go by the Austrian mail, and by performing all the other unseemly little functions of the intriguer's drudge.

The state of Wallachia is at present a curious subject of study to an observer. A native prince governs between two supporters, the Ottoman and Muscovite commissioners, each of whom is backed by his army of occupation. The former of the two represents the prince's sovereign and protector, that sovereignty and protection being based on a special treaty, by which the payment of an annual tribute is also stipulated, and having been exercised undisputed since the year 1460, when it was signed; and the latter of the two is the accredited agent of a foreign power which has guaranteed to the principality the enjoyment of its established rights, and which, by the law of nations, can acquire no privileges by that act, because it was not a contracting party, but merely gave security for the obligations contracted by another. These are their respective positions according to legal title; but, as matters stand, they are widely different; for the influence of the guaranteeing powers is predominant in the councils of the native prince over that of his sovereign and protector. One would naturally be led to infer from these premises that the policy of Russia must be more advantageous to Wallachia than that of Turkey, otherwise it would not be preferred; but it is a notorious and undeniable fact that Russia is altogether indifferent how badly the internal affairs of the province are administered, provided her political influence be maintained and progressively augmented; while Turkey is, as unquestionably, deeply and sincerely interested in the prosperity of the country. The two systems, respectively followed, are diametrically opposed to each other. The Russian policy consists in encouraging corrupt administration, in order that continual dissatisfaction may exist among the population, to act as the sword of Damocles over the prince's head, whose submission in questions of direct importance to her is secured in return for her support in his difficulties. She endeavours to keep the province in a state of constant disquietude, and the government weakened by personal ambition and rivalries, which she excites, while both province and government are exposed to the dangers of popular irritation, occasioned by her intrigues; and her influence is thus sanctioned by the prince as a safeguard against the jealousy of the principal Boyards, and against a possible outbreak of resentment on the part of the people, while it is not only tolerated but even courted by the Boyards, in the hope that it may advance their schemes of aggrandisement and attain-



ment of power, at the same time that it protects the privileges of their *caste*. The Turkish system, on the other hand, is to promote, by every possible means, the successful administration of the prince and the tranquillity of the population, securing the rights and interests of every class of society, furthering the material improvements which are so much required, and repressing the abuse of power and malversation of office, which have become so deeply rooted in all its departments, that administrative employment is sought after as a certain source of wealth by easy peculation; and the tendency of all the efforts made by Turkey in favour of Wallachia, is to develop the native resources of a province attached to her empire, which will thus be strengthened on its northern frontier, by the welfare and fidelity of a population owing everything to her. In spite of these irreproachable motives, and this unimpeachable conduct on the part of the Ottoman Porte, and, notwithstanding that Wallachia has much to gain by loyal attachment to the Sultan, while the friendship of the Czar is productive of palpable evil, still the influence of Russia is preponderant with the prince and with the Boyards for the reasons above stated; but the lower orders, which form ninety-nine hundredths of the population in Wallachia, have neither similar interests nor the same opinions, and they found all their hopes of well-being on the sympathy of the western cabinets of Europe; which sympathy, being in every way consistent with the policy of Turkey, is expected by them to come sooner or later into the field, and to strengthen the hand of that power in the unjust contest entailed upon it within its own frontiers by a bold and unscrupulous foreign rival.

The humbler classes of society, in all countries, are generally actuated and guided in their judgment by positive facts rather than by speculative conclusions; and in Wallachia the contrast which is offered by the demeanour of the two armies of occupation has greatly contributed towards their forming a correct estimate of their relative position with regard to them. Russia has thus injured her cause by the success of her favourite scheme of keeping troops in the Danubian principalities, which she was always striving to accomplish in the hope that her influence would be permanently increased by it; but the contrary result has taken place, and those very troops, which she has now succeeded in establishing on a firm footing in the country, have done much to diminish the respect of the people for the Russian name. On their first arrival, both armies were billeted on the inhabitants; the Turks respected their property, paid for what they received, and even supported the families, with which they lived, on the abundance provided for their own sustenance, scrupulously observing the precepts of hospitality which form a principle of their religion; but the Russian soldiers maltreated and even robbed their involuntary hosts, devouring their provisions and impoverishing them in every way during the unwelcome occupation of their houses. So remarkable was this distinction, that the inhabitants of one quarter of the town of Bucharest, who had petitioned the Ottoman commissioner, on the entrance of the troops, to be exempted from the obligation of receiving Turkish soldiers as guests, actually applied to him for the advantage of being their hosts when they saw how profitable it was to others; whereas, every possible means are employed to obtain relief from the burden of entertaining Russian soldiers. The bad conduct of the latter seems to

be as much encouraged by their officers as the respectable behaviour of the Osmanlis is promoted by the instructions and example of their superiors. A current anecdote may serve to illustrate this assumption. The commanding officer of a regiment of Russian cavalry gave orders that certain straps of their military equipments should be renewed by an appointed day; his orders were obeyed; but, as he probably was not over-anxious to inquire into the expense incurred, he may never have been aware that there was not a private carriage or set of harness in the vicinity of the houses, where his soldiers lived, from which straps had not disappeared. The story may be true and it may be false, but it was generally believed, as well as many others of similar purport; and, as even the least intelligent people can form an opinion on such grounds, and they are rarely mistaken, the Russians are consequently no favourites with the lower orders in Wallachia.

A heavy tax in money is also paid by the country for the support of this precious army of foreigners, whose presence, to say the least of it, is altogether unnecessary. The partisans of Russia declare that she is willing and ready to withdraw it, but that the Porte solicits its continued occupation of the principalities; as if the Turkish army were not sufficiently strong to repress any disturbances which might arise, and as if it were not worse than absurd to suppose that any such disturbances would arise in consequence of the withdrawal of the Russian troops. Indeed, their presence is much more likely than their absence to produce that effect. The Czar seems to forget that the Sultan and Wallachia are not the Emperor of Austria and Hungary; there his assistance was necessary to Austria, here it is at best superfluous to Turkey and to Wallachia; for the relative proportions of strength are reversed, and the Wallachian rebels, if rebels there might be, would prove as far from being equally formidable with the warlike Magyars, as the tottering house of Hapsburgh is incapable of comparison with the growing vigour of the Ottoman Porte. The Russian army of occupation never was required in the Danubian principalities, and its continued stay is in direct opposition to their interests, as well as to those of the Turkish empire in general, and of the western powers of Europe; for apprehensions of disorders, consequent on its withdrawal, cannot reasonably be entertained, and even if they could, the presence of the Russians would exacerbate rather than appease popular excitement, while their physical force, as allies of Turkey, is no more necessary than it is desirable, that they should take any share in the relations and transactions which may exist between those provinces and their sovereign and protector.

The presence of the Russian troops imparts likewise an additional degree of weight to the pernicious influence of their diplomatic agents in the country, while it also imposes on the prince the apparent obligation of yielding to their bold and unjustifiable usurpations of authority, and of following their baneful and imperious counsels. One instance will suffice to convey an adequate notion of the existence and nature of these unwarrantable assumptions of power by them: a sanitary cordon was established along the left bank of the Danube, and, by the Treaty of Adrianople, Russia acquired the right of co-operation to a certain extent in its organisation; but that right is now exercised in a manner which withdraws it from all control of the local government, and converts it

into a series of police offices, with prisons attached to them, for the greater facilitation of their operations; which operations, though admirably conducted as a system of political *espionnage* and *surveillance*, are in some respects totally at variance with the generally received principles of quarantine establishments. Thus, persons arriving in the country from the right bank of the river, or by the Black Sea from the south, are detained for four days in close confinement, nominally to perform a quarantine which is no longer necessary, and which has been abolished even by Austria, but virtually for the purpose of undergoing the most searching scrutiny; all the papers they may have about them are examined, under the pretext of fumigation, notwithstanding that these papers perform quarantine with their owners; and every letter that enters the principalities through their ports is opened and read by the directors of the lazarettoes, in order that their contents, when important, may be transmitted, not to the native official authorities, nor to the Wallachian or Moldavian princes, nor to the commissioner of the sovereign and protector, but to the Russian agents. This is tolerated, although it is not sanctioned by any legal claim to such undue interference and control; and the princes seem to consider themselves as obliged to connive at it, as well as at many other encroachments on the part of Russia, who takes this novel view of the legitimate mode of guaranteeing treaties.

Thus does she maintain and exercise her influence; and, whatever may be said to the contrary by her agents, she is keenly alive to the importance of which that influence must be to her. They assert that her present policy is to take no care on the subject, and to leave Turkey alone to guide the affairs of the principalities, being convinced that irretrievable errors will be committed, which will, sooner or later, throw them definitively and exclusively into her own hands. But this is not true; Russia is too clear-sighted to entertain any such fallacious notion as the inability of the Porte to conduct the interests of Wallachia and Moldavia. She has seen and appreciated the last two statesmen who have been entrusted with the direction of these interests. Fuad Effendi and Ahmed Vefyk Effendi are not likely to have left her long in that delusion, even if she had ever fallen into it. It is not true, moreover, that she keeps aloof; and her conduct proves how much the maintenance of paramount influence in the Danubian principalities, without interruption, forms an essential part of her policy;—not as regards any chimerical schemes of invading Turkey, for Russia has also too much perspicuity to indulge seriously in such dreams, or to flatter herself for a moment that a similar consummation could be realised,—and the anti-Russian fears and predictions of some writers, who rave of the Czar or his son reigning on the Bosphorus, are as visionary as would be the expectation to see the Brother of the Moon arriving in a junk from the Celestial Empire to eat rice with his chopsticks in Buckingham Palace, or the Elysée, for the term of his natural life,—but the Czar is well aware of the great changes which have taken place, and are still taking place, in Turkey; and he dreads the approach of liberal institutions and enlightened systems of government too near his southern frontiers, which he hopes to avert by the possession of a predominant influence in that portion of the Turkish empire. And he does possess it; and he

knows how much it is enhanced by the presence of his army of occupation, which acts as a bugbear to frighten the princes, and oblige them to submit to the arrogance of his agents.

That obligation is merely apparent; for a deeper insight into the actual position of the country proves how much its real interests, as well as those of its immediate rulers personally, are opposed to such a policy. By adopting a resolute and persevering system of re-organisation of the public service in Wallachia, for instance, and by effecting a complete purification of it from all abuses, the prince would soon succeed in placing his country and himself on higher ground than they can ever attain through the Russian influence: and in abolishing everything that is arbitrary in the administration; in observing a strict regard of the spirit as well as the letter of the laws; in rigidly opposing venality on the part of the judicial authorities, and oppression of the peasantry by the executive departments, through forced labour, exceeding the right officially conferred on them; in suppressing speculation in the financial branches; in promoting trade, industry, and agriculture; in diffusing knowledge and encouraging education; and in forming a just and judicious selection of those who are eligible to hold office, and worthy of his confidence, the prince would be ably supported by Turkey, and that support would be warmly backed by England.

It is not requisite for the success of so noble a career that the Russian influence should be altogether overthrown and trampled upon, but merely that it should be reduced to its legitimate proportions; that its undue preponderance should be discontinued, and that an equal balance should be established: and the prince could accomplish this if he would boldly and frankly take his stand on such bases. His position would then be tenable, which it is not now. His administration would be more popular at home and more respected abroad. He might then hope to serve his country with advantage, both to its welfare and to his own fame. In short, it would then be possible for him to fulfil his mission; for Prince Stirbeg is gifted with talents of no mean order. He has acquired a thorough experience in the management of public affairs, and, if he were not shackled by these galling bonds, the excellent intentions which he conceives might be practically realised.

But the internal condition of Wallachia is wofully and widely different from what it might be, considering the almost unparalleled natural advantages possessed by the country; and it is impossible to enter into a serious and minute investigation of the evils existing there, as in Bulgaria, without tracing them, as it were, involuntarily and irresistibly, to their only true cause and origin—the demoralising influence of Russia.

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## LONDON LOCOMOTION: OR, THE CAB STAND.

WHAT a change has taken place in hackney-coaches and the means of getting about London, generally, within the period of our recollection. Indeed, to talk of hackney-coaches now is to talk of a thing that is not, for a hackney-coach is rarely or ever seen. Five-and-twenty years ago, street cabs were just beginning to interfere with the old, crazy, creaking, jingling vehicles, and were receiving the polite attention that innovation ever commands.

The street cabs of those days were quite different to the street cabs of the present one, inasmuch as they were cabs—leather-headed conveyances, with a little perch of a seat for the driver outside, parallel with the fare. We believe we are indebted to the French for the invention of cabs; and Nimrod, a great authority in those days in all that related to locomotion, without we believe knowing whence cabs came, said they “were very good things for Frenchmen or Englishmen, who were afraid of being melted.” Private cabs were just as much in vogue formerly as broughams are now—the private cabs, we need hardly say, being without the side appendage or projections that adorned the public one; in fact, such as we still see them. The old public cabs were very dangerous affairs; they were drawn by groggy, over-worked horses—a bellyband being all that intervened between a passenger and eternity. A false step, or “fore paw,” as a travelled cabby said, when his horse came down on his nose, was seldom recovered.

Hackney-coaches were safe enough, though they certainly were the very nastiest things that it is possible to conceive. There is nothing so deplorable as faded finery, and they presented faded finery in its most debauched and degraded form; like the high-mettled racer that used to be depicted, ending its days in drawing one, they had started life in all the pride of pomp and circumstance—coronets, and the noblest quarterings, dignified their dirty, lack-lustre panels, and their hammer clothes were flaunting combinations of filth and finery. But if the hammer or hamper-cloths, as they ought to be called, were dashed and tawdry, what shall we say to the squabs, the cushions, and the linings? Here, where the fairest, the proudest, the noblest, the most beautiful, had reclined in silken luxuriance, rolled and lolled drunken sailors, greasy butchers, all sorts of live and dead lumber, the linings often bearing indelible evidence of their patronage in the way of dirty head marks.

Latterly, they were almost exclusively devoted to carrying luggage and lots of live lumber. Nobody in a hurry ever thought of getting into one. An able-bodied man would walk as quick as many of them used to go, notwithstanding the wisdom of parliament said six miles an hour was the slowest they should travel. The horses in the hackney-coaches were the same lamentable, high in bone, low in flesh, looking animals that drew the cabs, and were generally the refuse of the stage-coaches. The harness was generally of a piece with the coaches, often exhibiting great heraldic display, with a total absence of cleanliness or even of pump-water. It often looked as if it had been as long on the horses' backs as the cabman told Mr. Pickwick his horse had been in the cab. Still the coachman of these cumbersome vehicles affected the dress of the upper-class coachman. Though they often in summer dispensed with their coats, still the sleeved-

livery waistcoat atoned for the want, while old plush breeches, green, red, yellow, blue, all the colours of the rainbow, were to be found upon the hackney-coach box. The drivers seemed to be the fallen angels of servitude, some of whom appeared to have broken their falls by bringing away the clothes and many-caped box-coat of place. Second-hand plush breeches and heavy box coats must have fallen considerably in value since those days. Even the brewers' draymen do not seem so fond of the former as they used to be.

One great difference between the hackney-coaches of former times and the public vehicles of the present day is, that what we now have are made for the express purpose to which they are applied, instead of being the degraded, cast-off vehicles of other service. If, therefore, on the one hand there is no superfluous outlay in decoration or luxury, so, on the other hand, there is no dashed and tarnished finery. Added to this, the discovery that one horse is capable of drawing all that the public really require, has caused a diminution of one-third of the old fare (being the keep of the other horse) to take place. The other horse was necessary in consequence of the size, the weight, and the unwieldy nature of the old hackney-coaches. The public, however, were nothing benefited by that, seeing all they wanted was to get themselves carried. The transition from old family coaches and chariots to the close cabs or broughams of the present day, must have caused a great depreciation in the value of the former; if, indeed, the value of an old carriage was not wholly imaginary as between a customer and a coachmaker, the latter putting on to the price of the new carriage what he allowed as the value of the old one. If it came to a question of solid cash, we dare say it would be pretty much the same thing now as it was before—either Mr. Wheelspoke could not take it at all, or could only afford ten pounds for it to break up. Still, Wheelspoke has lost a market, and what becomes of all the old rattle-traps is worthy of an inquiry at the hands of Mr. Dickens, or perhaps a parliamentary commission. With this market has gone that puzzling vehicle of former days to country folks, cyeleped the "glass-coach," which was in fact the transition state of a carriage between high life and the street stand.

A glass-coach may be defined to have been a superior sort of hackney-coach with the plate off, and perhaps the arms painted out, drawn by a pair of sleekish horses in plain harness, and driven by an ugly, generally small-pox-marked man, in faded, well-brushed dark clothes, with drab breeches and gaiters, whom no effort of the imagination could convert into a private servant. Still many people got into these things at the rate of a guinea or five-and-twenty shillings a day, exclusive of the driver, and thought they were "doing it," as the phrase is. Ladies were the great patrons of these things, the amiability of their nature causing them to overlook all those minor details that constitute the difference between a job carriage and a gentleman's. In truth, without any disparagement to the sex, though they dearly love a smart turn-out, horses with long tails, small legs, and flowing ribbons at their ears, were it not for their lords and masters they would make a very sorry show of it. However, glass-coaches were useful things, just as useful in their day as the job broughams and clarences are in this; but this rule is as good now as it was then, and will be as good a hundred years hence—namely, that you cannot make any thing of a job carriage but a job carriage. They are convenient, and that is all that can be said of them.

Railways have effected a great change in public opinion with regard to public conveyance both in town and country. Formerly, there was little inducement to locomotion, for posting was slow and expensive, while a stage-coach passenger seemed to be an object of contumely for every person on the road. The innkeepers absolutely fed them just as they would cattle, wherever forage was cheapest or most convenient. If Ned this, or Tom that, horsed the coach, say thirty miles, he considered himself entitled to have something out of the passengers, besides his share of the coach fare plunder; and it just depended upon the situation of these parties whether passengers got their breakfasts at six o'clock or at ten, or their dinners at two o'clock or at five.

Formerly no lady ever pleaded guilty to travelling by coach. If they were caught *flagrante delictu*, as the law says, it was always the first offence—carriage had happened an accident, or something of that sort. Now they take their places in railway trains without fear or compunction. In town, gentlemen used to slink into the hackney-coaches at street corners, or out-of-the-way places, and discharge themselves in a similar way. Now they get in as bold as brass into Hansom's patent safeties, and not unfrequently brave observation by riding with the doors open. We absolutely saw a swell of the first water, with primrose-coloured kid gloves and most ferocious whiskers, brave the fire of Brookes's and Boodle's by getting into one in the middle of St. James's-street, and drive Piccadilly wards with an air that as good as said, "a gentleman's a gentleman whatever he does."

And this leads us to speak of the public street vehicles of the present day. Omnibuses were an adaptation from the French. The *Dames Blanche* and omnibuses of 1830 will be well remembered by many of our readers. Omnibuses made their appearance in London in the following year. At first, they ran the New Road in opposition to the short stages, by the drivers of whom they were held in as great contempt as the drivers of these short coaches were held by the drivers of the long ones.

"Vell," exclaimed one of the latter, as a Highbury Barn's short stage passed between the wind and his nobility, as he sat on his throne in command of four spanking bays; "vell, I'm blowed! but I'd rayther be 'ung off a long stage nor die a natrral death off a short 'un."

Omnibuses were "cold shouldered" by the drivers of all the other vehicles. We remember running the gauntlet of the Finsbury-square coach-stand in one of the earliest that were started, and the compliments that were paid our vehicle and ourselves were anything but calculated to increase our conceit. One said it was a wild beast show; another that it was a new hearse; a third, that it was a pianoforte-case; a fourth, that it was a convict-van; and a fifth, that it was a beetle-box. At first, it seemed doubtful that the unshapely things would answer. The fresh-air, coach-top character of Englishmen seemed opposed to such confinement and closeness; but it soon appeared that the price had been the great temptation to outside riding, for, inside and out being the same price, people very soon betook themselves to the inside. Omnibuses soon established themselves in public favour, and shortly after swallowed up the two-horse coaches. The number of omnibuses now traversing the metropolis is enormous. Mr. Mogg, in his interesting publication called "Ten Thousand Cab Fares," estimates their daily journeys at 3000. And here we may observe that Mr. Mogg, in the above-mentioned work,

still adheres to the old calculations of hackney-coach fares (things quite obsolete), making the cabs subservient, as it were, to them. We know an amiable country gentleman who went scouring the streets in a Hansom, and being asked his reason, said, because they were only two-thirds the price of the covered ones. Never having seen a hackney-coach on the stands, but having studied his Mogg attentively, he concluded that the broughams were the shilling a mile vehicles, and the Hansoms the eight-penny ones. However, what either the law or Mr. Mogg lay down as these gentlemen's dues, and what they get, are very different things; and it would be a good speculation for some well-dressed idler (a member of the swell-mob for instance) to go about London, letting the cabmen cheat him, and then have a good *battue* among them at the police office. In this bustling, money-making world, it is seldom worth a man's while to waste his time in dancing attendance before a magistrate for a single overcharge, but there is no doubt that some very handsome days' works might be made by any person who went systematically to work.

Mr. Mogg, who seems to consider himself a perfect terror to extortionate cabmen, in a cautioning note, advises gentlemen who have the misfortune to differ with drivers, instead of going post-haste to a police-office, to call upon him, and he will furnish them, at "a very moderate charge," with a correct certificate of the distance, &c.; but he does not give any idea of what his very moderate charge is.

Suppose, for an overcharge of four-pence or eight-pence, a party was asked half-a-sovereign for measuring the distance, he might perhaps think the remedy was worse than the disease. Any person, with a good knowledge of London, can tell, without measuring, whether an overcharge is sufficiently flagrant to make it worth following up, and likely to carry a conviction. But to the vehicles. We are indebted to that universal genius, Lord Brougham, for the covered cabs or broughams, though they have been altered from his lordship's original invention, so as to carry four passengers inside instead of two. Many of them have railings on the roofs for luggage, which is a great convenience to travellers. We believe the drivers are not obliged to carry luggage, consequently its conveyance becomes matter of bargain, which it is always best to make before starting, otherwise a wrangle at the end is sure to be the result. So much for broughams. We admire the talent of the man who invented a "Hansom." The design must have appeared to him in a dream, for no waking man could ever have hit off such a queer, upside-down, incongruous-looking vehicle.

The construction of a Hansom is certainly not handsome, according to old-fashioned ideas of beauty or symmetry, unless, indeed, we adopt the venerable adage of "Handsome is that handsome does;" for there is no denying that they get over the ground well. But with respect to appearance, what would have been thought of a mail coachman, in former days, driving from the guard's seat? It would have been the death of poor Nimrod, who studied propriety, from the cock of the beaver—or "easter," as they used to call it—to the square of the elbow. Hansoms did not take at first like broughams. This might be owing as well to the singularity of their appearance as to the unpropitious title bestowed upon them by Theodore Hook. Nevertheless their day soon came, and they are now decided favourites with the male sex. We should not be surprised to see private Hansoms started; indeed, we saw one just before



the prorogation of parliament, with an earl's coronet on the sides, a cockade in the driver's hat, and all complete.

We have the honour of living opposite a cab-stand, and have had abundant opportunities of studying as well the style of the vehicles as the habits of the drivers. We observe, as we said before, that the Hansoms are most in demand among the men, and, again, that they are more patronised at the West-end than they are in the city. "James Mayhew's patent safeties" seem to be about as well turned out as any of them; then there is a Hansom's Patent Safety Cab Company, which leads one to infer that Hansom is a real living hero, and not a sort of old Parr or Earl of Aldborough to Holloway's pills. There is, also, the Harp Patent Safety Cab Company, the White Horse Patent Safety Cab Company, Prougham's patent safety, Howes, Earles, and many others, all on the safety principle, which means that if the horse tumbles down he will get up again at his leisure, without inconveniencing the passenger. Still they are queer-looking things, with their high wheels, their back seats, and trap-doors, for the rider to communicate with the driver.

Although we have studied the character of the cabman attentively, we have not been able to discover any characteristic features of the race. The body seems to be made up of the odds and ends of mankind. They have not even a distinguishing or peculiar costume. Of the half-dozen now before our window, no two of them are dressed in the slightest degree alike. The first, "number one," as we will call him, is a middle-aged man with a profusion of matted iron-grey curls floating over the greasy collar of a seedy, silk-lined, double-breasted black surtout, rather going, we are sorry to see, at the much puckered sides or skirts. He wears an overwhelming old Chesterfield hat, a Joinville tie, a dirty parsimonious summer vest, and pepper-and-salt trousers buttoned at the ankle, above very dirty agricultural looking shoes.

The next is a younger man. He has on a light butler's pantry grey jacket, with diagonal pockets placed very low in the laps, a short much-frayed black satin vest with a roll collar, a thick grey and white-tweed scarf cravat, very much amplified in front, dirty corduroy trousers and high-lows; a short clay pipe adorns his mouth.

"No. three" looks like a man that has been raked out of an ash heap. His once-drab hat is brown and greasy, his dirty half-buttonless witney coat looks as if every species of infection lurked in its woolley surface; he wears no waistcoat, but shows a dirty broad, blue striped, sailor's shirt, and his nether man is encased in a pair of patched and ragged trousers that defy one's powers to assign a colour to. They are very short, and show a great deal of the tarnished red upper leather of a pair of dress boots.

Then comes a man who might pass either for a fisherman, a game-keeper, or a gardener. He has on a pea-green Jim Crow or wide-awake hat, a large fringe of ginger whiskers round his freckled face, a red cotton cravat tied in a knot, a light jean shooting jacket, with a dirty Meg Merrilies tartan waistcoat, and thick black corduroy trousers and hob-nailed shoes.

"No. five" has on a very woolly, broad-flapped hat, the crown rather inclining to the conical; a striped linen cravat, with highish gills; a large, square-made, blue duffle frock-coat, with great wooden buttons, and

gaping pockets on the hips; drab cord shorts, with mother-of-pearl buttons, and shoes and gaiters.

"No. six" wears a shallow-crowned, glazed hat. He is a Jemmy-sort of fellow, with a blue bird's-eye cravat, a very low, narrow, velvet collar, a light grey paletot; light waistcoat; with dirty white trousers, and Wellington boots. He drives a Hansom, and has a fine brass-mounted whip.

As there is nothing in their dress, so, certainly, there is nothing in their address to denote any connexion with horses. Formerly, all people who had to do with horses in any way conformed to a certain distinguishing style, from the swell long-stage coachman, who sat with his tight-trousered knees turned in, and his elbow ready for a jerk of recognition, down to the limping helper, who swept off the rugs at the words, "All right!"

The cabmen have nothing of this sort. They don't seem to take any "pleasure in their profession," as the coffin-maker said of his apprentice. Their coachmanship consists sheerly of rumbling along, and getting from point to point by going over as little ground as possible—their care, not to run into anything or be run into, and to fleece the fare as much as possible at the far end. In these respects they resemble their brethren in France, who have always been above the elegance of coachmanship. And certainly, to see a man squaring and setting himself in attitude, to lord it over a single horse, savours rather of the old absurdity of bringing a twenty-pounder to storm a pigsty door. Still, there might be a little regard to neatness and appearance.

Our friends now on the stand are indulging in every variety of attitude. The man of the "Hansom" has got his legs stretched full length on the roof of his vehicle, making a sort of sofa of it. Our old friend, of the voluminous hat, has his cocked on the wooden splashboard; while the jean-jacketed gentleman sits cross-legged; and the glazed-hatted "Hansom" is perched on the roof of his cab with his back to his horse, looking out for fares behind. Taking cabmen altogether, they are well calculated to answer the description an advertiser gave of himself in a recent number of the *Times*. Thus it ran:—

"Wants a situation, a respectable man, age 38; can fulfil any of the following situations: Coachman, groom or footman, or as under-gardener—can milk—or as carman, messenger, or porter. Writes a good hand—knows town well."

There is as great variety in the quadrupeds that draw the cabs, as there is in the bipeds that drive them, though the balance of superiority is decidedly with the horses. Many of them, especially those in the Hansoms, are really very respectable, going-like animals—some thoroughbred, many very nearly so. The cabs have clearly filled the void that was occasioned by the substitution of steam for horse-power. The Hansoms have generally the best-bred horses, and the pace they sometimes go, especially with an idle, cigar-smoking swell inside, is tremendous. The chestnut in the first Hansom now on the stand looks quite thoroughbred, and, save his capped hocks, shows no cause or just impediment why he should not be ridden in the Park. He most likely has his little peculiarities, notwithstanding. The podgy, flea-bitten grey, with a short tail, in the brougham next it, is a good, steady, serviceable-looking family animal—just the sort of horse that a timid female would select to carry

her to a card-party or a concert. And, see! while yet we write, a stout, roundabout dame, rustling in brocade, with a red-and-green terry velvet bonnet, for all the world like a cockatoo, with a poodle in a string, and a stout page following, endeavours to engage Big Hat's attention, by motioning with her pink sham-lace covered parasol. Cabby doesn't like her looks, and pretends not to see.

"Cab!" cries the page, with all the dignity of a giant, which draws the attention of the rest of the cabmen; but they all seem to be of "number one's" opinion, and there is no rush to the cry.

"Vere to, marm?" at last asks Big Hat.

"Pentonville," replies the lady.

"Pentonville, marm!" repeats cabby, looking up to the skies in astonishment; "vy, that's most beyond the bills o' mortality."

"What do ye take me for?" demands the lady.

"For a hog,"\* replies the driver.

"Imperent feller!" exclaims the lady; "I'll 'ave you fined."

"Thank'e for nothin'," replies cabby, drawing out of the line, to converse with her in an under-tone.

At last they get a bargain struck, the old lady bundles in, the stout page mounts beside the coachman, driver, rather, and the cabs close up just like a card-party playing commerce when one of them dies out.

Now a sudden movement pervades the line. Reins are drawn, drivers are up in their seats flourishing their whips and telegraphing with their arms. It is a bearded Frenchman in nankeens to whom they are all anxious to show the hospitality of their country, by cheating.

"Now, mouncheer!" cries the smart man on the Hansom driving up to him.

"Blast you, Jem, he hailed me," roars jean-jacket, cutting out of the line too.

"Come along old razors to let!" exclaims a third, the ash-heap man doing the same, adding, "I'll drive you to your frog-shop and back before you can say Jack Robinson," at the same time alighting, and opening the door to let monsieur in.

Now all three get hold of him, and monsieur is like to be torn in pieces. Up comes "A, 51," and settles the difficulty, by hailing our friend of the green hat and helping monsieur in.

The three come grumbling back and fall into place as before. The waterman's shrill whistle now sounds, and the Hansoms make a race for it. It is well contested, but glazed hat wins, and dirty coat again returns to the stand. Betty, the slip-shod maid-of-all-work opposite, now converses with the jean-jacketed gentleman, and the conference ends by his drawing up at No. 49, whose opened door discovers a gun-case, a port-manteau, a carpet-bag, a fishing-rod, a hamper, and we know not what else, piled in the passage. Happy Mr. Snooks is going to frighten the partridges. Dirty coat and woolly hat alone remain; the waterman's whistle summons one, and a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion wearing a pyramid of hats, takes the other, thus clearing the stand and closing our lucubrations.

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\* A "hog," we believe, is half-a-crown, but the lady took it literally.

## MY CAMBRIDGE "COACH."

## AN EPISTOLARY FRAGMENT.

O heart! why art thou disquieted? Tempestuous, rebellious heart! oh, wherefore art thou still dreaming of things so long gone by, of expectations that could not be fulfilled, that, being mortal, must, in some point, have a mortal taint? Empty, empty thoughts! vanity of vanities! Yet no, not always; for sometimes, after days of intellectual toil, when half the whole world is dreaming, I wrap my head in the bed-clothes—and then through blinding tears I see again that golden gate; again I stand waiting at the entrance; until dreams come that carry me once more to the paradise beyond.—THOMAS LE QUINCEY.

MY DEAR CROMAR,—You are right as to Halbert Staunton. He is a singular man. And I proceed incontinently to obey your behest, by narrating, *currente calamo*, the amount of my acquaintanceship with him. It may help you to a better understanding of the man himself;—for, now that he is settled in your lake district, where everybody is courteous and neighbourly, I presume that you intend to be civil to the new-comer: nor, *me saltem judice*, will you regret it. I have no romance to indite concerning him; but I have often thought a reflecting man might use him as a living and lively contribution to some theory of psychology.

When I first went up to Cambridge, in my blessed blooming fresh-manship, a benignant uncle of mine favoured me with a cheque to defray the expenses of private tuition,—said cheque being accompanied with a request to select Mr. Staunton, of — College, for my university "coach." "I know," said the old gentleman, "that you are too slow a fellow to do any great things in the Tripos; in fact, my private conviction is, that if you *do* take honours, they will be of that questionable type symbolised by the wooden spoon. Now, Mr. Staunton, who would *not* do to coach the senior wrangler, will do very well indeed for a junior optime and such small deer; he is intelligent, painstaking, conscientious—and will do his best for any lad of the same metal. He might have taken a much higher place on the lists, but for his preference of German to mathematics, and of Alfieri and Manzoni to the calculus. So don't despise the man because he didn't walk off with one of Smith's prizes: he might have done that and more also (*experto crede*), but for an ideal assignation with old Goethe's *Bettina*, and, for all I know, with George Sand herself,—his taste in books being monstrously catholic and syncretistic, as you'll soon find if you pump him judiciously. One *cave* by the way,—don't consume the hour for coaching in reciprocal sentimentalities *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. I shall not repent my donation if I find it goes for consultations in Jean Paul, and that transatlantic, anti-transparent transcendentalist, Emerson. You have a tendency toward such reading, and in *him* it is consummately developed—so beware of the one weak point. Some other time I will tell you why I am interested in Staunton, and why desirous of getting him pupils. It is not money he wants, but employment. More anon."

However little flattered by the foregoing vaticinations as to my university *finale*—so contrary to the day-dreams and night-visions which bracketed my name, in emblazoned letters, together with the names of Whewell, Griffin, Cayley, Adams, *et cæteri*—I could not but pupillize

under the care of my uncle's *protégé*, according to the epistolary suggestion; for in some cases (and this was one) a suggestion is a command. My first inquiries at Cambridge respecting the future guide of my youth, were feebly answered; Staunton had evidently no *status* among the celebrities of *alma mater*—few had heard of him—he belonged to the category of gems and roses assigned by Tom Gray to dark unfathomed caves and desert air. As soon as I was settled—(a prodigious business that of settling in the university, for a feverish *juggling* of twice nine summers, to whom cap and gown, surplice, gyp, sported oak, hall, dons and deans, are an absolute novelty)—I called on Mr. S., with my uncle's letter of introduction. He was affable and easy, and soon won my interest by that curious synthesis of good-humour and melancholy so prominently expressed in his face. You must have been struck by that smile of his—an almost habitual smile when he is talking—which forms so strange a contrast to his pensive cast and characteristic moodiness. It is as far as possible from a sneering, or ironical or sardonic smile—neither is it akin to the smirk of hypocrisy and supple adulation. Lavater might analyse that smile—I cannot.

My first term glided along smoothly enough; and when Christmas came, I was satisfied with my mathematical self, and more than satisfied with my tutor. He was addicted to reverie, it is true; but he took a sincere and sustained interest in my progress. He had three or four other pupils,—and was, I believe, equally conscientious in his readings with them. Unobtrusive in his habits, and sensitive as an aspen leaf, he never thought of pushing himself forward,—or he might have had a goodly string of pupils; for his method of coaching, and his aptitude for imparting to poor catechumens the mysteries of conic sections and logarithms, were, unquestionably, excellent. He asked me to walk with him once or twice; and we took a sturdy "constitutional" round Trumpington and Grantchester, in the perpetration of which he talked little, but ever with that ineffable air of mingled grave and gay, in the exhibition of which he is emphatically *unique*. Afraid of jarring some tender note in his inner being, I was shy and taciturn in his presence; and he seemed vigilantly to avoid the very topics on which my uncle predicted his loquacity.

I spent the Christmas vacation with the latter in his Derbyshire retreat. Of course, I asked for information concerning Staunton. It seems he was born at Edinburgh, or just out of it; and his family were distantly related to my late aunt; so that, when uncle George made his annual trip to the north, he came into frequent intercourse with them. At his first visit they formed a pleasant home-circle, one of the cheeriest under the shadow of Arthur's seat. The father was a W. S. (which being interpreted, for thine Anglican ears, meaneth, *not* a Walter Scott, but a Writer to the *Signet*),—a sort of revised and refined Captain Costigan; hospitable to a fault,—liberal beyond his means,—irascible, heady, *ultra* sociable,—the creature of impulse, not the man of principle. The mother was a delightful being—simple, loving, large-hearted,—unrivalled in two good faculties, *imprimis* household love, and *item* the singing of Scotch ballads. When her husband became cross-grained and violent, which was too often the case after a drinking bout, she would make him weep like a child as she softly trilled forth, in her sweet artless way, "The Flowers o' the Forest," or "The Mucking o' Geordie's Byre." Seven or

eight children were born unto them, of whom Halbert was the second son. It had been a calm and happy nest but for the parent bird. Old Staunton grew reckless as his practice died away, and profligate as debts and disasters made his home unsettled; he forsook his fireside, and consorted with sots. His gentle wife bore up long and bravely against the blast, but drooped and pined away a few winters since. Her heart was broken, not by the one sad stroke alone of a husband's coarse abandonment, but by its natural results among their little ones. His baleful presence cast a drear eclipse over the light of their hearth. His sons and daughters, with the exception of Halbert, inherited his spirit and trod his downward pathway. The eldest would be a Richard Savage—clever as Chatterton, vicious as Churchill; he managed the last, but the first he failed in; no Rowley MSS. ever came from *his* pen. He wrote for newspapers and magazines, got scanty payment, drank deeper than his very sire, and soon went to the dogs. Another son ran away to sea—a bold, warm-hearted, but headstrong boy, whose course was speedily *unfait accompli*—and now

He lies where pearls lie deep;  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

Of the daughters—each of whom was endowed with the fatal gift of beauty—the tale is equally mournful; one might have been the "hapless Ellen," whose history Wordsworth tells so movingly in the "Excursion,"—a girl of gladsome spirits and benignant looks,—one whose form, port, motions, "might have quickened and inspired a Titian's hand, addrest to picture forth Oread or Dryad glancing through the shade, what time the hunter's earliest horn is heard startling the golden hills;" amid her sprightly mates "no one touched the ground so deftly, and the nicest maiden's locks less carefully were braided;" read again that fine episode of the laureate's, and you know the rest. 'Tis an old tale, and often told. "'Tis true, 'tis pity; pity 'tis 'tis true." Another sister married (before she was sixteen) a graceless adventurer—went on the stage—kept her spendthrift husband—suffered hunger—and died. Poor girl! she was in ballet attire when death came stealing o'er her. Another, more happy, escaped the burden and heat of the day of life, thanks to a rapid decline and early decease. "And parted thus they rest, who played beneath the same green tree." The father survives—a hardened, weather-seasoned wreck, drifting across the shoals, without haven in view—a greybeard of remorseful yesterdays and hopeless to-morrows. Halbert had been fortunately sent to a public school in England, where he got an exhibition, and passed creditably his Cambridge course. Intensely attached to his family, one and all, you may imagine how deep the horror of all this gathering gloom to his earnest and affectionate spirit. He pinched himself to help *them*. It was he that provided for the wants of a fallen sister, and tenderly ministered to her every need, and committed her remains to the secluded retreat of a village kirkyard. It was he that sent remittance after remittance, out of his narrow resources, to that unworthy elder brother whose Elysium was the cider-cellar. It was he that nursed in his arms and carried in his own bosom the little maiden whom consumption overtook as she entered on her teens. It was he, you may be sure, that cheered the dark hours of a bewildered mother, and, *for her sake*, became perfect in that strange smile of his which

belies the sad heart beneath. And it is he that, to this day, supports the old man to whose evil courses each act of the tragedy may be traced. What think you of Halbert Staunton?

His present competency is owing to the legacy of a moneyed kinsman on his poor mother's side. His position at Cambridge in the coaching department was almost involuntarily assumed. A decent income precluded the necessity of following a profession—else he had been intended for holy orders. But, income or no income, he could not have become a *reverend*, for his restless mind had dabbled too diffusely in German heresy, from Lessing to Strauss, to allow of *that*. He was a sceptic in spite of himself—in opposition to all his dearest prejudices, cherished habits, and familiar sentiments. Having no direct object in life, he lingered in the classic shades of *alma mater*, and it was Uncle George who pressed him to take pupils, hoping thereby to rescue him from a dreamy do-nothing vacuity of existence, such as would favour the perpetual resurrection of oppressive memories.

When I returned to the university, to commence my second term, I eagerly renewed my intercourse with a man towards whom I was now singularly attracted. He saw the change in my manner, and more than met me half-way. We became confidants, though he ever retained something (as well he might) of the veiled prophet. He told me, however, how he had garnered up his hopes and affections in the bosom of his family—only to see sorrow upon sorrow, and shame after shame. He could not live, he said (like Bayley's Festus), unless he loved and was loved, unless he had the images of dear ones "bound up like pictures in his book of life." He was careless of all but the tenants of his Edinburgh home; on them were concentrated the burning rays of his love; each of them, in evil report as well as good report, had a warm place in his heart of hearts. The time came when—

Discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,

as Mrs. Browning touchingly chanteth,—

And yet, when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,  
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted,—

and the smile, sweeter and sadder than ever, still played there, though he had that within which passeth show. The time came when his fate resembled that of Wordsworth's "Solitary," when heavy change and dimness crept o'er this clear luminary—when from the pinnacle of worldly hope he fell into a gulf obscure of silent grief and keen heart-anguish. Like the "Solitary,"—

To the grave he spake  
Imploringly;—looked up, and asked the heavens  
If angels traversed their cerulean floors,  
If fixed or wandering star could tidings yield  
Of those departed spirits:—

like him Halbert went sounding on a dim and perilous way; though *not* like him was our friend reconverted to the world, society his glittering bride, and airy hopes his children; nor bent he his way toward the unviolated woods across the Atlantic main. (Pretty well, eh, Cromar? You see I can quote *ad libitum* the chief of all the lakers when the fit's on me. The *æstrum* fairly had me just now. All right; I'm on terra firma again, and will now prose away to your heart's content.) What

was he to do? He was too sensitive a creature to plunge into the mahlstrom of this working world, made up of Cheapsides, and Lombard Streets, and Westminster Halls; yet something he must do to hide himself from himself. He loved study, so he would be a hard student. He would cultivate mind, since heart had failed him; he would devote his energies to intellect, and seek to drown, in a deluge of dialectics, the ark that wafted the manes of his old, doomed world. We know that Goethe, when he lost his son, began the study of a science previously unknown to him; and it is wisely said that Goethe was a physician who knew what he was about; for, "in a great grief like that, you cannot tickle and divert the mind; you must wrench it away, abstract, absorb, bury it in an abyss, hurry it into a labyrinth. Some people in great sorrow fly to a novel, or to the last light book in fashion; one might as well take a rose-draught for the plague: light reading will not do when the heart is really heavy." Staunton believed that he should never have occasion for his heart again, and he bade mind be up and doing in its stead; he cheered on *Nous* to blot out the remembrance of that which once had been, and which, like Lear's *Cordelia*, would

Come no more,  
Never, never, never, never, never!

It may be true that one sorrow makes but little space in a life, but the sorrows of our friend were a recurring series, and with the last of the dismal train seemed the eleventh hour of life itself to toll. Life was gone with that which alone seemed worth living for.

If he still smiles, if his tones and looks are the kindly ones of a man who loveth well all things, both great and small, it is in spite of his theory. His good heart was too good to be crushed or withered by all his metaphysics. Had he possessed more of that perennial faith in heaven which irradiates the life-career of Richter, he would not have aimed as he did at the dividing asunder of mind and soul, but would have gone on sowing in tears, in the hope of reaping in joy, and of knowing hereafter what he knew not now, of seeing face to face when the season was past for seeing through a glass darkly. But he was a philosophical sceptic. Not one of your mocking-birds—not one of your sardonic Voltaires, much less a sympathiser with Tom Paine, *et illud genus omne*—wide as the poles asunder from that ribald crew; for the spirit of religion, of REVERENCE, animated his inmost being, and led him to adore what-so-ever is pure and lovely, and of good report. He was crochetty, speculative, but ready to believe. Well, in the twofold hope of veiling a too painful retrospect, and of attaining some sunny eminence of intellectual certitude in the cloud-land of inquiry, he set to work at that precious science—Ontology. Berkeley was soon at his finger's ends, and almost as soon oozed out thence; he felt that what Hume says of Berkeley's Idealism is true—that it admits of no answer, yet produces no conviction. Hume's "Theory of Causation" found in him a patient student; and while it half persuaded him of the futility of metaphysical researches after the absolute "and a' that," it whetted his appetite for kindred speculative aspirations. Reid and the Scotch school amused and steadied him by their grave, impassive, perhaps stolid good sense; but he gladly turned from their creepings to the climbings of Kant and the soarings of Schelling. At first he promised himself, as so many have done, a "new evangel" in the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*. But, as he traced the



development of Kantism in the systems of Fichte (that "cold, colossal, adamantine spirit, standing erect and clear, like a Cato Major among degenerate men"), and of Friedrich Schelling and his rival Hegel (who wrote his *magnum opus* at night, while the artillery of Jena thundered beneath the walls, like Archimedes at the siege of Syracuse), our friend sighed at the contradictions and intricacies of the labyrinthine theme, and found no end in wandering mazes lost.

When I went up to Cambridge, the crisis of this metaphysical fever was past. He still read the philosophers, but no longer with the same zest, for study had increased, not abated, his scepticism. I often saw on his table a stray volume of Oken or Schleiermacher; no essay of Sir W. Hamilton or Ferrier escaped his perusal, but he read them as a withered *blasé* haunts Almack's and the Opera, more for the sake of auld lang syne, and that habit which becomes second nature, than for any intrinsic charm yet perceptible in the objects themselves. A fresh gush of sorrow burst forth at the defeat of his hopes from the "*Kant-ing* crew," and the gloom of his crossed spirit was black as that of Teufelsdröck's "Everlasting No." His days again among the dead were passed; but the dead gave no sign, and his soul became heavy unto death. About this time there fell into his hands the "Confessions of an English Opium-eater," and a new world seemed to open out before him—the world of dreams. From earliest childhood Staunton had been a dreamer; or, as perhaps I ought to say, one who was impressed by, and remembered his dreams. This faculty he inherited from his mother, with whose night-visions are connected not a few remarkable family incidents, worthy of mention in Dr. Mayo's "Letters on Superstitions." He now hoped to explore the same vague region of prodigious fancies—agitating and terrible as they might be—which De Quincey has described so grandly in his memorable pages. He was strongly tempted to take opium, in order to develop *quàm longissimè* the dreaming faculty; but his nature, so pure and temperate in all physical matters, shrunk from the idea of intoxication in any shape. He therefore tried other means, more legitimate as he thought, and almost equally efficacious, as the result proved. He began by cherishing, for some hours before midnight, in his lonely room, a riveted, intense contemplation of the august and portentous imagery delineated, or rather suggested in broad outlines, in the "Confessions." He fixed his mind's eye on the pomp of cities and palaces, the gorgeous architecture of vanished æons, amid which the opium-eater had revelled in visionary night journeyings; he taxed imagination to create great waters and illimitable expanses of silvery lakes and infinite oceans, to descend into sea-caverns and conjure up thronging forms beneath monstrous concave roofs and giant ranges of sapphire columns—such scenery as surrounded Endymion when, in the hollow vast, he looked on things

More dead than Morpheus' imaginings:  
 Old rusted arches, helmets, breastplates large  
 Of gone sea-warriors; . . . and sculptures rude  
 In ponderous stone, developing the mood  
 Of ancient Nox;—then skeletons of man,  
 Of beast, behemoth, and leviathan,  
 And elephant, and eagle, and huge jaw  
 Of nameless monster.

Then would he seek acquaintance with what De Quincey calls the

"tyranny of the human face"—when the sea appeared "paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens—faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, which surged upwards by thousands;" and then would he pass in thought to those Oriental marvels over all which brooded a sense of eternity and infinity oppressive even to madness.

And the dreams came. The cloud of transfigured visions overshadowed him, and he shuddered as he entered into that cloud. The dreams excited and perturbed him by their colossal revelations. He eyed one apocalypse after another of strange dramas; now beautiful, now terrifying, as those once seen in Patmos. And mingled with them were serene aspects of bygone domestic joy, and summoned again "into sunny life" he had glimpses, vivid glimpses, of the "faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the dishonour of the grave." There was much to agitate the dreamer; but a growing charm bade him dream on; he recalled day by day the stupendous panoramas of the night, and looked forward impatiently to the hour of their renewal. When I had thoroughly won his confidence, he would narrate, in a kind of *chiaroscuro* diction befitting the subject, the events and scenes of the previous night's visions, in a tone of solemn and subdued enthusiasm that thrilled my nervous system through and through. It might appear the hobby of a lunatic, to pursue in a methodical and systematic course this habit of dreaming, and to make it, as he did, the shadowy substance of his very life.

But if cracked he was, it was only in this particular;—no one could have expounded Newton's "Principia," or Beueke's "Psychology," more lucidly, more coherently, more discerningly. Thus it continued with him during the whole of my undergraduateship; and the week after I became B.A., we had a farewell walk together to Maddingley, and he was as full of his "Night Thoughts" as ever, speaking of them with the earnestness of a man to whom they were the only realities. He lived, moved, and had his being in a hazy spirit-land; like Dante he had seen heaven, and purgatory, and hell. The day before he had been reading some account of the cemeteries of Etruria, and *they* had been his abode in the night season. The traveller's book had given him the cue, and his own vivid imagination had done the rest, magnifying each object on what Astley's would call a scale of unprecedented grandeur. I have never forgotten his exposition of those subterranean façades, and lines of massive sepulchres, and densely-peopled sarcophagi, and sculptured pediments, and elaborate friezes, and tripods, caldrons, vases, urns, *scarabei*, candelabra, and all the minutiae of a virtuoso's catalogue. He had seen them as closely as his author—and with equal, possibly greater, interest; for a mystic halo of supra-naturalism consecrated *his* experience of them. I used to note down, occasionally, my recollections of his clearly-told *Noctes*, and it may perchance divert you, some day, to con them over, since you know the singular and noticeable seer. But his own hand has committed many of them to paper, and if you establish yourself in his good graces he may grant to you what he ever refused to me, a perusal of his strange MSS.

Further deponent saith not, knoweth not. What is he about to do in Westmoreland? Is he bent upon a lease of the opium-eater's cottage, that he may sleep nightly in the little room which became to De Quincey

a Hall of Eblis? I have not heard from him for months past,—and your letter was the first intimation I had of his leaving Cambridge. When he last wrote he told me that he continued to dream, and loved to have it so. Layard's Nineveh researches had been a splendid substratum for a series of phantasmata; he had drawn fruitful "inferences" and "improvements," as parsons say, from readings in romance, foreign and domestic. Get to know him thoroughly, like a good fellow, and send me word what you think of him and his hobby. Don't let the Lakers bully him—for he's sure to be misunderstood by all but his intimates. Give me a liberal, epistolary recompense for this voluminous missive, and let thy procrastinating spirit ruminate the wholesome maxim, *Bis dat qui dat cito*.

CROTCHET.

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## NOVEMBER.

(SONGS OF THE MONTHS.)

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

## I.

WITH care on his temples—disease in his train—  
 The fog for his mantle—through flood and through rain—  
 Old hoary November, the bane of the year,  
 With dead leaves around him is doom'd to appear;  
 His breath breathing poison, his eyes blar and dim,  
 His cheeks wan and yellow, and palsied each limb,  
 The patron of old age—the blaster of youth—  
 The sexton of nature—the hider of truth—  
 He bears in his hand a dark funeral pall:  
 He is here—old November—the blighter of all!

## II.

November! perverter! whose days are half night!  
 He comes—he is here, with his canker and blight.  
 Go pluck the last flowers, should any remain;  
 If his hand snatch the blossoms, they'll bloom not again.  
 Close the door and the windows—pile up the log fire—  
 Sit closer together—bring viol and lyre.  
 Hark! hark! how he howls with sepulchral din  
 Through cranny and crack,—but he enters not in.  
 He may revel without: so we're snug in the hall,  
 We fear not November—the blighter of all!

## PROMOTION BY PURCHASE IN THE ARMY.

PERHAPS there is no subject with which the public generally is so little acquainted as the promotion by purchase in the army. We know a heavy item as army estimates appears yearly in our national expenditure. We know Captain Fitzhoward of the "Heavies" to be a fine dashing fellow; that he has his hunters, his drag, and resplendent jewellery; while, as his father is but a country rector with a large family, we naturally conclude Captain Fitzhoward earns the supplies of these luxuries, if not by the sweat of his brow, yet by bravery. Should we turn our steps to some of our large mercantile towns, the spinners, or grinders, or artisans naively inform us that the envied red coat, bedizened with gold lace, which the officer struts down the streets in, is paid for by them through taxation; or the economical shrewd Scot eyes the martial Adonis, and buttons up his pockets with an exclamation something akin to—"Ay, mon, all those fineries a' wrung fra me and me puir bairns." Abundant examples might be adduced to bear on the proposition. The general belief is, that the officer is a very well paid servant of the state; that from his style of living, his hauteur, and his expensive tastes, he is a man of money; and while the sailor, the curate, or the government clerk, are only existing on their small pittance, instead of living in comparative comfort, the soldier, like the cotton lord, is

daily fed

On the rich feast of cent. per cent.

But, it is not all gold that glitters; and bearing this aphorism in mind, let us discuss a few of these received opinions, and dispel, by facts, a few of the erroneous ideas entertained relative to officers' pay.

Without stopping to draw out a table of the prices of commissions, with their pay of each grade in a regiment, let us take the two extremes:

	Commissions.	Daily pay.
A Lieutenant-Colonel:—	£	£ s. d.
Dragoons .....	6175 .....	1 3 0
Infantry .....	4540 .....	0 17 0
An Ensign and Cornet:—		
Dragoons .....	840 .....	0 8 0
Infantry .....	450 .....	0 5 3

But we must still further bear in mind a circumstance already stated in the *New Monthly* relative "to extra money," whereby almost double the original price of a commission is given by officers, as well as the following, that each officer has to pay annually to his mess eight days' pay; to his band twelve days' pay; while, in the cavalry,  $8\frac{1}{2}d.$  is stopped for each "ration," or subsistence for each charger daily from every officer, and  $3d.$  monthly for veterinary drugs, whether required by him or not. But the deduction that presses most heavily upon the officer is the stoppage for income-tax, mulcted whether serving in Ireland or the colonies, the gross amount of his pay being taken, and then the deduction made; consequently, he pays a per centage on pay never received; and, lastly, an indirect rent for his unfurnished room, in the shape of "barrack damages."

Facts drawn from the Pay Act and the War-Office warrants are far

too stubborn things to be overthrown by the most subtle sophistry of the diplomatist, or parried by the caballing of the shrewdest of senators. There they stand, a living monument of England's gratitude to the brave leaders of her armies and her forlorn hopes; the champions of freedom abroad, and the subduers of anarchy at home!

Various conjectures are, of course, afloat in regard to the recent orders relative to the educating of the officer. Some—and the majority too—hailing them as the bright harbingers of the annihilation of promotion by purchase, and the placing the soldier-officer on the same footing as the sailor one, or remodelling our service similar to the Germanic forces. But even so great a step towards the goal of improvement would not, it is greatly to be deplored, eradicate the pernicious system of extra money, though there cannot be a question that it would greatly tend to modify it; still its total abolition—so blind are its victims to its powers—we cannot help despairing to see. A system the offspring of disobedience, cradled in deception, and so gross a dereliction of duty as ever can be perpetrated by those professing to be the personification of honour and truth, cannot be expected to be very glorious in its results; and that almost sacred right conferred by a Queen to a subject, vesting him with the command of, and the submission from, others, is made a matter of barter and commerce; while the officer, who would far rather peril his life than allow even the breath of scandal to sully his bright shield of honour, descends to all the trickery of the Exchange, and does not consider it any compromise of his character if he overreaches his friend, by “screwing” out of that friend's pocket a few more hundreds for the sale of his commission than he originally gave for it!

But the matter does not rest here, for the farther we fathom into the secret constitutions of this pernicious system, the blacker and more to be deprecated do they become, more especially in cavalry corps. An officer rises to be senior lieutenant or senior captain. He asserts he can pay no more for his commission than the regulated price, snaps his fingers at the law of custom, points with all the air of injured innocence at the Mutiny Act and the Queen's Regulations, until a stranger to the service would really begin to think he had found a gem among the shingle and pebbles. But Lieutenant or Captain Asterisk—as the case may be—is pretty well aware what is the game to play. He is fully aware that the officer who wishes to retire from the service would not do so by the sale of his commission for the regulated price, thereby losing some two or three thousand pounds, when, by exchanging to the infantry, or to a regiment in India (the allusion is here made more directly to cavalry regiments), he could realise, perchance, a hundred or so more than he gave, by selling three months afterwards from the corps into which he had thus exchanged. The senior officer of that grade, therefore, still keeps on his name for “regulation,” as it is technically called. The juniors hear rumours of promotion being stopped, and exchanges effected. They become nervous; overtures are made to the stop-gap. He looks the personification of integrity and innocence, mingled with a little uncriminal poverty, and refuses the overture. The service is dearer to him than life itself; promotion the bright goal of all his hopes. A mediator or friend steps in, and suggests a little *douceur*; the obdurate stop-gap melts, gold is gold when it comes in the shape of sovereigns from the Mint, and money is money, when an order on Cox and Co. “He does not know, he is sure, what he

can do;" and seems as puzzled as Johnny Whopstraw is, when talking to his landlord on the present state of agriculture. Times are bad, money scarce, and the youngsters want promotion. Well, then, perhaps five or six hundred pounds paid to his credit at the agent's might alter his views in regard to promotion. The young ones bite; some write home to the country squire at Dash Park, or the old gentleman at his counting-house, and assure them the money *must* be paid, and it is always customary; and that the amount will be repaid on their "selling." The fathers, having indefinite notions on the same, pay in the amount, and consider the ramifications of promotion as difficult of comprehension as a Chinese puzzle. Other young gentlemen pay their shares themselves; while a few, whose fathers are aware of the system, and inflexibly refuse the douceur, find a perfect parent in Shadrach Philistim, the money-lender, who advances the amount at the moderate per centage of cent. per cent.; and Captain or Lieutenant Asterisk, whose general received character ever since the days of Shakspeare, though addicted to swearing, mustachies, and duelling, still was always "jealous in honour," pockets the sum, and the promotion by purchase, as it is called, goes on smoothly, until another, "jealous in honour," but poor in pocket, raises the pistol of "regulation price," and orders those under him to stand and deliver.

The pay of an officer is about 5 per cent., including the stoppages, from the *regulation* price of a commission. Out of this he has to pay towards an expensive mess, has to dress like a gentleman, find his uniform at prices which, according to the authorities' own showing (*vide* the "Addenda to the Queen's Regulations, 1850"), amount, in the infantry, to a coatee, ten guineas; a shell-jacket, four guineas; a cloak, five guineas; a pair of epaulettes, seven guineas, &c., &c., pay servants, washing, &c.; and, in the cavalry, find two or three chargers, which must pass the approval of the lieutenant-colonel, who, although he may have a very bad, yet may have a very fastidious, taste for horse-flesh, and which chargers, except they are lost either through glanders or on service (and then only the allowance of, for a first charger 45*l.*, for a second 35*l.* is granted, when, perchance, hundreds of pounds may have been given for them), must be replaced at the expense of their owners, though those very horses are kept for the special service of his military duties, and their very death caused by an epidemic germinating from the troop-horses, or from bad stabling, or the thousand other ills military flesh is heir to. Five *minimis* per cent. on 840*l.* or 450*l.* is small, indeed, to find those requisites, and for the officers to pay their way and keep from debt; and ere our press and our agitators are so strong in inveighing against our army generally, let them pause, and consider if many of those errors—

Vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus ille

Qui minimis urgetur—

they so much delight in blazing forth to the world, may not have originated in the careless forgetfulness for the officers' weal of that very House of Commons they pretend to have constituted, and that they, as professed philanthropists, and the lanterns and the preceptors of the world, are not bound to see into these matters, and carry their reforms, not in the selfish direction where the country is benefited alone at the expense of our army, but where both go hand in hand towards general and social economy. Mr. Cobden achieved, perhaps, the greatest bloodless victory ever warrior did in any age, when he brought in the repeal of the corn-laws. That passed,

he was so blind and elated with success, that the next subject he turned his mind to was our army, which, unfortunately for his future reputation, proved the rock on which he split, and his utter inability for any high position, or the wielding of the affairs of a great empire. He babbled a great deal to a body of pacificators, who took his facts for granted, and his abstruse calculations as those of deep research and knowledge, and equal with his statistics on the corn league. They were given to the public: his "take-for-granted" were luminous as folly to the meanest understanding, while his statistics could be refuted by any private soldier in her Majesty's service. He told us a standing army was perfectly useless; universal peace reigned abroad, perfect tranquillity at home; but, a very few months after, Louis Philippe abdicated, the other foreign powers went down like a row of nine-pins, and at home, Glasgow, Manchester, Bradford, and London (on the 10th of April), were in anarchy and revolt, thus completely upsetting that theory—"Ex uno disce omnes." The originators of the electric telegraph, of vaccination, of the agency of steam, might all have been scoffed at at first, and all have afterwards succeeded; but universal peace has just this difference—mind over matter. A diamond will cut every other metal, it will fashion glass to a thousand different shapes, or add lustre to other stones; but to cut itself, you must apply itself, and the strongest wins the day. From the frailty of mankind, passion must be brought to vie with passion, and force with force; and each can only be subdued by discipline—passion over reckless passion, and tempered force over maddened force—an army over a foolish mob.

Five per cent. on recognised capital sunk, it must be allowed, is no remuneration for the officer. Two per cent., as is the case really upon the whole (regulation price and extra money) of the moneys paid for an officer's promotion, is not only no remuneration, but places the recipient in a position he is utterly unable to support, except by the entailment of certain ruin on himself, in raising supplies from the itinerant Jews who infest a barrack, or from the "X. Y. Z.'s" of the newspapers, who advertise to advance sums on the reversionary interest of heir-expectants with the strictest secrecy; and, startling as the assertion may be, it is no less true, that the whole of those advertisements are addressed to the officers of the army, as civilians, who have any security to offer, can obtain the money through a respectable solicitor, and a policy of insurance on their lives, at something like 6 per cent. It has been said officers would serve for nothing. Rest assured those days have gone by. A new era has dawned, a fresh *régime* has begun. The army will be no longer the lounge for the Rotten-row dandy, or the modern Beau Brummel. The troop or company officer will now be on a par with the adjutant or the quartermaster, as far as knowledge and military information go, and with this new system a system of better payment must spring up. The extra money must be immediately abolished, and with it promotion without purchase and 5 per cent. on the original sum; or, in other words, their present pay. For surely it is not too great a recompense, when we take into consideration the exposure of health when migrating from the torrid climes of India to the frigid lands of Canada; or that of life, when leading on our gallant troops to defy the inroads of a foreign tyrant, or subdue the semi-barbarous hordes of Asiatic insurgents.

## FRENCH ALMANACKS.

EACH revolving year brings with it new events, new discoveries, new inventions, and—what our continental neighbours are, most of all, partial to—new *perfectionnements*. That these should be duly chronicled, seriously, facetiously, or prophetically in the Almanacks, is a *sine quâ non* of French civilisation. And the important part which these little works occupy in French literature, recording, as they do, the different features of material and mental progress, and digesting, analysing, and commenting upon it in the varied spirit of philosophy, fun, and speculation, can only be appreciated by taking into consideration the wide field they embrace, and the moderate price at which they are issued. In Paris the postman never fails at the New Year to present the compliments of the season and an almanack at the same time. An act of civility, we are told, which, by surpassing the proverbial politeness of a M. Cœylin, who flourished in the time of Louis XV., attests to the wondrous progress of modern civilisation! This antithetical idea of the progress of civilisation is not peculiar to the French. The United States' men indulge in similar Titmarshian contrasts of excellence with inferiority. Speaking of the reception given the other day to Jenny Lind, one of the Transatlantic newspapers said we have beat the English in steam-engines, railroads, telegraphs—in everything in which we have attempted to rival them. We will now beat them in folly!

The distribution of almanacks and *bonbons* being the great affair of January, the claims of February to supersede the month of May, as the season of love, are warmly discussed by the first on the list—the “Almanach Comique.” February, it is argued, is the month for public balls and private cabinets; the month of *petit soupers* at the Maison d’Or: *ergo*, February is the real season of love. The god of the month that follows, Mars, is so reduced by the prolonged fasting of Lent, as to have taken himself and his month out of fashion. April is the month of fools; the month when the Socialist doctrines, abolition of property, extinction of family ties, and the extermination of five-franc pieces, is to take place. May is the month, not of roses, but of maybugs. June is devoted to Vichy. July to schools of natation. With the introduction of railroads, August will be passed on the sea-side, where many Parisians will learn, at their cost, that the ocean ebbs and flows. In September, hares and rabbits will take refuge behind the great boots of the gendarmes. It appears, according to the same authority, that by the new game laws every individual who is about to shoot a rabbit must, first of all, exhibit his license to carry arms, then the permission of the proprietor—his diploma as a bachelor of letters and certificate of vaccination. The cooks of Paris will be much more successful in hunting cats upon the roofs of houses than the sportsmen in bagging rabbits, whose private permission to be shot may, possibly, soon also be required, before they can be legitimately knocked over. In October the Gardes Champêtres, having nothing to do, will devour the grapes which they are employed to preserve from other depredators. In November a new tax will be raised upon warming-pans. In December the seat of government will



be removed to Carpentras. So much for almanack generalities; in respect to particularities, the "Almanach Prophétique" is our especial favourite, on several accounts. One of these is the imperturbable gravity with which it continues to quote old prophecies without any ever being fulfilled, and to invent new ones suited to the times. Another is the admiration we experience for the readiness with which the most obscure prophecies are made to clearly designate current events, and the ability shown in reading prophecies after they have been fulfilled.

The occurrence of remarkable meteors has from all times been looked upon as portentous. Most people are familiar with the beautiful description given by Virgil of the meteors that preceded the death of Cæsar. In the middle ages the same phenomena were described as flambent swords or dragons of fire. M. G. de la Bedollière, a modern French illustrator of the occult sciences, argues that if the asteroid of 1557 foretold the death of Queen Mary of England and of Henry II. of France, and that of 1683 the death of Colbert, that the remarkable meteor of the 6th of June, 1850, foretold the death of Sir Robert Peel! Humboldt has, in his "Cosmos," signalised two days in each year upon which a great number of meteors may be invariably seen. If the occurrence of these phenomena can be thus calculated upon at a certain period, it is scarcely probable that they can be the forerunners of events, which one would suppose from their very nature to be occasional and irregular.

But as no event that takes place here below is not pre-ordained, so it would appear that even this last category is disputed by the expounders of the occult sciences, one of whom argues in favour of the periodical return of evil and eventful epochs. A French Protestant, by name Jérôme d'Orghin, being saved, by the pages of the Duke de Guise, from the massacre of Vassy, which took place on the 2nd of March, 1562, wrote a brief account of that sad affair, in a work which was published in 1566, at Chalons. In this little work the author, after remarking that since that horrible and lamentable event everything seemed to be getting worse in France, he proceeded to show that there is something fatal in the number 2, when it occurs at the end of a *millésime* or date. Thus, in 1522, Sultan Sulciman expelled the Knights of St. John from the Isle of Rhodes. In 1532, the emperor signed a treaty in Nuremberg favourable to the heretical Huguenots. (It is to be observed that Jérôme d'Orghin had, between the period of the massacre of Vassy and the publication of his book, renounced his faith, and obtained the protection of Antoinette de Bourbon.) In 1542, war broke out between the Emperor Charles and the King Francis; that in 1552, the territory of France was devastated by the enemy, and Henry II. was obliged to tax the churches heavily. Carrying out these ideas of the periodicity of evils, it will be seen that since the times of Jérôme d'Orghin, the epoch marked out by him as fatal has not falsified its ill-omened character. Thus, in 1572, the massacre of St. Bartholomew. In 1582, the conspiracy of Salsede, and frightful execution of the conspirator. In 1592, the Duke of Joyeuse, overcome at Villemur, drowned himself in the river Tarn. In 1602, conspiracy and execution of Marshal Biron. In 1612, religious war in Poitou. In 1622, sanguinary combats of Catholics and Protestants in Poitou, Saintonge, and Languedoc. In 1632, execution of the Marshal, Duke Henry of Montmorency at Toulouse. In 1642, execution of Cinq-

Mars and of Thou; commencement of the Parliamentary Wars in England. In 1652, rebellion of the Fronde. In 1662, serious misunderstandings between Louis XIV. and the Pope Alexander VII. In 1672, war between France and Holland. In 1682, persecution of Protestants. In 1692, the Duke of Savoy devastated the Dauphiné. In 1702, war declared against France by England, Holland, and the Empire. In 1712, France lost Namur, Luxembourg, Charleroi, &c., by the treaty of Utrecht. In 1722, scandalous orgies of the Regency. In 1732, quarrels between the Parliament and Royalty. In 1742, the retreat of Bohemia. In 1752, the Bull *Unigenitus* gives rise to grave disputes. In 1762, loss of Canada, Louisiana, and New Orleans; the English seized upon Martinique; the French were defeated at Cassel. In 1772, dismemberment of Poland; great distress in France. In 1782, the Count de Grasse was defeated and made prisoner by Admiral Rodney. In 1792, massacres of the 2nd and 3rd of September. In 1802, disastrous expedition to St. Domingo. In 1822, conspiracy of Belfort, and conspiracy and execution of General Berton. 1832, cholera at Paris; insurrection of the 5th and 6th of June. 1842, death of the Duke of Orleans.

It will be observed that events of a major importance, and far more disastrous in their character, occurred in the intervals between the periods marked out as fatal. Some of the occurrences are, indeed, of almost trifling import. It will also be observed that some of the epochs, as 1762 and 1782, disastrous to France, were profitable to England. "Let us await," concludes the expounder of prophecies, "with that confidence in Providence which should never abandon the Christian, the events which are predicted by the calculations of Jérôme d'Orghin for 1852!"

A curious example of a forced interpretation of prophecy presents itself in a chapter devoted to the vision of Ezekiel, which a certain M. Pierre Dumesnil labours, with more ingenuity than success, to show was an anticipation of railway locomotives.

Even Chateaubriand is made to take his place among the prophets, we presume, upon the same principle that made Wordsworth say—

To the open fields I told

A prophecy.

"In our times," said De Chateaubriand in his "*Mémoires d'Outre-tombe*," "we are retrograding from hereditary royalty to elective royalty, from elective royalty we shall fall into a republic!" It is probably from a similar sentiment that the Count de Chambord, and his more strenuous partisans, very properly oppose themselves to the principle of an elective monarchy. Chateaubriand, speaking of the revolution of July, which raised the Orleanists to power, said, "The branch of Orleans will not take root. July, if it does not entail the final destruction of France, with the annihilation of all liberty, will bear its natural fruit—that fruit is democracy." It is evident, that if the forebodings of political partisans were, when realised, prophecies, the number who would lay claim to a distinction, so unhesitatingly conferred by the Latter-Day Saints also upon their leader, would be legion.

The sceptical spirit of modern times, say the expounders of mystery, in vain casts ridicule upon everything that is not tangible or practical; it

cannot uproot from the minds of the people the olden belief in marvellous things, for a very good reason we might add, because such belief is inherent in our nature—an instinct more or less developed in every human being. What would be more worthy of the spirit of modern times would be to reduce the so-called marvellous into a more definite and philosophical form—a result to which the labours of phrenologists generally,\* of Sir Walter Scott, Sir David Brewster, Mrs. Crowe, the author of the “*Arcanes de la Vie future dévoilés*,” and of other qualified writers, are gradually paving the way.

Among questions of this character, that which propounds that the Deity sends presages and omens from time to time, to show that He is the all-powerful governor of the world, is the least satisfactorily established. The nature and character of these presages are not such as most persons would associate with the ideas they entertain of the majesty and the power of the Creator. The asteroids and flaming swords of the middle ages are, for example, more or less brought within the domain of science in our own times; at all events, among, perhaps, the most remarkable phenomena in the world, they are remotely made to conduce to some knowledge of the formation of planets in space, and of the identity in structure between the earth we inhabit and other asteroid bodies. But when human ingenuity seeks in events belonging to our own globe, or to societies as at present constituted, for presages of evil to come, it only perverts the results of a certain order of things, or of a certain corrupt or profligate state of society liable to bring about given events into the omens or presages of the events themselves. Thus, for example, our French expounders of the mystical now find that all the events that occurred during the last two years of Louis Philippe’s reign, presaged a catastrophe even to the least clear-sighted. A kind of tragic destiny appeared to bear down upon all the members of government. M. Humann, Minister of Finances, entered his cabinet one morning and never came out again. He was found, his forehead lying on a prayer-book; he had perished by apoplexy. M. Martin (du Nord), Minister of Justice, disappeared, carried away by a mystery, without the public ever being satisfied whether or not he was not the victim of a calumny. M. Bresson, the minister of a day, the most intimate of ambassadors, after walking up and down his room at Naples cut his throat with a razor. A prince was detected stealing markers when at play; a count of the Empire was discovered cheating at lansquenet; and finally, as if the imagination of the public had not been sufficiently aroused, a duke and peer of France assaulted his wife with repeated blows of a dagger. “All these signs,” exclaim the adepts, triumphantly, “are they not so many presages?” So many evidences, we would say, of a corrupt state of society, ripening the public for insurrection and change, and plunging a nation from one abyss into another of greater depth and infamy.

Our lively neighbours indulge in prophecies of another description, and almost as sensible as the last described; such, for example, are prophecies regarding the year 1851, which it is announced will commence, like all other years, by the sovereigns of different states receiving the compli-

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\* See upon this subject an instructive pamphlet which has lately reached us, called “Thoughts on the Nature of Man,” &c.

ments of the season from the authorities of high and low degree. The people will, during the same year, beg for a diminution of taxation. Hopes, to the effect that relief is forthcoming, will be held out to them; but the result will be as usual—one more turn at the screw. “A remarkable event will occur in January; but although we can read into the future with the same facility that you can read an almanack, we will not reveal what that event will be, to deprive you of a pleasurable surprise.” In September, 1851, news will be received of the famous Californian workmen sent from Paris. The washings will, by the time of their arrival, have been so thoroughly ransacked, that nothing will be left for them to gain a livelihood but sweeping the streets of San Francisco, while others will collect old rags and bones at the Placers. By dint of diplomatic negotiations, France will have nothing to envy England; she will also have her hippopotamus. All Paris will be illuminated, and nothing will be wanting to complete the happiness of every dweller therein. The month of April will be signalised by the inauguration of a direct railroad to Constantinople; a celebrated restaurant of the Latin quarter will find a means of utilising turned-off omnibus-horses, by transforming them into bif-steaks. England, having had another little quarrel with Greece, will send a plenipotentiary to take from them their last shirt. In regard to this last little Gallican sneer, it may be observed that increase of intercommunication has effected a remarkable change, and that the English are treated with a degree of consideration extremely rare in the good old times of *Les Anglais pour rire*. To pass from the gentle tap *à propos* of Greece, and from the prophetic to the anecdotic, there is a story told of a Mr. Green, who, unlike our own Jolly Green, is made to come off finally triumphant over his gay deceivers. The Mr. Green in question must apparently have been the son of his illustrious predecessor, for he was a comely youth, with light hair, fashionable exterior, and well-lined purse, bound upon a few months’ unrestrained participation in the gaieties of the French capital. To say that, after being once established at his hotel, his first steps took him to the Opera, would only be to say that he followed in their flight the host of foreign pigeons that have not yet lost a feather from their white wings.

Seated in a front stall, young Mr. Green was not long in distinguishing from out of a corps of artistes engaged in one of M. Coraly’s ballets, one whose points and pirouettes took possession of his imagination like an over-dose of champagne. Mr. Green’s ecstatic admiration imparted so much animation to his countenance, that he was soon rewarded by a smile. Mr. Green threw a bouquet, the fair dancer pressed it to her lips. Mr. Green consulted the bill, and discovered that the seductive form before him owned the name of Mariquita. The next morning he referred to the Parisian “Red Book.” He found “Maricot, Ironmonger;” “Mariquier, Tobacconist;” but no Mariquita. The porter at the Opera knew as little as the “Red Book,” till a timely present suddenly endowed him with the necessary knowledge.

Mr. Green presented himself before the fair dancer. Her mamma, Madame Limoison, spoke to him in Italian—the Englishman laughed with the silent laugh of a savage. “These children will never understand one another,” said Madame Limoison; and she went out, shrugging her shoulders.

For ten minutes Mr. Green and Mariquita sat silently contemplating each other, when the door opened, and a man entered, carrying a box with copper fastenings.

"You sent for me," said the bearer of the box to the lady.

"I!" exclaimed the lady; then, suddenly recollecting herself, she added, "Oh! yes, yes. Monsieur is an Englishman."

"Ah!" observed the Jew, with a leer that betrayed his race; "Monsieur is an Englishman." Then, turning round, he addressed Mr. Green in his own language, and asked him if he might be permitted to show to madame the bracelet of pearls which she had ordered.

"Show them!" exclaimed Mr. Green; "show them, by all means; and express to madame the regret I experience in not being able to tell her, in her own language, how much her talent and her charms have enchanted me." ●

The Jew interpreted Mr. Green's compliments as he tried on the bracelet. The lady smiled graciously; but suddenly the young man saw with sorrow that she turned pale and then red—that she was, in fact, getting into a passion.

"What is the matter?" he anxiously inquired.

"Oh, nothing," said the jeweller; "nothing. Madame pretends that I promised the bracelet for six thousand francs, and I assert that eight thousand was the price agreed upon, so the bargain is broken."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Green; "here is my address, call a couple of hours hence for the money, and leave the bracelet."

Three months had elapsed. Mr. Green was the happiest of men. He had expended forty thousand francs upon the fair Mariquita when he received the following note:—

"Monsieur, *vous êtes un agneau*.

"You are deceived; and if you wish for proofs, come and ask for them.

"Rue Mogador, No. —."

The Englishman found the proofs. He did not return to the fair Terpsichorean, but remained with the actress of the Variétés, who dwelt in the Rue Mogador, and who had furnished the said proofs.

The actress of the Variétés had no taste for diamonds, her inclinations were of a more simple description: she loved nothing but paper. No one could place a pen in a beloved hand, and induce it to sign a bill of exchange with so much grace as her. Mr. Green laughed with delight as he gave way to the weakness of his adored Espingole, for that was her name. He had arrived at his twentieth bill for five thousand francs each, when a letter arrived, secreted between a bundle of smuggled cigars and twelve pieces of Windsor soap, fabricated at Vaugirard, and which contained the following advice:—

"*Milord, vous êtes une vache à lait*.

"Delicacy obliges me to inform you that you are grossly deceived. If you wish to know the details, call at Rue d'Angoulême, No. —.

"NINI VENDANGE, Artiste Dramatique."

"That is too much," exclaimed Mr. Green. "I was an *agneau*, now I am a *vache*! But before I get into a passion let me verify these rustic designations. I shall make Miss Nini Vendange explain herself."

Nini Vendange, a splendid woman, with shoulders like a Neapolitan duchess, and hands like those painted by Veronese, was studying Corneille at the moment when Mr. Green made his appearance to inquire wherefore he was honoured by the title of cow. It would be difficult to say if the Englishman was convinced, but certain it is that the splendour of Nini, her sweet smile, and her fine blue eyes, illuminated by the fire of the great poet, laid him captive at her feet. Nini Vendange loved the country. Her pleasure lay in walking in a straw hat, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Green, who also wore a straw hat, from Asnières to St. Cloud, and from St. Cloud to Mendon. She succeeded so far in impregnating the Englishman with her bucolic tastes, that he purchased for her a cottage, at an outlay of one hundred and eighty thousand francs, on the confines of the wood of Vesinet. He had scarcely signed the contract which made over this pretty property to the beautiful companion of his walks, when he received a laconic note from the house-agent :

"Wretched Englishman, upon my word of honour you are a pigeon. Your Nini Vendange, whom you take for a rural goddess of the fields, the harvests, and the vineyard—heap of rubbish—is one of Keller's troop of *Poses Plastiques*. If you wish it, oh pigeon ! we will send you the pink network in which she last performed Diana at the Bath, and Venus at her Toilette."

Mr. Green bowed his head in dismay. To be successively calf, cow, and pigeon, and to have half ruined himself in perfecting his Parisian education, was enough to oppress a brain of far greater calibre. He awoke one fine morning an inmate of a debtor's prison. Then only he addressed in his despair those charming acquaintances he had cultivated in the hour of prosperity. No answers came. Happily the insurrection of February came to his relief ; Mr. Green was set at liberty, and no one in the great struggle then going on knew or cared for what had become of him.

Time passed, when, about a year ago, there appeared in the French papers a paragraph purporting to be copied from the *Times*, to the following effect :—

"Among the bold adventurers who were the first to turn up the golden soil of California, was a young Englishman of the name of Green, who arrived there direct from Paris after the revolution of February. This young man having had the courage to carry his researches high up the Sacramento, was rewarded by the discovery of whole heaps of this precious metal. It is said that he obtained lumps weighing eighty pounds each. It is calculated that this intrepid and gallant young man realised in less than three months more than twenty millions of money."

This event, and the illustrious name connected with it, did not pass at once to the knowledge of those most intimate with his person during his pilgrimage in Paris. The great city does not allow itself to be so easily instructed. But it passed from paper to paper, and from mouth to mouth, until at length it reached the ears of Mariquita, Espingole, and Nini Vendange. "Ah ! by St. Anthony !" they exclaimed, "it is our Mr. Green, the veritable Green whom we plucked, the evergreen youth whom we devoured *à la Marengo*, *à l'Espagnole*, and *à la Paysanne*. Twenty millions !"

They had not recovered the startling effect of this announcement—

they were still under the dazzling influence of the visionary heaps of gold, visions which were rendered the more dazzling by gloomy thoughts and dark remorse, when another paragraph went the round of the papers :

"Decidedly the celebrated Mr. Green is now the richest man of the five quarters of the globe. Would it be believed, that he has discovered masses of solid gold, weighing four hundred pounds! Imagination recoils before the idea. There can be no doubt that Mr. Green possesses (if he knows what he does possess) more than a thousand millions. Weary with so much gain, he returns to Europe to spend—a mere mode of speaking, for he cannot spend the thousandth part of his revenue—that which he has acquired by his courage. It is whispered—and here, perhaps, romance mixes itself with history—that he is on his way to Paris, with the intention of wedding a lady, of whose inconstancy he has once had to complain. He will now assuredly meet with neither coolness nor coquetterie. Happy Mr. Green!"

When Mariquita, Espingole, and Nini Vendange learnt this news, they all experienced the same shudder of regret and hope!—regret that they had treated Mr. Green with so much indifference; hope that they might recapture the wounded dove. Wretches! you called him pigeon, and now you call him dove!

It is needless to relate the exertions made by the ladies to ascertain the very moment of the millionaire's arrival. Would he put up at Meurice's? Should he be waited for in his way? But, which way would he come? Would he arrive with four horses or with twelve? Who is the lady he has to complain of? "It is me!" said Espingole; and then she added to herself, "We love those so much whom we have to complain of." "It is me!" said Mariquita." "It is me!" said Nini Vendange. They could not sleep for thinking of the Californian. Only one word came incessantly to their fair lips—Green! Green! Green! The newspapers were destined to give them the wished-for intelligence. One fine morning the following paragraph appeared:—

"Lord Green, the celebrated Californian, arrived this day in Paris, but with so modest an equipage, that he laughed himself with those who expected to see him arrive drawn by horses of gold with diamond eyes. This arch-millionaire, who has just purchased the half of a Mexican province, leads a life of praiseworthy simplicity. It is true, as has been rumoured, that he has arrived in Paris to contract an alliance of the affections. It is, however, his intention to leave France in a week."

Leave France in a week! This brazen sound, after the tinkle of gold, terrified the avaricious minds of our three harpies. "No time to be lost," they simultaneously exclaimed; and a similar instinct carried them at the same moment to their mirrors. "I am pretty," muttered each as the result of her particular scrutiny, adding, "And he loved me so! It is decidedly me that he has come to wed."

Mr. Green was smoking a cigar at the window of his hotel, when a servant announced a letter and a heavy parcel. Opening the former, he read as follows:—

"DEAR MR. GREEN,—

"How I have loved you—how I have loved you! But you trifled with my affections! To abandon me for an Espingole! But let us wipe

away the past with a sponge: you have come back, let all be forgotten. But it shall not be said that your little Mariquita was won by paltry lucre; take back those horrid diamonds which you gave me. They say they are worth sixty thousand francs: I do not wish to know it. Give me back that alone I care for—your love! your love! \*

“MARIQUITA VALDEZ Y LOPEZ DE BENARÈS.”

“The note shall be answered,” said Mr. Green to the servant, who hastened away with the message. Mr. Green having carefully deposited the diamonds in his trunk, relighted his cigar, but he had not finished it before a *femme de chambre* was introduced, bearing a portfolio and a note, the latter highly perfumed. Mr. Green took it, and read—

“MILORD ANGLAIS,—

“Your Espingole has heard with lively satisfaction of your arrival in the capital. She has the weakness to believe that she is not a stranger to your presence. Evil things have probably been reported of her: she despises such scandal. To prove that she never loved you for your money, open the portfolio which accompanies this; you will find a heap of paper rubbish—bank notes—which she returns as unworthy of the sentiments she entertains towards the illustrious Green. Come to supper this evening.

Farewell, yours,

“ESPINGOLE.

“The note shall be answered,” said Mr. Green to the *soubrette*, in a tone that admitted of no indecision. “I was the *agneau* of the one,” he muttered to himself, “the *vache* of the other. It is all right. I’ll have another cigar.”

A third time the door opened; not to admit a messenger, but the beautiful Nini Vendange herself, attired in deep mourning, which displayed to advantage her brilliant white complexion. She advanced, and prostrated herself before the rich Californian. Mr. Green hastened to raise her up, and to inquire the cause of this act of humility.

“I have sinned,” said the beautiful penitent, in a touching tone, “and I was waiting for your return, as a sinner waits for salvation.”

“These words, madame, should be addressed to a higher power, not to me.”

“As it was towards you, sir, that I proved disloyal, it was to you I deemed that retribution was due. I come, then, to beg of you to take back the title-deeds of an ill-acquired property.”

“I admire your penitence.”

“Do not admire me, but let your pardon seal——”

Nini Vendange expected to see Mr. Green take her in his arms, but he did nothing of the kind. He took the title-deeds, and hastened to lock them up in his portmanteau. Terrified at this act of coolness, the lady rose to take her leave; she still hoped that Mr. Green would call her back, but he was busy lighting a cigar.

A few days afterwards another paragraph went the round of the papers. It was to the following effect:—

“Mr. Green, the Englishman—the famous Mr. Green of California—who has been the subject of so much conversation, never went to California. He never was the millionaire he was supposed. He caused the



rumour to be spread to revenge himself upon those who had once shamefully deceived and plundered him."

So much for justice done even to Mr. Green. A more remarkable instance of moderation towards the English presents itself in an anecdote of Napoleon; of whom it is related, in the "*Almanach de Napoléon*," that when, on his return from the camp of Boulogne, Denon, the director of the museum, presented to him a medal commemorative of the event, and which represented the eagle holding the English leopard in its talons. "Vile flatterer!" exclaimed the great man, "how can you dare to represent the French eagle overpowering the English leopard, when I cannot put a single boat to sea without the English getting hold of it! Have this medal destroyed at once, and make no more like it."

The well-meaning but dreamy philanthropists, and the less estimable political propagandists, who together make up the so-called Peace Society, are amusingly caricatured in a description of Mr. Elihu Burritt's pacific journey across the Continent:—

Elihu Burritt (says the narrator) declared the session of the congress closed, and putting the key of the door in his pocket, took himself off to Prussia, accompanied by two other members of congress. He there obtained an audience of the king, who was at breakfast.

"Sire," said the great pacificator, "I have the honour to salute you. How do you do?"

"Pretty well, thank you, my dear Mr. Burritt. Will you take a cutlet?"

"With pleasure. One cannot be better listened to than whilst eating. You know why I come here."

"I have some notion of it."

"Well, then, let us to it at once. Universal Peace is the question. Why should we wrangle and fight one with the other? Let us disarm."

"I should like nothing better. I am a real King *l'pacifico*, saving the warming-pan."

"Your majesty has always a joke at hand. But, come, have you really any serious intentions against poor Austria?"

"None at all; I see with regret, my dear Mr. Burritt, that I have been calumniated in your esteem."

"Sire, I admire you, but I have finished my cutlet, and must continue my journey of pacification."

On quitting the palace, Elihu stumbled upon a column of Prussians on their way to fight the Danes.

Encouraged by his first success, Elihu Burritt hurried away to the Emperor of Austria.

"Well," said he to the Emperor, "so we are still irate against the Italians?"

"Not at all."

"And with the Hungarians?"

"A mere joke."

"How lucky!" exclaimed Elihu Burritt in excess of joy. "In that case we are going to disarm immediately."

"Ya, mein herr Burritt, immediately."

A fire of musketry was at this moment heard under the windows of the palace.

"What is that noise?" inquired Burritt.

"It is a regiment firing in the air to celebrate the disarmament."

It was a group of Hungarians that had just been shot.

Elihu Burritt continued his journey and arrived in Russia.

The Emperor was, at the moment of his arrival, engaged in reviewing 600,000 men.

Nicolas returned Mr. Elihu Burritt's salutations like a well-bred Tsar.

"Sire, you are no doubt aware of the motives which bring me here?"

"Perfectly, little Father Burritt, perfectly."

"I am a fanatic in favour of peace."

"And so am I, Elihu."

"What! you also, your majesty astonishes me! Wherefore, then, this array of 600,000 men?"

"By St. Nicolas! to make peace. If you desire peace prepare for war, said an Elihu of olden times."

"That is true!"

"And so anxious am I for peace, that I am going to increase my army to 900,000 soldiers."

Elihu was delighted with this news, and started for England to announce that he had pacified all Europe.

Truth is stranger than fiction. While the French wit was revelling in imaginary interferences of theoretical upholders of peace, Mr. Elihu Burritt, Mr. Joseph Sturge, and another, were actually engaged in bringing to a termination by arbitration the war between the Danes and the Schleswig-Holsteiners. With this view they visited the theatre of the contest, where they received from both parties assurances of their will to refer their differences to enlightened and impartial arbitrators. This in the face of the siege and bombardment of Frederichstadt. Alas! for poor human nature—no one can be sufficiently enlightened to discover that both can be in the right; none can be sufficiently impartial as to satisfy two parties, both convinced of their rectitude, even to the sacrifice of their lives. All the world knows, and all history and all biography confirm it, that on a point of reason and conscience nations will make war, and individuals will cheerfully and religiously inflict and endure death. If Denmark would consent to the expenditure of her last dollar, and the last drop of blood of her bravest sons, rather than acknowledge that Germany had any right over Schleswig-Holstein, what would Mr. Elihu Burritt do? Schleswig-Holstein is equally stubborn, and, in such a case, of what value is the pure reason of a third and indifferent party? Reason and justice have different aspects to these two belligerents; and the reason and justice of a negotiator are only reason and justice to that party whom the negotiator pronounces to be in the right. To the other party they seem to be unreasonable and unjust, and the decision will be only submitted to by the same thing over again—coercion in war, only this time made upon the refractory by the negotiator or arbitrator himself, to compel compliance with his decree.

The rivalry between the Garden of Plants at Paris, and the gardens of the Zoological Society of London, is well hit off:—

Jean, for many years keeper at the Garden of Plants, was to the Zoological department of that garden what Quasimodo was to the tower of Notre Dame. He had the same passion for his animals that Quasimodo had for his clocks. To him there was nothing like the wild beasts of the Garden of Plants; the tigers of the Zoological Gardens of London, the leopards of the Thier Garten of Berlin, were only cats, compared with those which he had under his care. "Take care not to speak ill of his animals, he would devour you."

How magnificent is Jean! when his day's work is accomplished he takes a sentimental walk amidst his dependents. As he passes, lions and tigers purr, stags and deer sing, the monkeys jump about in ecstasy, the parrots screech, the turtle-doves coo, even the ducks exhibit signs of delight.

When the first giraffe died, Jean was so ill, that he was obliged to take to his bed; the arrival of a tapir was the only thing that could console him for his loss. Attacked with consumption, the tapir soon began to wend his way to the tomb. "He will not see the fall of the leaves," said Jean to me in a grievous tone. Truly enough the poor animal perished in September, and Jean had an attack of melancholy from which he was only aroused by the arrival of another giraffe.

The Garden of Plants is to Jean what the flag is to the soldier—a kind of fanaticism. His menagerie is the first menagerie in the world; there is nothing to be compared to it. "Go," he says, in his moments of enthusiasm, "and tell the English to propagate their boa-constrictors and their lizards from the Cape of Good Hope. The English may have tigers, lions, hyenas, casowaries; who has not got the same? But let them show us a chimpanzee!"

That was at the time when that adolescent wild man was alive. At its death Jean had a new and terrible fit of melancholy. He could find no consolation, except in thinking that the English had never had a chimpanzee.

Last year at spring-time I found Jean more melancholy than usual. It was a long time before he would acknowledge that the idea of a rhinoceros troubled him.

"Can you imagine," he said, "the negligence of the government which leaves us without a rhinoceros, when they have one in London? The monarchy was much better than the republic for animals."

"Comfort yourself," I said to him, "we have a President who receives from time to time African ambassadors; the Sultan of Timbuctoo has sent him a giraffe, which is at this very moment crossing the desert."

At that time a crested crane of Barbary led me regularly twice a week to the Garden of Plants. How beautiful she was with her tuft of sapphire on her head, her neck of emerald, her topaz chest, her jet-like wings! I never could get out of my mind that the beautiful, but stupid Fatima, the favourite sultana of Mahommed IV., was carrying on the course of her terrestrial migrations in the body of this beautiful, but obtuse bird. Most certainly that was the dark, deep, yet inexpressive eye of the fair Circassian—her light, yet graceless walk!

One day I met Jean, cast down to the lowest degree, just as he was on the occasion of the death of the tapir.

"What is the matter, Jean?" I said; "you seem very low spirited."

"And I have reason to be so," answered he, "if you only knew——"

"What is the matter?"

"We have no hippopotamus!"

"I know that, but we can boast of having a seal, the English cannot say so much"—(parenthetically, this is a mistake).

"What need they care now that they possess an hippopotamus?"

"Are you sure?"

"It is official."

It was in vain that I tried to comfort him. Jean walked away slowly and dejected, murmuring, "No hippopotamus! no hippopotamus!"

I subsequently learnt from his companions, that his grief increased from day to day, that he was only heard to mutter, "No hippopotamus!" till, at length, he put an end to his sorrows with the fumes of charcoal, leaving behind him a letter in which it was written—

"Having no other mark of kindness to bequeath to him, I leave my body to the panther, cage No. 2, who has always manifested the greatest affection for me.

"JEAN."

In this country, where most public improvements are the results of individual or collective public spirit, and government does little more than impose and collect taxes, it is satisfactory to think that the gardens of the Zoological Society comprise at the present moment the most complete, and the best-kept collection of animals in the world. There is no place of recreation in London that combines so much amusement with instruction as these gardens. It has been suggested that the society should have lecturers. This we are not prepared to countenance; we think, as we have before said, that the lecturers should be at the British Museum. That the society may, with increase of means, ultimately possess a collection of live fishes and marine animals, in glass cases and salt water, is more desirable. The other day we perceived they had already commenced a collection of invertebrata, and we saw sundry cases of mollusca, of which a person close by said, "What are those beastesses?" We feel no doubt that, under its present able management, the Zoological Society

will continue to advance science, and to extend that great social benefit they have already conferred on the country.

The introduction of railroad pleasure-excursions, with the consequent increased communication of the Parisians with the seacoast, has been a fertile subject for humorists. The demand for tickets, the time lost in obtaining one, the confusion and disappointment, sometimes only 1500 tickets issued to 10,000 expectants, form a good opening to a pleasure-excursion; to which are appended successively the rudeness of the guards to a five-franc excursionist; the songs and smoke of companion excursionists; the passing Rouen without ever seeing it; the arrival at Havre at four o'clock, all the hotels full, and nothing but a kindly intimation on the part of the waiters to go and walk upon the beach till sunrise, with a bathing machine for shelter in case of a shower; the getting in and out of an omnibus; the first taste of seawater, and a further one of seasickness—a malady to which the Parisians appear to be peculiarly sensible; a hurried and villanous dinner; an uncomfortable journey back, and a summing-up of expenses, with a terrible headache, and a final discovery that the five-franc excursion has cost exactly eighty-five francs sixty centimes! Tourists, by-the-by, should beware of centimes. The hasty Englishman glances over the column of francs, and, says, "Well, each article seems moderate enough; I wonder how the amount comes to be so much!" The fact is, to each franc or two francs there will be always seventy-five centimes or fifteen sous attached. This is as regular as a small 11*d.* to the large two or three shillings at an English draper's.

The vindication of the law in France is, as with us, often attended with scenes of a comical character, of which the French do not fail to avail themselves. Such a character as the following would scarcely be supposed to exist in lively Paris:—

François-Joseph Cailton is accused of vagabondage. The President inquires if there is anybody to claim him.

"Present!" shouts out a loud voice, the bearer of which hastily approaches the bar.

*The President.*—"Who are you?"

*Answer.*—"It is I, patented hatter, Quay Bourbon, No. 7; for the last eleven years under all the governments, and Republic idem."

*The President.*—"You must give your name."

*Answer.*—"Present. Isidore Leonidas Lemerle; fifty-five years old; good arm, good eye, heart idem."

*The President.*—"You swear to speak the truth?"

*Lemerle.*—"As to the truth, present, always present, to life and death idem."

*The President.*—"Do you know that man?"

*Lemerle.*—"He is my brother-in-law; and I am idem."

*The President.*—"What is his conduct?"

*Lemerle.*—"He is a hatter, like me; and a little Jean-Jean, idem."

*The President.*—"Is he an honest man?"

*Lemerle.*—"In the first number. He only seeks to do good; and I, his brother-in-law, will take charge of him. I can introduce him into society as a person of quality, idem."

*The President.*—"Very good; but if he will not profit by your good intentions?"

*Lemerle.*—"Present for good intentions. I will be his protector; it is a patentee who tells you so. (Turning towards the accused.) Yes, Cailton—unfortunate, rather than guilty man! I will be your protector. I will open the gates of fortune to you in the hatting department. I will make your fortune and your hap-

piness, idem." (At these last words the witness, overcome by emotion, wept into his hat.)

*The President.*—"You claim your brother-in-law, and you promise to give him means of existence. In that case you can both withdraw."

*Lemerle.*—"Go away, idem. Monsieur the President and the company, I have the honour to thank you, and to salute you, idem."

Cailton throws himself into the arms of his protectof, who makes the sign of the cross, and receives him, exclaiming, "Take care of your hat and your name, idem!"

The magistrates are not always so lenient as in this instance; in a country where, for some paltry political question, a thousand lives are sometimes lost and the real offenders are made heroes of, instead of criminals, the law is often administered for petty offences with a severity happily unknown in this country. Witness the following instance:—

Young Touzon, fourteen years of age, is brought before the correctional police charged with mendicity.

*The President.*—"You are known to be a young vagabond. You will not work."

*Touzon.*—"I never do anything but work."

*The President.*—"What kind of work?"

*Touzon.*—"I prepare pipes for connoisseurs. Smoke them to the point of perfection required by the amateur."

*The President.*—"An idle pursuit like that is disgraceful at your age."

*Touzon.*—"How can you say so; it is most trying to the chest."

*The President.*—"But you are brought before me for begging."

*Touzon.*—"Where did I beg?"

*The President.*—"In the Champs Elysées."

*Touzon.*—"The agent was mistaken: I pick up ends of cigars to smoke my pipes with; a gentleman was about throwing his away, I asked him for it. The agent thought it was money I asked for, but it was only the end of a cigar. I do not want money, I sell a pipe of one sous for fifteen, and the tobacco necessary to perfect it costs me nothing."

The President, not deeming it proper to encourage the rising talents of young Touzon, condemned him to be imprisoned in a house of correction till he was seventeen years of age.

Three years' imprisonment for begging the end of a cigar. This, too, in a country where, at every stopping of a carriage or a diligence, the doorway is actually besieged by paupers! The histories of a black-velvet bonnet, given away before it was paid for; of a kitchen in common kept by certain young working women, and broken up by "Mysteries in reference to Monsieur Adolphe;" of a confiding youth who purchased *all* the numbers of an itinerant lottery, and yet could not get a prize; are essentially Parisian and characteristic.

The "Almanach de Napoléon" and "Almanach Impérial" are, as might be surmised from their titles, devoted to the interests of the President of the so-called Republic. Other almanacks have also this year gone over to the powers in the ascendant for the time being. An almanack, which designates itself as "Pittoresque," which is more than Louis Napoleon can lay claim to, proves by cabalistic art that the Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte can alone restore confidence, bring back prosperity to commerce and industry, conquer anarchy, and re-establish in France the authority so much shaken by revolutions! The same almanack revives some old prophecies of Nostradamus against England, as applicable to the present time:—

Vers Aquilon grands efforts par hommasse,  
Presque l'Europe et l'univers vexer:  
Les deux éclipses mettra en telle chasce,  
Et aux Pannons vie et mort renfoncer.

This is explained as signifying that a woman-king (*hommasse*), dwelling in the north, will vex Europe by supplying the Austrians (*Pannons*) with gold and munitions to carry on its unjust wars. Another *quatrain* is still more curious :—

Le chef de Londres, par règne l'Américh,  
L'isle d'Ecosse t'empiera par gelée:  
Rois rebavront un si faux Antechrist,  
Qui les mettra trestous dans la meslée.

The "Almanach Pittoresque" is as essentially cabalistic as the almanack called "La Science du Diable" is mesmeric. All its prophecies, speculations, and deductions, are founded on the play of numbers. Thus it arrives at the conclusion that, in 1852, Louis Napoleon is to be Emperor of the French.\* And, by the same means, it also proves that the seven-headed beast of the Apocalypse is England allied (by Lord Palmerston) to the European revolution; that the two-horned beast is Socialism, and that Pierre Leroux is the beast who opens the door to Chaos! What a great man Pierre Leroux must be in his own *quartier*!

The visits made of late by French excursionists to the British metropolis have not failed to be productive of reminiscences, which will appear to be passing strange to the English reader :—

Never (says a contributor to the "Almanach pour Rire") shall I again visit the capital of Great Britain. I should be afraid of losing my reminiscences—my pleasant reminiscences! Let me chronicle those reminiscences while they are fresh in my memory, for the benefit of posterity.

I remember that on my arrival in London, I was accosted by a crowd of cicerones and interpreters, who addressed me somewhat as follows :—"Français! badaud de Français! je vais te conduire où tu voudras."

And they dragged me, some by the arm, others by the shoulder, and others by the lappets of my coat, which took fright and went away with them. I remember that I resolved then to purchase one of those English paletots, that are so celebrated in France, and that I paid for it its weight in gold. The first tailor I appealed to was a French tailor. He asked me a hundred francs, because I was an Englishman; the next was an English tailor, and he asked me two hundred, because I was French. Sad reminiscence!

I remember that I was led to "Wellington Palace." It is there that the statue of Wellington reposes in all its splendour. But it appears that I looked at it with stupefaction. The English hold people who are astonished at anything in horror. A young English scamp threw a stone at me. Touching reminiscence!

I remember that, one evening, one of my guides piloted me as far as "Cremorn's Garden." Cremorn's Garden is the Mabilé of the place. People drink there and dance. To do honour to my amiable entertainers, I thought it would be in good taste to dance a jig (*gigue*). But, to my misfortune, the jig happened to be as much out of date in England as the minuet is in France. My exhibition appeared as if intended to cast ridicule on the English, and I received upwards of twenty challenges for the next morning—*à la boxe*.

This party of pleasure presenting ideas of anything but an agreeable nature, I decamped from the gardens. I remember that then giving way to a sudden irresistible impression, I stopped to reflect at a corner-stone. A regiment of policemen set immediately upon me, pursuing me from door to door. It is not that I have to complain of the policemen. They are well-behaved and amiable, nor do they utter a word; but they strike you with a short stick, and the next morning you have the balance of a small account to settle with them. A disagreeable reminiscence!

I remember that I went into a tavern to drink some gin, and that I was poisoned.

I remember that I went to a review, and that I met a soldier near the palace of St. James. This soldier had a wife, a daughter, a son, a dog, and a parcel under

\* Another calculation makes him only "Président de la République à vie."

his arm. He entrusted me with his dog, his boy, his girl, his wife, and his parcel during the review, which lasted three hours. The dog bit my legs, the daughter borrowed some money from me, the wife, who was very ugly, ogled me, and the parcel contained a supply of garlic and Chester. What a reminiscence!

I remember, also, that when I returned to my own beautiful country that I had to undergo the ordeal of an examination by the custom-house officers. It was in vain that I declared that I had always held smuggling in horror. My pockets were examined from top to bottom; the lining of my great-coat was unstitched; my boots were pulled off; and as at last something must be seized, they took from me a penknife I had bought in Paris a year before. Cruel reminiscence!

Ah! I remember also—and that is the most cruel of all my reminiscences—that on embarking at Calais I had fifty fine golden Louis, and that at my return I owed four francs to a cab-driver. If I could only remember that I had not been to London, the memory would be the charm of my existence; but, alas! I have too many reminiscences!

Our readers will, we think, agree with us in pronouncing the wit of the “*Almanach pour Rire*” to be by no means of the first water. The specimen given of reminiscences of a visit to London is most unworthy of the most *spirituel* nation of the world, and the only statement in the whole narrative that bears the slightest similitude to truth is that which refers to the explorations of custom-house officers in France. An almanack more modest in its pretensions, called “*L’Almanach Facétieux*,” is more felicitous and characteristic in its jests, which are of the brief Joe Miller description, but without the pungency and raciness of the incomparable wit of Portugal-street. For a sample or two however:—

“M. d’Obs—was an ill-made, ugly, little man, yet exceedingly fond of dancing, an art which he practised with so much energy, and accompanied by such extraordinary feats of agility, as invariably to make the lookers-on laugh at him. One day, however, a man of a more serious and somewhat morose turn of mind, looking on at the exhibition with a feeling of contempt, said, within hearing,

“‘How can a man who dances so badly, make himself so ridiculous?’

“‘Sir,’ said M. d’Obs—, turning round; ‘if I dance badly, I fight well.’

“‘Good, my little friend,’ replied the grave man; ‘fight always then, but leave dancing alone.’”

A custom formerly existed in the Canton de Vaud, by which, if any unmarried person was condemned to suffer the punishment of death, and one of the other sex came to claim him, under promise of marriage, the condemned was given over to the claimant. In the 17th century, a young man was sentenced to be hung at Romont for highway-robbery, accompanied by violence, when a girl, anxious to save the criminal’s life, claimed the privileges of the Canton by offering to marry him. The unfortunate man examined the girl who had come with so much generosity to sacrifice herself for his safety from beneath the gibbet, and having looked at her for a minute or two, he tapped the executioner on the shoulder, saying, ‘Friend, go on with your work, she is blind of one eye.’”

## TO BRIGHTON AND BACK FOR THREE-AND-SIXPENCE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

## I.

HOW ALFRED WASHBALL AND HIS FRIEND ALEXIS BONTEMPS  
RESOLVED TO GIVE THEMSELVES A TREAT.

THE London season was over, and every one who could make himself wings had flown away as far as those wings would carry him. Some went to Italy, many to Paris, a great number to the Rhine; the Highlands absorbed hundreds, and thousands flocked to Margate and Ramsgate,—the length and character of the excursion depending almost wholly on the length and character of the traveller's purse. The cabmen ceased to ply for hire, and slept upon their stands. The Hansoms were, of course, all out of town, as well as their *quondam* fares; the clubs were tabooed, the most pertinacious members being scared away by whitewash and scaffolding; the crossings were abandoned by the sweepers; and desolation reigned in all the great thoroughfares.

But, of all the desolate spots in London there was none so dreary, so dusty, or so woe-begone, as the long avenue which leads from Pall Mall to Charles-street, St. James's, and is known to the votaries of pleasure as the Opera Arcade. The myriads who used to haunt this passage, eager to listen to the thrilling notes of Sontag, or gaze with rapture on the twinkling feet of Carlotta, had all disappeared, and with them had disappeared also the occupations of the native Arcadians. The bootmaker was left to gaze at himself in his own polished leather,—the wine merchant to do penance off his own champagne,—our Spanish friend at the corner to solace himself with his own excellent cigars; and the tribe of hair-dressers to gaze moodily on congenial wig-blocks.

How the majority of the Arcadians bore their altered state of things we are unable to say, but there was one amongst them who came at last to the conclusion that he couldn't stand it at all.

"Unless he had some relaxation," he said, "he was a'most afraid he should take and commit himself to suicide!"

The utterer of this dark threat, for the authenticity of which we have his own word of honour, given to us only a week ago while he was cutting our hair and telling us his adventures, was no other than Alfred Washball, one of the most striking-looking and certainly not the least accomplished member of the profession to which he belongs.

Divest him of his long white apron, and take away the tortoiseshell comb which he sticks for convenience in the bushy hair which rises behind his right ear, and put upon him the chain-armour and cylindrical helmet of the Knights-templars, with the two-handed sword, the long surcoat and the kite-shaped shield, and a more stalwart or chivalrous figure than Alfred Washball it would be difficult to meet with. Or give him the velvet jacket, *calzoni*, and pointed hat of the Italian brigand; let a dagger gleam beneath his coloured sash instead of a razor, and put a blunderbuss or real *scioppo* in the hand that habitually wields the curling-irons, and there is nobody we know, except perhaps Signor Venafrà (to whom this costume has been familiar for the greater part of a century),



there is nobody, we repeat, who would *look* the character better than Alfred Washball.

We would not exactly trust him to *speak* it, for, though he knows a few words of French, his acquaintance with the Anglo-Norman dialect and the Italian tongue, is somewhat of the slightest; nor is he, indeed, quite a master of elocution in his own language, a few rhetorical displacements and certain defective aspirates, savouring more of Stratford-le-Bow than of Oxford or Cambridge. Neither would we willingly urge him to enact the bandit in real life, for though his thews and sinews qualify him physically for the part, and his whiskers are about the very fiercest in all London, being matured, no doubt, by the fat of countless bears, the mildness of his manner and the gentleness of his disposition, save only when thwarted in moments of occasional elevation, are by no means in keeping with his external attributes. He has, moreover, in his character a little of that strain which belonged to the giant Polyphemus, to Ferragus, and, indeed, to the whole race of giants, from time immemorial; so that if the successful issue of a *razzia*, or even an ordinary *quet-à-pens*, depended upon the skill with which he laid his plans, we should earnestly request him to remain at home, and employ himself more satisfactorily in the manufacture of wigs.

That Alfred Washball is admired by the fair sex can scarcely be doubted, after our description of his personal appearance. He is not only, as the class *grisette* say, "a fine man to walk behind," but a fine man also "to meet,"—by which figures of speech they express the *beau idéal* of form and feature, and such are the men whom they most willingly choose to *chaperon* them to the Eagle Tavern or Greenwich Fair. Without revealing too much of Alfred Washball's private history, we may observe that there were passages in his life which distinctly referred to events of rather a heartrending nature, the scenes of which were laid as well in the City-road as at the foot of One-Tree-hill; and that if the word "perfiduous" had ever been applied to his conduct, it was not altogether without cause. Not that Alfred Washball was a systematic deceiver,

Who could win woman's heart,  
Ruin, and leave her.

On the contrary, he had less to blame himself for, on this account, than most heroes who wear their own whiskers. But "infatuated females," as he has been heard to say, "*will* gratify their hies at the expense of their 'arts, and wot," he would philosophically add, "wot can a man do then?"

But the month of September is the grand leveller in London for high and low, and offers no more amusement to the perriwig-maker than to the peer. The season for the Eagle Tavern had not begun, and that which renders Greenwich so delightful was over. In affairs of the heart, Alfred Washball had been sometimes accustomed, to use a French phrase, to *nager entre deux eaux*, but to accommodate himself to the *juste milieu* between two extremes of dullness, was more than he felt disposed to endure. Besides, he had long meditated an enterprise which, to a certain extent, smacked of hardihood, seeing that it was altogether a novel undertaking.

Whatever we are about to do for the first time, whether it be to marry, or fight, or dance a mazourka, or ride a steeple-chase, or try a friend's

claret—in short, whatever we attempt that is of doubtful issue, invariably occasions certain misgivings, and we feel disposed to pause for a moment on the brink before we irrevocably plunge. It was thus that Alfred Washball had hesitated before he could summon up courage enough—moral courage we mean, for of physical, despite the suavity of his demeanour, he had quite enough—to venture upon the project which had long lain nearest his heart.

The fact is, he had never in his life ventured out of the smoke of London, or to speak more correctly, beyond the limits of the old two-penny post; but, to employ the postal simile again, he wished now to go free and far as a penny stamp. Above all, his desire was to behold The Sea. During the busy London season there was little chance for him to go anywhere except home to bed after his day's work, and it was only on rare occasions that he was able to realise the amusement offered in the places to which we have alluded. It is true that a dull September is a fact of annual recurrence, but an operative's *métier*, like that of a newspaper editor—(the latter the hardest-worked animal in creation)—compels him metaphorically always to have his tail in his mouth, and to make a day's excursion to the seaside—Sunday being all he had to spare—required more money than Alfred Washball was able to spare for his *menus plaisirs*.

But in 1850 a change had come over the spirit of things. The system of Sunday excursions by railway, for the benefit of The People, had been gradually creeping on, and during the past autumn afforded facilities which it had never offered before. It was, therefore, with no ordinary degree of satisfaction that one Friday afternoon, as he sat pensively curling a lady's Front, and thinking seriously of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and whether the lady would call and pay for it as she had promised, that his eye accidentally fell upon an advertisement in the *Times* newspaper which lay upon the counter of the little shop where his manipulatory skill was employed.

Alfred Washball was not a person very much given to any kind of literature. He read the bill of the Opera because it stood at the shop-door, and formed a background, instead of tapestry, to the shop itself; he also, to use his own expression, "now and then had a peroose" when he could get a sight of the *Dispatch* or *Bell's Life*, "strong writin', or somethin' in the sportin' way," being what he went in for; but in the luxury of a daily journal he did not indulge. On this occasion, however, he saw sufficient reason for taking up the paper, the words which had attracted him being the following:—

"TO BRIGHTON AND BACK FOR THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE!"

Alfred read over the announcement several times, as if to assure himself that his eyes had not deceived him, and with the design of fixing it in his memory.

"To Brighton and back for three-and-sixpence!" he exclaimed; "on Sunday too—the very thing! Why this beats Margit and Erne Bay holler!"

And again, with renewed interest, he read over the advertisement.

Alfred Washball's salary, not being secured to him by a liberal government, was a trifle under twelve thousand a year, which may account in some degree for his anxiety to profit by a cheap excursion. The expense

of actual travelling being only three-and-sixpence, a tolerably wide margin was left for recreation out of the sum which he could prudently afford to spend. At the first blush of the question, his thoughts turned towards Matilda Smith, the little milliner in Cranbourne-street, who had more than once expressed a desire to visit the ocean in his company. But this generous impulse was checked almost as soon as formed by the consciousness that the double fare would make a large hole in half-a-sovereign, and the remaining three shillings furnish but a scanty holiday dinner, to say nothing of casual expenses. He therefore thought better of it, and reserved the society of Matilda for a more propitious moment. Still, he was desirous of having a companion; and the fascinating little Smith being *hors de cause*, he mentally ran over the list of such of his male acquaintance as might not be unwilling to join him in the trip. He named several to himself, but, for various reasons, rejected all. His sporting friend, the waiter at the One Tun, in Jermyn-street, was a cut above the mark, and the young man at "Rogerses, the bootmakers," rather below it. The first was "a high feller," and might get him into difficulties; the last might wish to borrow money, and was therefore equally undesirable. At last he remembered that there was "a gent in the same line as his-self" exactly the person he wanted, and, as soon as he had given the *coup de grace* to the Front on which he had been employed, he hurried off to the establishment where his friend officiated.

It was at no great distance—only a few doors out of Regent-street. You may recognise the shop, not only by a magnificent bust in the window of the proprietor himself, highly rouged and splendidly moustached, and attired in imperial purple, draped in the most classical manner, but by an inscription in gold letters, on a blue enamelled ground, informing the public that "*Ici on parle Français.*" It would have been singular had this been otherwise, for the speaker was a native Parisian, and, though a resident in London for nearly two years, had not yet acquired sufficient mastery over the British tongue to render himself generally intelligible.

His name was Alexis Bontemps, and, previous to the last French revolution, he had flourished in a little *boutique* of his own on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, just at the corner of the Rue Sainte Barbe, in which locality he had achieved a double immortality—first, by the invention of an admirable composition *pour fixer les cheveux*, which went by the name of "*Glycerine Alexis*;" and, in the next place, by having been, he said, the first to assist in forming the barricade of his *quartier*, and the last to fight behind it, in the memorable days of June, 1848. On this occasion, according to his own account, he had performed prodigies of valour on behalf of the popular cause; but, in spite of his heroism, victory ranged itself, as it usually does, *du côté des gros bataillons*.

"Si nous avons eu des obus, même des pièces de douze," he was in the habit of saying to Alfred Washball, when he narrated the stirring history to him (which he generally did once a-week), "nous les aurions écrasé comme des punaises."

But as this speech, often as it was repeated, was High Dutch to Alfred, he was always obliged to translate it, and then it ran thus:—"When we shall have mortar or twelve pounds of gun, we shall crush him as one bog."

Whether Alfred Washball ever arrived at a clear notion of his friend's

meaning, is more than we can venture to assert; but this is certain, he felt fully impressed with the conviction that Alexis was a wonderful character, and the lion and the lamb consorted together in the most harmonious manner.

How it happened that Alexis was neither shot nor taken prisoner, he best knew. Some people whispered—but this must have been pure *médiance*, for how could they have ascertained the fact?—that he had found the barricade, if ever he ventured behind it, a particularly useful place of shelter when the bullets were riddling his shop-windows; and that, the moment the coast was clear, he set the example, which was subsequently so well imitated by Monsieur Ledru Rollin, the historian of “England’s Decline and Fall,” of bolting from Paris as fast as his legs could carry him. Of one thing there is no doubt. Within a week after the days of June, the *Magnet* steamer, from Boulogne to London, disgorged on the Custom-house Quay a great many very fallow, sickly, seedy-looking Frenchmen; and the fallowest, the sickliest, and the most seedy of the lot was the self-exiled patriot, Alexis Bontemps, whose whole fortune at that moment consisted of a *flacon* of the celebrated “glycerine,” a pair of curling-tongs, a *bâton* of *chocolat à la Vanille*, and a five-franc piece, bearing the detested effigy of royalty. Had he been the owner of a few more effigies of this description, he would then have been more welcome on board the steamer, for he might in that case have paid for his passage.

It is not necessary to trace his story further. A French hairdresser may find the means of living in London, notwithstanding his hatred of tyrants in general, and of the English nation in particular; and Alexis Bontemps was as fortunate in this respect as the *ex-préfets* and *ex-dictators* who have honoured us by taking up their abode in the neighbourhood of Lei-cies-ter-squarr. Neither is it much to the purpose to describe in what manner he made the acquaintance of Alfred Washball. He might have been struck by the martial appearance of the latter when they first met at the *café* at the corner of Bear-street; or he might have been grateful for the glass of “gins-grogs” which Alfred insisted on paying for on that occasion, on the strength of having picked up a little French; be this as it may, that meeting laid the foundation for a degree of intimacy which induced Alfred to seek out his professional ally, and propose the excursion to Brighton.

A party of pleasure seldom comes amiss to a Frenchman, nor is it less recommended to him by the fact of its happening to be cheap. Alexis offered an objection at first, when he heard the sea mentioned, but when he found that in order to get to Brighton it was not necessary to *traverser cette mer horrible* which had caused him so much agony when he left France, he at once yielded a joyful assent to the proposition, and it was agreed between the friends that they should meet at the South-Eastern railway-station at a quarter to eight on the morning of Sunday, the 15th of September.

## II.

### OF THE JOURNEY TO BRIGHTON IN THE THIRD-CLASS TRAIN, AND THE ADVENTURE OF THE BATHING MACHINE.

HOLIDAY-MAKERS, when they chance to be of the male sex only, are proverbially punctual. We mean no disparagement to their softer companions in saying this, but merely wish to express that, when a lady is

breaking up her establishment for a jaunt, there are a thousand *petits soins*, in the midst of which "the keys" play a conspicuous part, which have a tendency to make her too late for the train.

We have seen that Alfred Washball was a bachelor, and the reader will have inferred that Alexis Bontemps was in the same condition; though, for aught we know to the contrary, there might have been a Madame Bontemps left behind in Paris,—husbands sometimes get so strangely separated from their wives. There was nothing, therefore, to interfere with their punctuality, and precisely as the clock of St. Saviour's chimed the quarter to eight they encountered each other at the foot of the slope which leads to the railway station. It was as well they met there, for to have done so on the platform would have been next to impossible, unless they had not intended it; in that case the chances are it might have happened.

There is a tolerable amount of bustle on the departure of any train to go anywhere, but when an excursion is toward, and the scene is laid in a station which, like the South-Eastern at the present moment, reflects a lively image of the Tohu Bohu, or chaos of the Hebrews, the confusion is not easily depicted. Our travellers—after a struggle which by some miracle did not end in strangulation—succeeded in getting their tickets, but this was the smallest part of their difficulty. To get into the train was the *grand coup*, and this they did not accomplish until the first division, which contained the more experienced travellers, was off. They then discovered that, to start at eight o'clock, it was necessary to be on the ground somewhere about daybreak, as had been the case with a large proportion of the excursionists. By dint, however, of a little gentle elbowing on the part of Alfred, and a few strenuous expletives in the Gallic language from Alexis, they managed at last to obtain places in one of the open carriages, and, amongst the sea of happy faces, there was probably not one happier than the hirsute countenance which called Alfred Washball its owner. If a grim shadow occasionally crossed the features of his companion, it was no doubt attributable to the cruel *souvenirs* that haunted his patriot bosom, unless, indeed, it might be ascribed to the fact that some jovial excursionist, in a fit of exuberant glee, had accidentally trodden on his corns.

When "the people" travel in England there is one thing which they never lose sight of—to wit, a provident care for the creature comforts, nor can they, in their own view of the case, begin upon them too soon. In the present instance, the train had hardly left the Bermondsey tan-pits behind, and the merry-making crew were scarcely shaken into their places, before their preparations commenced. From bundles tied up in well-knotted handkerchiefs, the prevailing colour of which was red with a white check or spot (though blue was in favour also), came forth great hunches of bread, square masses of cheese, glistening onions, savoury sausages, and chunks of fat bacon. Nor were these unaccompanied by liquors, whose relish they heightened. In one place a burly mechanic, holding a heavy stone bottle between his knees, would distribute strong beer to his neighbours in a substantial horn cup; in another, the loud pop of a cork might be heard, and presently the air was redolent of gin, a fluid which experience had taught those who drank it to measure without a glass, their mouths, as they said, amidst boisterous laughter, holding exactly a quartern; aniseed was preferred by some (these were ladies), and "ever so little rum," "just to keep out the morning air," by others—the "ever so little"

having a singular affinity in quantity with the accurately-gauged *gorgée*. As Alfred Washball afterwards observed, he had never seen so much "spirity-liquor" drunk in all his life. Not that it did those who took it any harm; they were robust, hard-working people, who agreed in sentiment with Farquhar's landlord, that "the ale must needs be strong to make those strong who drink it." If it produced any visible effect, it was only to make them a trifle jollier, a thought more good-natured than they were before; at no time niggard of their provisions to such as had come unprovided—and Alfred and Alexis were almost the sole instances of this want of foresight—they became, perhaps, a little more pressing, and the danger of a surfeit was much greater than that of starvation. After their refectation the more sedate and philosophical smoked a pipe and surveyed the country, while the more mercurial lifted up their voices and sang, if not the newest, some of the loudest songs that ever were set to music, and, when they came to the tunnels, grave and gay alike joined in the chorus.

Our business, however, is not with the multitude who filled the train, but with our special travellers. We have hitherto interposed generally between them and the public, but they must be permitted occasionally to tell their own story—or rather Mr. Alfred Washball, from whom we had it, must be the narrator.

"A most wonderful sight it must have been," pursued Alfred, "for to have seen us, as I may say, quite a-scouring through the hair, the train went so tremendous fast. It was not, in course, the first time as I had rode on the rail, having been on the Blackwall and Greenwich lines, but their speed is nothing to compare. Bontom was no more used to it than me, and when we got into the first tunhole he sackered to his-self a many times, which I could distinctly hear him, and had no more colour in his cheeks when we come out on the other side than so much bear's grease. I arst him if anything was the matter, but he gave an ewasive reply, and therefore, respecting of his feelings, I pursued the subject no further.

"I had bought a guide to the railway for sixpence before we left the station; but after we passed Norwood it wasn't of much use, as nobody knew nothing of the country, and we didn't stop nowheres to inquire; it was only now and then, when we caught sight of a name painted on a board, that we was at all able to guess where we was. I was rather surprised, I must say, to find we didn't go through no towns, which they was marked in the book on the line, and is an imposition upon travellers, not being visited; but we passed more fields than ever I saw before, and as for trees they was unaccountable thick. After about two hours of it, sometimes going along the tops of hills and then being shut up between two high banks, we come to a dreadful long tunhole, which we was putty nigh half an hour a-getting through; some said it was owing to the length of the train, but this must have been quite imaginary, as the train was no longer then than when we first started. At all events, we was very glad when we got to the end of it, for a many of the women screamed—more particularly when they was told not to be frightened—and there was more sackering from Bontom. We then passed through another tunhole, but it was a short one, and soon after the train went gently up to the Brighting station.

"We was a good deal put to it to know what to do first, particularly as the bus-men and cabbies kept calling on us to ride this way and that; but having legs which is accustomed to get over a good scope of ground,

I proposed to Bontom as we should walk. Allick, as I call him, is not my height by a deal—rether a little man, I may say, but he is wonderful sperrity—and so off we sat right down the hill into the very middle of Brighting.”

Mr. Washball then described the various objects that attracted their attention in this part of the town. St. Peter's Church was the first edifice they examined, which Alexis, with a shrug, declared to be “un rien,” and Alfred himself admitted was “no ways to be compared to Westmister Abbey, though there was some as gave it the preference.” They next visited the Pavilion, with the exterior of which Mr. Washball was sufficiently familiar, having seen it “scores of times” on the Tunbridge-ware boxes in the Lowther Arcade. Monsieur Bontemps had not much praise to bestow here either.

“Il ressemble un peu aux Bains Chinois,” was his remark; “mais c'est diablement triste.”

Mr. Washball thought “the gardings was poor things,” and that Cremorne was worth ten of them.

The effigy on the Steyne of the Pavilion's author, described by Mr. Washball as “St. George's Stattoo,” came in for its share of observation and criticism. Alfred considered that St. George must have been a remarkably fine man, though “rether stout;” and Alexis, when told by his friend that it represented the patron saint of England, after looking round to see if any of the inhabitants observed him, doubled his fist, and shook it at it,—conduct at which, no doubt, the statue was greatly pained, being unable, like the Commandant of Seville, to resent the insult.

From the Steyne our travellers directed their steps to the shore, Mr. Alfred Washball's longing to behold the sea being paramount over every other consideration. What he thought of it when, turning the corner by Mahomed's baths, it first broke upon his view, could not even be expressed in the language of Byron, there being no such terms in Childe Harold as he made use of.

“It rether startled of me at first,” he said, in his mildly-sublime manner, “for it seemed as if there was nothing between us and the next world, but the posts and railings on the other side of the road. What with the dazzling sun, and the blue sky, and the blue sea, it all looked like one; I'm sure I couldn't tell which was water and which wasn't. When we come a little nearer, we was invited by some people as stood there to walk down on the beach, and take a bathe. ‘I means to do so, young man,’ says I to a gent in a canvas jacket and trousers, just the same colour which they put sovereigns in at the Bank. ‘I've come down from London on purpose. If it's not too deep, I shall go in here.’—‘Well,’ says he, ‘taint much over your head, I think,’ and he and all the rest of 'em set up a laugh. He was eluding to my height which is above the common, but I took no notice of his vulgar remark, and begun to strip off my coat and weskit, glad enough to do so. The day was so hot.—‘What are you after?’ says another gent, dressed up in canvas like the first.—‘I'm a-going to bathe,’ says I, a little pompiously, for I didn't like his manner.—‘Not there, then,’ says he.—‘Why not?’ says I.—‘Why not,—because nobody bathes here on the shingle. If you want a dip you must hire a machine.’—I was rether astonished at this, particularly when he said that the machines was a shilling a-piece. He pintered them out where they stood in a row, just like the small shows at

Greenwich Fair, only without the pictures of the porcupine-boy, and the pig-faced lady, and said 'they was them.' I tried to make a bargain with him, and at last he agreed to let Bontom and me have one between us for ninepence each. I don't think Allick would have consented to join me if he had known what they really was, but seeing they went upon wheels he took 'em for carriages, and fancied we was going to take a drive along the coast. Well, we climbed up the steps, went in, and before we shut the door the gent in brown handed me two towels, which made Allick think we was going to have something to eat before we started.—'Bon restaurant?\*' says he.—'No, no!' says I, as loud as I could,—which I always make it a rule to speak loud when the French talk in their own language, otherwise they can't be made to understand. 'Not yet, by-and-by.'—Allick stared about him, as much as to say, 'It's an odd place to dine in,' but he said nothing, and, sitting down on one of the benches, looked out of the other open door upon the sea while the horse, as he thought, was being put to. Presently we heard a noise, and the machine began to move, the door swung to, and we rolled the wrong way. 'Que Diable!' shouted Allick; 'where they take us!' He then made a rush at the door, and, forcing it open, saw that we was in the sea, which it came up foaming to the middle of the wheels. I own to being rether timorous at the sight, but Allick was quite beside his-self,—and sackered with all his might. 'They shall drown us, these dam fellers, there horse go backward into the sea!' and, while I was quietly slipping off my things, he opened the other door to jump out, but the sea stopped him that way too. It went to my very marrow to hear how Allick cussed and swore; though I couldn't make out half he said, only I knew it was swearing; and the men on the beach larfed and told him to keep his-self quiet, and wanted to know if we was far enough in! A monkey in a passion was a fool to Allick Bontom at that moment, but he was afraid to jump out, and so he set down again a shivering and sackered like mandereen. I arst him if he meant to take a dip. 'Vooly voo?' says I; but he folded of his arms, like the Imperer Nepoleum and wouldn't say a word, though his face was as green as grass."

We shall not follow Mr. Alfred Washball through the intricacies of his toilet, but content ourselves with recording, after his statement, the dread he felt when he found there was nothing left for it but to take the water, whether he liked it or not. That he lost his breath and struggled wildly after the first plunge, fighting, as he said, with nothing at all, which, to use his own simile, "knocked him about like a roaring lion," was a thing not to be wondered at, when we remember that it was a cockney making his first acquaintance with salt water; but why he should have swallowed so much of "the briny," as he admitted he did, is only to be accounted for on the supposition that, being where he was, he believed it incumbent on him to get as much of it as he could, both inside and out. For an individual who, according to his own account, could only swim "a little," which, strictly interpreted, means "not at all," he appears to have exhibited more courage than we should have given him credit for, and he certainly made the most, not only of his own ninepence, but of the similar amount forked out by Alexis Bontemps, who all the time remained in the machine, weaving a deadly conspiracy in his brain against the lives and

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\* We have preferred the right orthography to that used by Mr. Washball.



properties of the Brighton people, sundry and several. At length Mr. Alfred Washball, having completely exhausted his natatory accomplishments and physical powers, returned puffing and panting into the vehicle which was soon drawn up on the beach, and, to the credit of Alexis, we must observe that the moment his foot touched the rough pebbles not a shadow of resentment lingered on his features.

The Chain Pier was the next attraction, for, though the travellers would fain have realised the *bon diner* which had already floated before the mind's eye of Monsieur Bontemps, the morning service was not over, and consequently no house of entertainment was yet open.

They accordingly made the best of their way to this famous place of recreation, but what happened there we must allow Mr. Alfred Washball to describe in his own language.

### III.

HOW A FRIEND OF THE PRINCE REGENT DINED IN A FRIENDLY WAY  
WITH OUR TRAVELLERS,—AND HOW IT ENDED.

"A most amazing thing is the Chain Pier," observed the enterprising hairdresser; "I consider it quite one of the wonders of the world. I have not seen the Tubulum bridge in Wales, for I never was in that part myself, but from what I have read in *Bell's Life*, I should think it was uncommon like the Brighting edifice. A gent, as we met rether promiscuous, and which we entered into conversation, quite affable and pleasant, told us that in winter-times the waves very often washed up so high that nothing of the pier could be seen except the flag on the staff at the very end, and, as to the wind, it was only a mercy it didn't come the other way, or else the whole town would be blown into the sea.

"This gent told us a many oth'er curous things about Brighting, which he gave me his card, politely offering to pint out the nob's on the promenades and squares, when they took their afternoon's walk. Being an inhabitant, his name was Jones, which he had resided some years in Bond-street—one of the chief resorts of fashion in Brighting. His memory was most wonderful, for though he seemed not more than forty, he remembered everything as had ever happened to the place. He should have been happy, he said, to have asked us to dine at his apartments—it was only, he thought, a duty towards strangers when they came down on excursions—but, unfortunately, the house was undergoing repair, and not being a married man his-self, he didn't keep up no establishment. When he mentioned dining, both Bontom and I pricked up our ears, for the sea had made me very hungry, and Allick's appetite, like most forriners, is generally ready; so I arst him if there was such a thing as a good ordinary to be met with. He replied that there was the best of ones, which he should be proud to show us, in a street quite handy to the clift, at very moderate charges, though, for his own part, he was in the habit of dining at the principal hotels, except now and then, by way of a change, when his fashionable friends was away.

"As he had been so polite, I thought we couldn't do no less than arst him to take a bit of something with us. He replied that he shouldn't mind looking on, but he was afraid it was much too early for him. In the mean time, as it would be nearly an hour before the house was open, what did we say to a turn on the clift as far as Kemp Town? I told him we was quite agreeable, and we all walked off arm-in-arm together.

"The houses of the Brighting gents is built rether fantastical; some of 'em is decorated with green snakes, some has windows of blue glass (I elude to a noble dook which his name I am not at liberty to mention), and some has a very glazy look, as if the bricks had been painted black, and the snails had crawled over 'em afterwards; others, again, look as though they had been built of soft mud, with pebbles shied at 'em, which stuck there till all got hard together; but, taken on the whole, they is very grand and imposing, as most things is in Brighting.

"We saw a lion on the top of one house, which his tail is nearly as fine as the Charing Cross one, and was much pleased with the brick pavement, being pleasant to walk on. We returned by a back way, which the streets is not first-rate—mostly shops, and, being Sunday, has a dull appearance. Mr. Jones now said, if we was peckish enough, he thought we might venture to go to the ord'nary, as the people was coming out of church, so we crossed over the Steyne to Castle-square, which the castle appears to have been removed, nothing remaining of it but the Blue Coach-office to mark the situation. We then went up North-street, so called because it leads to the west on to the South Downs, where the Brighting harriers enjoy the noble sport of fox-hunting.

"I caught sight of Bond-street written up, and being shabby, I arst Mr. Jones was that where he lived; he rether hesitated to answer me, but at last he said that places was not to be judged of by appearances, as it was always in the oldest parts of towns that the oldest families resided; but loyalty to his former sovereign was the reason why he lived there, as from his bedroom window he had a full view of the Prince Regent's Pavilion, which he never went to bed without recalling blessings on his name.

"'But,' he said, interrupting of his-self, 'we had better push on, or we shan't come in for the first cut of the jint, and mounseer here,' he whispered, 'looks hungry enough to eat a jackass behind the ears without greens.'

"I was rether tickled at the similitude, knowing pretty well what Frenchmen *do* eat in their own country—such as frogs, foxes, and the like; but I kept the joke to myself, being afraid that Allick might have fired up if he came to know what had been said, and we made the best of our way along the street, which is all up-hill, until we came just in sight of Old Nicolls's Church, and there we turned suddenly to the left down a narrow passage. I suppose it was pride as was the cause, but I see Mr. Jones turn his head quick round to the right and left, and look sharp up and down as we went it, fearing perhaps as it might be thought he was bemeaning of his-self if any of his noble friends saw him in this quarter of the town. He said nothing, however, but 'cut along,' and set the example by running down the passage, till he came to a shop where the shutters was only half up, and a good deal of steam coming out of a sort of hairy winder. 'This is your sort,' says Jones, when he got to the door, and in he popped, and by the time we follered, which was less than half-a-minute, we found him ordering of dinner for three, and tasting some biled brockilo with a fork, as was laying promiscuous on the counter. The landlord of the house—though it wasn't a hiun, but more like a cook's shop—looked very black at Mr. Jones, and called out, quite disrespectful, for him to drop the fork, or he'd give him in charge. Mr. Jones made a laugh of it, and said he was a crusty old file, and then arsted us which we preferred, pork, mutting, or beef, for they was all three in the winder smoking hot; he didn't care which, he

said. As we was out on a holiday we selected for roast leg of pork and crackling, with brockiloes. 'For you two?' says the landlord, a pinting with the knife as was in his hand at me and Allick. 'For three,' says I, 'this gent and us.'—'Oh!' says the landlord, 'who pays?'—'I do,' says I—'leastways this young man and me.'—'All right,' said a voice behind us, which Mr. Jones's I believe it was. The landlord muttered something to his-self, but what it was I didn't hear, and we walked into a parlour at the back, and set down at a large table in the middle of the room, Mr. Jones, on account of a cold in his head, setting opposite the door to avoid the draught. The dinner was soon brought in, and two pots of ale, which, being thirsty with our walk, I gave the money for beforehand; and certingly the hair of Brighting must be uncommon good for the appetite, for Mr. Jones behaved towards his plate of roast pork and crackling as if he hadn't eat anything for a week, though, by his own confession, he had only just breakfasted when we met him.

" 'A queer cove, the landlord of this house,' says Mr. Jones, when he had made an end of his pork, and was beginning upon some curring dumplings as Allick had ordered, having took quite a fancy to; 'a queer cove—quite a character. I didn't name this before, thinking you mightn't like to come; but his cookery's undeniable. You'd think him and me wasn't friends by his manner of going on, but bless you—here's your health, mounseer—another dumpling if *you* please, Mr. Washball'—(which I had told him my name)—'thank you, they *make* one eat, they do—why it's scores and scores of pounds as I've spent with old John Killick. He's full of gammon is old Killick, and fond of chaffing, strangers in particular. That's always his way; he'd have made you believe now that he was in earnest when he spoke to me. But I know him well, and so did George, Prince Regent. When he used to come to the Pavilion of an evening the prince always tried to make him drunk, but he couldn't manage it, John was always too many for his royal highness. Talking of drinking, gents, what would you like to take—my turn now you know—brandy—gin—what shall it be? They've capital gin next door.'

" Mr. Jones then put his hand in his pocket.

" 'God bless me!' say he, 'where's my purse? I can't have left it on my dressing-table; no, I'm convinced I had it. As sure as fate, some scoundrel has picked my—stay!—where's my pocket-book? Oh! thank goodness, that's safe,—that *would* have been a loss. As to the purse, there wern't above three or four sovs in it; but I hate losing anything. I'd much sooner give it away in charity to the first object I meet; perhaps I did, and don't remember it.'

" Mr. Jones here pulled a black leather pocket-book from the breast of his coat, and opened it.

" 'Ah!' says he, 'the flimsies are all right—just as they came from the banker's. But, now I recollect, there's nothing less here than a ten-pun'-note, and I don't think that waiter is to be trusted—he's a new hand. Perhaps one of you gents would give me change?'

" I told him at once that I hadn't anything like so much money about me, and was certing my friend hadn't—neither had we; but if I'd had ever so much I should have looked twice at his money before I changed it, for things struck me as looking rether black about Mr. Jones, and my suspishings was beginning to be eroused that he warn't what he pretended to be. However, as I couldn't say but what he had shown us

civility, and, moreover, didn't want to fall out about a trifle, I told him to put up his pocket-book, and I would pay for the liquor. He looked rather disappointed at what I said, but when three glasses of hot gin-and-water with lemming-peel was brought, he begun smiling again quite affable, and went on conversing the same as before, and told us a maffy stories about the Prince Regent.

" 'The worst of the prince was,' said Mr. Jones, 'he was terribly fond of play; not just as it might be quietly in this parlour, between you and me and mounseer—only for amusement, but regular, downright gambling, at it all night, winning and losing thousands at a sitting. But he never could persuade me to join 'em. The rattle of the dice-box didn't agree with my constitution. If there was anything that I had a fancy for, perhaps it might have been a hand at cribbage or a game of skittles. Skittles, now, is a fine, manly exercise, brings out the muscles and all that sort of thing. Pity it's Sunday. I could have shown you a nice, fine, dry ground, and all on the square—quite honourable—not like the sharpening places we hear of in London. But, as I said before, it's Sunday, and that's no go; so,' said Mr. Jones, looking me full in the face, 'what do you say to a quiet game at cards, just to settle us down after the gin-and-water?'

"When Allick heard Mr. Jones talk about cards, he began to brisk up, for Allick's a great player at the French game of carty; but the more he proposed it, the more I said 'No,' being pretty sure there was a screw loose somewhere with Mr. J.

" 'You'll excuse me,' says I, 'if I make so bold as to tell you that our object in coming down to Brighting was to see the place, and not to pass the afternoon—on Sunday, too—in playing at cards in a pot-house. I'm very much beholding to you for your society, but I don't wish to have no more of it; and my friend, Mounseer Bontom, is of the same opinion.'

" 'Oh, very well,' says Mr. Jones, 'please yourself.'

" 'Yes,' says I; 'I means so to do, young man.'

"Not that I thought him over young, but it's an expressing of mine when I'm angry.

" 'You're warm,' says he.

" 'If I am,' says I, 'I don't want you to cool me.'

" 'Maybe not,' says he, 'but I shall cool myself. The room's like an oving,—quite stifling.'

"With which words, he ups and walks to the winder, and seats himself on the sill, looking out into the back-yard of the house, and whistling quite unconcerned. Presently he comes and sets down at the table again, while I was a-knocking on it for the waiter, but the boy was gone out, I suppose, as nobody come.

" 'I'm a-going to pay the bill, Allick,' says I; 'and then we'll wish this here gent good morning.'

"So I ris from my cheer and went into the shop where Mr. Killick was still a-standing behind the counter serving some customers which was waiting.

"It might have been two or three minutes, or it might have been more, I can't exactly say, before he had done with his customers; but when he was giving me my change, 'I recommend you,' he says, 'to cut your lucky from that 'ere party inside as soon as you conveniently can. He's a downy one, and no mistake. My boy has just stepped out for a

pint of beer over at the Crab, and if he happens to meet a pelisseman on his way, it wouldn't much surprise me if he was to bring him back along with him. As you're strangers to this place, I should advise you to bolt for fear of getting into trouble.'

"While I was a-thanking Mr. Killick for his kindness, we heard a tremendous noise inside, coming from the room where I had just dined. Down went a cheer, 'Sacker nong de Doo,' went Allick, smash went a glass, then somebody tumbled right over and came down heavy on the floor, and all, as I may say, in the twinkling of a pair of curling-eyeins.

"Up jumps Mr. Killick with his round-of-beef knife in his hand, and over the counter he goes quicker than I could have thought it possible for a man of his size, and makes for the inner door, me after him. He shoves it open and in we rushes,—and what do you suppose we see?

"Why there was my friend Bontom a-stretched on the floor with his head in a spittoon, face downwards—a chair a-top of him, a smell of something in the room fit to choke you, and Mr. Jones's coat-tails a-disappearing through the window like a ravenous bird of prey!

"I stoops to pick up Bontom, and the landlord runs after Mr. Jones, but before he could get well across the room we heard the yard-door bang.

"'It's all down hill,' says Mr. Killick, 'and the rascal knows every inch of the way. He won't be caught this time. But what's the matter with your friend? He looks as if he was dead or in a fit? I say, this won't do.'

"'No more it won't,' says I, 'we must have a doctor. Is there ever a one handy?'

"'Three doors round the corner in North-street,' says Mr. Killick, 'on the right hand—you can't miss him. You'll get there quicker than me.'

"I might have done so, but I was stopped at the street-door by the pelisseman which the boy had fetched him as Mr. Killick supposed.

"'Where are you going to?' says he.

"'To fetch a doctor,' says I.

"'Gammon,' says the pelisseman.

"'Don't stop me,' says I, 'my friend has been robbed and murdered by a swindling feller as calls himself Jones. There he is on the floor.'

"The pelisseman, however, made me go back with him, and there he found what I told him was true. Bontom was laying quite unsensible, with his face as pale as a shaving-cloth, except where the sand from the spittoon had grimed it—his weskit was torn open, and his pockets turned inside out.

"The pelisseman stooped down under the table, and reached out something. It was a broken vial.

"'That's where it is,' says the pelisseman.

"'What is?' arst Mr. Killick.

"'That 'ere Jones, has choleraformed this 'ere gent,' says the pelisseman."

"The boy soon fetched the doctor, and we found the pelisseman was quite right. It was an hour or more before Allick come to his senses, which when he did so, they was in a very confused state to tell what had happened. All he remembered was that Jones had offered him to sniff at some very fine Cologne which he poured it on his handkercher and put to Allick's nose before he could say "No"—that he didn't like the smell,

and swore at it—that Jones pressed on and tried it again—that he felt a punch on the head, was knocked down, and that was all as he knew of.

“The doctor was a very kind man, as most doctors is—an elderly gent he was, and did a deal of good, besides taking his pleasure across the country after the hounds and hares, which he wouldn’t receive no fee, and a mercy it was, for one-and-six was all the money I had left—Bontom’s purse having gone with his watch-guard, an imitation one it’s true, and no watch to it, but handsome to look at.

“After this there was no more walking about Brighting. It was as much as Bontom could do to reach the station, and in course I couldn’t leave him. We got off by the first train, and the hair on the rail revived him a good deal, but my one-and-six went for a keb to convey him to his lodgings.

“‘And so,’ said Alfred Washball, ending his long story, ‘that was what happened to me and my friend when we went on a pleasure excursion to Brighting. A little grease to your air, sir—no, sir—thank’ee, sir. Good morning—much obliged—pay down stairs!’”

## CANZONET.

BY W. CHARLES KENT,

AUTHOR OF “*ALETHEIA*.”

## I.

BLUE eyes are the eyes for gladness,  
Where the laughing soul looks thro’:  
Lights that melt the gloom of sadness,  
Beam all gentle eyes of blue.  
Sparkling with their smiles of pleasure,  
Tender as the turtle-dove:  
Yet while such sweet eyes I treasure,  
Brown eyes are the eyes for love.

## II.

Black eyes are the eyes for passion,  
Lightning to their depths with scorn  
Of all dastard laws that fashion  
Minds that grieve and hearts that mourn.  
Lambent with a grand devotion,  
Valiant deeds and fair might prove:  
Yet while such reveal emotion,  
Brown eyes are the eyes for love.

## III.

Gray eyes are the eyes for rapture,  
Radiant as the lamp of day:  
Glances that affections capture,  
Gleam from lustrous eyes of gray.  
Glitt’ring homes of thoughts that render  
Glory like the stars above:  
Yet though such dear eyes have splendour,  
Brown eyes are the eyes for love.

## ON THE ADVANTAGES AND PRACTICABILITY

OF FORMING A JUNCTION BETWEEN

## THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

IN LETTERS FROM DR. HAMILTON, OF PLYMOUTH, TO S. BANISTER, ESQ.

## LETTER V.

Isthmus of Chocò—Canal of Raspadura, connecting the Quibdo and San Juan near the Village of San Pablo, formed in a Natural Ravine, above Seventy Years ago, by the Indians of Novita, under the Direction of their Pastor—Of little Practical Utility, on account of its Remoteness from the Sea, and the Dangerous Navigation of the San Juan—Unwise Policy of the Court of Spain—Ensenada de Anachacuna—Reasons why it is Probable that this was the True Site of Patterson's Colony—Why inferior to Cupica?—Gold found near the Rio Tuyra—Estimate of the Cost of Construction and Probable Revenue.

I HAVE selected the Isthmus of Cupica for the first of the proposed lines of communication to which I desire to direct the attention of the merchants and politicians of this country, because I regard it, not only as the most practicable, but the most conducive at the same time to the colonial and commercial prosperity of the British empire.

Colonies and commerce are the two mighty pillars of our national greatness, the never-failing springs of our national prosperity; and to them, and to them only, are we indebted for that proud boast, which neither Rome in the zenith of her glory, nor Alexander in the full career of his conquests, was able to make—that the sun never sets upon the British flag, and that the limit of her dominions is coincident with that of the globe we inhabit.

To retain this power,—to maintain the exalted position which we have acquired among the nations of the earth, and of which we have availed ourselves, more than any other people who have preceded us, disinterestedly and unselfishly, to promote the diffusion of civilisation, and of a religion divested of idle superstitions; and extend, as far as human wisdom is capable of doing, the happiness and social improvement of our fellow-creatures,—to retain this power, and maintain this position, it is essential that we should at all times, and under every possible combination of circumstances, retain an unbroken line of communication, secure against the remotest hazard of interruption, with every, the most remote of the widely-extended possessions which claim our protection, or own allegiance to our flag.

While the attention of adventurers in other countries, and in the United States of America more especially, has been concentrated upon the lines at the western extremity of the Isthmus of Panamá, the Rio San Juan, and Lake of Nicaragua, with the more northerly one of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the more eligible lines presented by the province of Chocò, have been fortunately permitted to slumber in comparative oblivion.

Of this fortunate oblivion, which holds out so many advantages to the capitalists of this country, the merchant-princes of Great Britain, with wealth superior to that of most, if not all the crowned potentates of

Europe, and energies accustomed to the conquest of difficulties amounting almost to impossibilities, will not, I trust, be slow to avail themselves, before the opportunity be unfortunately lost, and the tide of competition, preposterously elevating the value above its just level, sets in this hitherto neglected direction.

But besides the Isthmus of Cupicà, and the doubtful line of the Truando, the comparative merits of which have been already noticed, two others yet remain to be examined in connexion with the eastern extremity of the Isthmus of Panamá, to which I must now direct the attention of my readers, although one, at least, of the number has little intrinsic merit to recommend it, and both must sink into utter insignificance, should the projected line across the Isthmus of Cupicà ever become a practical reality.

The first, and by far the most questionable of these, is the Canal of Raspadura, connecting the Rio Quibdo, or Quito, which may be regarded as the upper course of the Atrato beyond the city of Quibdo, with the Rio San Juan de Chirambira, which discharges its waters by several channels into the Pacific, a little to the north of the 4th parallel of latitude, insulating the Punta Chirambira, which forms the next projecting headland of note after passing to the southward of Cabo Corrientes and the mouth of the Rio Tariffa.

Looking merely to the configuration of the coast, and the facility afforded for getting out to sea with any wind blowing from the northward or southward of west, this line might appear to enjoy a decided superiority over that of Cupicà, and still greater over any other which has its Pacific termination to the northward of Punta Mala and the coast-line of the province of Veragua. But this superiority will disappear on a more minute examination.

The canal which connects the Quibdo with the San Juan is situated, as we have already seen,\* between the parallels of  $4^{\circ} 58'$  and  $5^{\circ} 20'$  north latitude, and joins the latter stream near the village of San Pablo, at the distance of about ninety miles by water from Quibdo, the capital of the province, navigable by small canoes, carrying about ten bales of goods, weighing one hundred pounds each, or less than half a ton in all, and performing the distance in about three days. This canal, which was originally constructed, above seventy years ago, by the curate of Novita, a small village on the banks of the San Juan, about midway between San Pablo and Noanama, connects two points on the Atlantic and the Pacific, which are separated by no less than four degrees of latitude, exclusive of about half a degree of difference of longitude. It was excavated by the labour of the Indians inhabiting the parish of Novita, in a natural ravine, or quebrada, which was filled by the inundations caused during the rainy seasons, when the junction between the two rivers was periodically completed.

Prior to the revolution which rendered the colonies of South America independent of the crown of Spain, much of the cocoa and other produce of the west coast of Peru was conveyed by this route to Carthagena.

According to the information collected by Humboldt,† to whom we are indebted for the first notice of this canal, which was only navigable by

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\* *New Monthly* for July, 1850, p. 345.

† *Pers. Nar.*, vi., p. 261.



boats of little burden, the quantity of water it contains might be greatly increased by turning into it the streams of the Caño de las Animas, Caño del Cálichi, and Aguas Claras, as well as by feeding-trenches, which would yield a never-failing supply in a country like the Chocó, where it rains throughout the year, and thunder is heard every day.

As far as the point where the Quebrada de Raspadura connects it with the San Juan, the stream of the Quibdo is broad and deep, but beyond that it contracts rapidly, both in breadth and depth, and ceases to be navigable even by the smallest canoes, the cargoes of which often require to be discharged some leagues below the Tambo, in order to lighten their draught sufficiently to proceed through the canal of communication. Such, according to the information of a gentleman who visited the spot, was the situation of the quebrada when he passed it the first time, in consequence of which he was "obliged to walk," to use his own words, "about the distance of three leagues in the bed of the river, which ranged in depth from three to six inches of water." This bed, he adds, "is much obstructed by the trunks of old trees, which are constantly falling." The distance between the Tambo on the Quibdo side and that on the San Juan side of the quebrada, is, he says, about two leagues, and perfectly level, with the exception of one or two gentle ascents of not more than about 50 yards, or 150 feet.

He further says—"The Quebrada of San Juan may be said to join the head of the Quito, which it actually does, with the exception of a space of one or two hundred yards; but as the woods are so thick, and the quebrada so small (which is now reduced to a mere brook), and runs in a zig-zag direction, it is impossible to judge of its length. However, in the short space of two leagues, the road crosses it from fifteen to twenty different times, always running to the southward. After passing the above-mentioned rising, the road begins to cross another little stream, running in an opposite direction [say N.E.]. From this it is evident they are not joined; but as all the ground in that space is marshy and very wet, they may be said to have their rise in the same spot."

Such is the somewhat confused account given by this gentleman of the origin of the two streams, which I have preferred adopting without alteration, to running the risk of unintentionally misrepresenting it, by an attempt to convey what I take to be their meaning, in other words.

We have many analogous instances of streams with opposite currents springing from the same source, or connected by a natural canal; of the latter of which the Cassaquiare, which connects the Orinoco, in the vicinity of Esmeralda, with the Rio Negro, or upper course of the Amazon, near San Francisco Solano and San Carlos, is perhaps the most remarkable; while, of the former, we have an example in our own more immediate neighbourhood, where the Tamar and the Torridge, springing from the same fountain, just within the borders of the county of Cornwall, flow in opposite directions, the former taking a southern course, and discharging its waters into the English Channel at Plymouth, the latter flowing first about N.E. for a short distance, and afterwards taking an easterly direction, till it arrives a little to the north of Hatherleigh, where it turns more to the north, and pursues a winding course past Torrington to Bideford, where, forming an estuary in conjunction with the Taw, it falls into the Bristol Channel. Such, also, appears to be the case with respect to the streams flowing through these two ravines or que-

bradas, the one in the direction of the Quito, the other in that of the San Juan, and thus completing, though not in a manner available for the purposes of any extensive commerce, the water circuit between the Atlantic and the Pacific.

This account differs in some respect from that furnished by Humboldt—not, I believe, from personal observation, but from the report of others. The two accounts admit, however, of being reconciled, by supposing that the loss of water by evaporation differs in different seasons, according to the dryness or humidity of the prevailing winds, the excess of evaporation at certain periods counteracting the accumulation of water from the daily showers of which Humboldt speaks.

Humboldt, speaking of the ridge of partition which divides the waters of the Quito from those of the San Juan, observes—

“The barometric observations of the unfortunate Caldas not having been published, we are ignorant of the height of the point of partition between San Pablo and the Rio Quibdo, or Quito, as it is indiscriminately called. We only know that there are some gold-washings in those countries, at the height of from 360 to 400 toises above the level of the ocean,\* and that they are never found at a lower elevation than fifty toises.”†

He then continues—

“The position of the canal in the interior of the continent, its great distance from the coast, and the frequent falls (*raudalitos y choreras*) of the rivers, which it is necessary to ascend and descend, in order to pass from one sea to another, from the port of Chirambira to the Gulf of Darien, are obstacles too difficult to be overcome in order to establish a line of great navigation across the Chocò.”—Pers. Narr. vi., p. 263.

And, in confirmation of this opinion, the gentleman, upon whose statements I have already drawn so largely, informs us that, although at the junction of the Quebrada of San Pablo with the San Juan, the latter is very broad, yet that in the space of about—

“Ten leagues, no less than five rapids are passed, which are very bad, especially one which is situated below a very sudden turning of the river, at about little more than one-third of its breadth.”

Hence it is evident that the San Juan de Chirambira is utterly unadapted for the purpose of such a communication between the two oceans, as the wants of general commerce require; and that, however capable of being rendered available for the inland trade of the rugged territories through which it forces a turbulent passage to the sea, it is little likely to add much to their substantial wealth or permanent prosperity.

The gold-washings of the Cabi, or Citara, and the yet unexplored mineral and vegetable treasures of the Alpine regions of Antioquia, will find a safer passage by the unobstructed waters of the Atrato to the Gulf of Darien, and thence to the markets of civilised Europe, where they will always obtain their intrinsic value, than the boiling surges of the San Juan can offer, or the markets of the Polynesian Archipelago, with their semi-barbarous inhabitants, afford; while, as regards the opposite continent of Asia, they would have to encounter competition with

\* Assuming the French toise to be equal to 6·3945 English feet, this gives an altitude of between 2296·73 and 2557·8 English feet above the sea.

† 319·72 English feet.

similar productions of long-known value, which form the materials of commerce with Europe, by a long and costly navigation, which it is the object of a line across Central America to abridge of its duration, and divest of much of its cost and perils.

The length of the Atrato from Quibdo, near the confluence of the three rivers which concur to form it, namely, the Citarà, or Cabi, which is said to abound in fine gold, the Andegada or Andagueda, and the Quibdo or Quito, which is connected, as has been already said, with the San Juan by the Quebrada Raspadura, to Matuntuvo, at the bottom of the deep bay of Candelaria, appears, from the authority just quoted, and referred to before in a note to my second letter,\* to be between 575 and 625 miles, as deduced from the time ordinarily consumed by the traders from Carthagena, in ascending it at the rate of twenty-five miles a day.

In a rude manuscript sketch of its course, copied from one obtained by my friend George Watts, I find, on descending from Quibdo, first, the village of Bete, called Betoï in Humboldt's map, on the left bank; then the village of Bebera, from which a mule road conducts the traveller by a mountainous and difficult journey of four days, to Antioquia, the capital of the province of that name. No village of this name appears in Humboldt's map. In the rude sketch before me it occupies a position on the right, or Antioquia side, of the river. Possibly, from the similarity of name, it may have been confounded with Bevara, the name of a river marked in Humboldt's map as descending from the mountains of Antioquia, and entering the Atrato on the right. Passing the mouth of the Bevara, we next reach the Rio Murri, also descending from the mountains of Antioquia, and falling into the Atrato opposite to a village named, in the sketch before me, Tebara, and, at a little distance from its junction with the Atrato, is the village of Murri, already noticed in the article taken from the Quibdo paper.† Passing the mouth of the Murri, the Atrato divides into two branches, forming an island which extends nearly to the confluence of the Napipi, which, coming from the west, falls into the left bank. On the right bank we pass a tributary of the Atrato, to which no name is annexed in the sketch, but which is stated to come from Mussendo. No tributary corresponding in any manner with this is to be found in Humboldt's map. Next, on the left, we pass the confluence of the Truando, equally unnoticed by Humboldt, but said to lead to large lakes conducting nearly to the Pacific. This river is evidently identical with that called Quiparador by the harbour-master of Matuntuvo,‡ and Truando by Senor Coutin, in his letter of the 16th of January, 1835, to Mr. Watts, so that of its existence, although omitted in Humboldt's map, there can be no reasonable doubt. Passing the Truando, we reach, on the right, the confluence of the Sucio, in whose sands large grains of gold are said to be found. No other tributary is marked, either in Humboldt's map or the manuscript sketch, as falling into the Atrato on either side; but, pursuing our downward course, we reach the commencement of its Delta, the first branch, called Bocas de Coquito, diverging to the right; a little beyond this a second bifurcation, called Boca de la Pava, takes place, and discharges itself into the bay by three

\* *New Monthly* for August, p. 450.

† *New Monthly*, p. 450.

‡ *New Monthly*, July, p. 372; August, p. 444 and p. 446. The position of the Truando is, however, uncertain.

channels, called Bocas de Matuntuvo, one of which is the principal entrance for vessels of any draught of water. The course of the river then diverges more to the left, and falls into the west side of the Bay of Candelaria, by several mouths, called Bocas de Candelaria, at some distance to the north of its most southerly part.

This account of the Delta of the Atrato suggests the possibility of clearing away the bars which obstruct these several mouths, by confining the stream, above the first point of bifurcation, into a single channel, in which the concentrated force of the current would, perhaps, if not sufficient, without the aid of art, to sweep away the existing obstruction, be adequate to keeping the channel open for the future. The alteration in the direction of the channel should commence immediately on the river's entrance into the level swampy land which constitutes its Delta, above the bifurcation of the Coquito, the opening of which should be effectually blocked up, and a direct channel of sufficient breadth and depth cut in the direction of the Bocas de Matuntuvo, while the channel leading to the Bocas de Candelaria should be similarly cut off, and a strong pier of solid masonry run out, at a considerable angle with the shore, into the bay, so as to prevent the current, flowing out of the river, from directly opposing the action of the sea, and being thus compelled to deposit its detritus at the point of collision of the two opposing forces, and so forming a fresh bar.

Before I dismiss the subject of the Canal of Raspadura, it will be not amiss to notice the manner in which the short-sighted policy of Spain blighted the best interests of her colonies by the absurd, and I might say suicidal restrictions she imposed upon their commerce, internal no less than external.

Although, as we have seen, the obstructions which embarrass the navigation of the San Juan are such as to render its connexion with the Atlantic through the medium of the Atrato valueless for the purposes of foreign commerce, it might have been eminently conducive to the internal prosperity of the regions through which it passes, and indeed in a very considerable degree to that of the whole western coast of South America, from the southern extremity of Patagonia to the shores of Panamá, had a wise and paternal government encouraged and rewarded, as they deserved, the patriotic labours of the poor curé of Novita, and the industry of his Indian flock. The completion of the canal commenced by that meritorious individual, and the progressive removal of the obstructions from the bed of the San Juan, so as to lessen the perils of its navigation by the small boats of the country, would have materially promoted the local traffic between Carthagena and the ports of Guayaquil and Callao, of Arica, Valparaiso, and Concepcion, and contributed enormously even to the wealth of the parent state, by facilitating the transit of the mineral riches of Chili and Peru, without encountering the perils and delays inseparable from a lengthened voyage by the Straits of Magellan or round Cape Horn, or the yet more protracted one by the Cape of Good Hope.

In place, however, of taking an enlarged and enlightened view of the subject—in place of regarding the prosperity of her colonies as the strength and security of the parent state, the ministry of Madrid, with that selfish and unreasoning policy which has ever distinguished it from the days of Columbus to the present time, immediately on receiving intel-

ligence of the partial completion of the pious labours of the curé of Novita, transmitted the most imperative orders to the viceroy of Santa Fé to fill up the canal of Ráspadura, and punish with death any individual who should attempt to restore the communication.\*

Humboldt, in noticing this instance of the irrational policy of the court of Madrid, furnishes a clue to the latent motives by which it was dictated, when he adds—"This suspicious policy may, indeed, remind us of the order given to the Viceroy of New Spain during my stay in America, to root up the stocks of the vines in the *provincias internas*; but the hatred borne towards the culture of the vine in the colonies, was owing to the influence of some merchants of Cadiz, who were jealous of what they called their ancient monopoly."† Thus the interests of the millions was sacrificed to the cupidity of the few.

But Spain, in this, only followed, I fear, the mistaken course adapted by almost every country, ancient as well as modern, which has extended its dominions by the aid of colonisation—and an instance which occurred in the colonial history of France, and marks the ministerial blindness of that country no less strongly than that of Spain, at this moment presents itself to my recollection. The fact is stated in a note at the foot of page 108 of the "Reflexions Politiques" of my talented and lamented friend, Baron de Vastey, and has already been quoted at page 10 of my little tract on the "Cultivation of Wheat within the Tropics," printed in 1840:

"M. de Soleil, habitant de Gonaïves, ayant fait un vin potable, en fit goûter à M. de Bellecombe, alors gouverneur, qui, pour prix de son zèle et de son industrie, le fit mettre en prison, et condamner à une forte amende"—

M. Soleil, a planter of Gonaïves, having made a pleasant wine, gave some to Mr. Bellecombe, who was at that time governor of the colony, to taste, by whom his zeal and his industry were rewarded by fine and imprisonment.

Such was the result of the pernicious influence of the wine-growers of France, who dreaded wholesome competition with the vintages of the West Indies, where the grapevine, originally introduced by Columbus from Spain,‡ flourishes in perennial luxuriance, yielding, by skilful management, four crops of grapes in the course of the year, and consequently capable of yielding as many vintages of wine.

But even the past policy of Great Britain has not been exempt from a similar censure; although her management of her colonies has, upon the whole, been far in advance of that of, I might almost say, every other country under the sun. The difficulties opposed by the blindness of our legislature, and unwisely persisted in to the present day, to the manufacture of refined sugar on the spot of its production, where the process must necessarily admit of being conducted far more economically than after a transport of three thousand miles, are equally injurious to the planters in our colonies, and the consumers at home; and this most mischievous monopoly is maintained, as was that of the wines of France and Spain, for the exclusive advantage of a few wealthy sugar-bakers at home; while, by an absurdity even more preposterous than that exhibited in the case of Spain, the planters, in the British West Indies are compelled to use their

\* Humb. Pers. Nar., vi., p. 264.

† Ibid.

‡ Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus," vol. ii., ch. xi., p. 129.

own sugar, after having undergone the process of refining, not only enhanced by the cost of a double carriage across the Atlantic, but by the loss of that refuse, for the freight of which they have paid to England, and which, if retained for consumption among themselves, would have aided materially in meeting the expenses of cultivation. A brighter day, we hope, however, is dawning upon our colonial policy, and the sons of Britain, when compelled by necessity to expatriate themselves from the homes of their fathers, and the scenes of their infancy, may indulge the pleasing anticipation of carrying with them the institutions of their country unimpaired by mischievous restrictions, and the liberty of employing their industry in whatever legitimate channel they may find it their interest to pursue.

Quitting the canal of Raspadura, which has attracted an amount of attention to which its intrinsic merits by no means entitle it, it will be unnecessary to notice the line recommended by the harbour-master of Matuntuvo,\* since the difficulties and disadvantages of that line have been fully exposed by Señor Coutin, in his letter of the 16th of January, 1835, which has been already given.†

It only remains, therefore, to inquire into the line noticed by Humboldt‡ between the Enseñada de Anachachuna, west of Cape Tiburon, and the Rio Tuyra or Chuchunque, which, after flowing to the eastward at a short distance from the coast of the Caribbean Sea between Punta Escoces and Cabo Tiburon, passes round the eastern extremity of the central ridge of the Isthmus of Panama, and empties its waters, augmented by those of a branch flowing from the eastward, into the south-eastern extremity of the Golfo de San Miguel.

In a letter inserted in the *Mining Journal* some time in the month of July or August, by Dr. Edward Cullen, and forming, it would appear, part of a geological controversy with Mr. Evan Hopkins, the author, I believe, of the promised map and memoir referred to in my third letter,§ on the subject of the mineral riches of the whole of the district of Veragua and the Isthmus of Panamá, of which I made a copy at the time, which has since unfortunately been lost, the Bay of Anachachuna, which the doctor designates by a different name, which has escaped my recollection, is stated to have been the spot where, a century and a half since, Patterson founded his ill-used colony of New Caledonia, which an unholy combination of religious bigotry, and commercial selfishness of the most shortsighted description, combined to destroy.

Having no map upon a scale of sufficient magnitude to exhibit, with anything like the requisite distinctness, the natural features of the coast beyond the mere outline, I am unable to compare this locality with the description given by Dalrymple of the place selected by Patterson for the seat of his intended colony. But comparing its position with respect to Carthagená and Porto Bello, from each of which it is nearly equidistant, with the position assigned to Acta in Dalrymple's narrative, I must confess myself inclined to concur in opinion with the doctor, that we should look somewhere in this neighbourhood for the site of Patterson's abortive settlement, notwithstanding its distance, amounting nearly to a degree of latitude from the mouth of the Atrato, or, as we learn from Humboldt,||

\* *New Monthly* for July, p. 372.

† *New Monthly*, August, p. 445.

‡ *Pers. Nar.*, vi., p. 259.

§ *New Monthly*, Sept., p. 39.

|| *Pers. Nar.*, vi., p. 260.

it was indifferently called in the maps of different periods, the Rio del Chocó, Rio San Juan del Norte, Rio Grande del Darien, and Rio Dabeiba, which last name it derived, as we learn from the earlier historians of the conquests, from a female warrior of that name, whose dominions extended from the Atrato to the source of the Rio Sinu (which falls into the Golfo de Morisquillo, about midway between Punta Caribana and Carthagena), a little to the north of the town of Antioquia, and nearly in the same latitude with the source of the Rio de Leon, which falls into the south-eastern angle of the Gulf of Darien.

Judging from Humboldt's map, the only one within my reach which has the slightest pretensions to authority, the source of the Tuyra is at no great distance from, if indeed it be not actually on the southern slope of the high land forming the north-western limit of that deep indenture of the coast which he names the Ensenada\* de Anaclachuna; from this point its course appears to be directed south-east, to the base of the hills, where it takes a more easterly direction, passing within about twenty miles of the deepest part of the bay. We have no means of judging what the elevation of the ridge of partition is which prevents it here from discharging its waters into the bottom of the bay, instead of following the direction of the hills forming the eastern extremity of the central range of the isthmus in a south-eastern direction, perpetually receding from the Atlantic for a distance of above half a degree, where, forming a junction with a lesser stream flowing from the east, their united waters assume a common direction to the west, sweeping with a gentle curve round the southern base of the hills, and reaching the Golfo de San Miguel at its south-eastern angle.

This direction of the waters seems to indicate a corresponding formation of the land; namely, that the Punta Escoces is but a spur of the maritime Andes of the Isthmus, in a valley of which the Tuyra rises, and pursues its direction, bounded on the north by a prolongation of the elevation forming the western limit of the bay, and continuing with a gradual subsidence to the point of confluence of the tributary stream which comes from the elevated region forming the western coast of the Gulf of Darien.

Upon comparing this with Dalrymple's account of the site selected by Patterson for his new town of St. Andrew, I cannot but admit that there is a close amount of correspondence between them; and that Dr. Cullen's conjecture cannot be very far wide of the truth; although it can hardly be said to be "in the mouth of the river of Darien,"† by which can only be understood the very bottom of the bay of Candelaria; a situation in which we shall look in vain for "the string of islands along the coast, on the Atlantic side, called the Sambaloes, uninhabited, and full of natural strength and forests, from which last circumstance one of them was called the Isle of Pines;" or the "natural harbour capable of receiving the greatest fleets, and defended from storms by other islands which covered the mouth of it, and from enemies by a promontory‡ which commanded the passage, and by

\* Ensenada in Spanish is a Bay, and is derived from enseñar, to put into the bosom; evidently derived from the Latin Sinus, and the verb Sinuo, to wind or bend.

† Rio Grande del Darien, one of the many names by which, as we have already seen, the Atrato was distinguished.

‡ Punta Escoces?

hidden rocks in the passage itself." Neither is it easy to reconcile the low, swampy, alluvial soil which characterises the delta of the Atrato, with the farther description of the harbour of St. Andrew, as given by Dalrymple in the following extract:—

"One of the sides of the harbour being formed by a long narrow neck of land which ran into the sea, they cut it across so as to join the ocean and the harbour. Within this defence they erected their fort, planting upon it fifty pieces of cannon. On the other side of the harbour, there was a mountain a mile high,\* on which they placed a watchhouse, which, in the rarefied air within the Tropics, so favourable for vision, gave them an immense range of prospect, to prevent all surprise. To this place, it was observed that the Highlanders often repaired to enjoy the cool air, and to talk of the friends they had left behind in their hills; friends, whose minds were as high as their mountains."†

On reading this account, the substance of which will be found in my first letter,‡ I must confess that, at a loss to reconcile these unmistakeable features with those of the site, I with some reluctance assumed it to have been that of Patterson's colony, although that was the only one I could find in the immediate vicinity of "the mouth of the River of Darien," or the Atrato; and it was not till I met the statement contained in Dr. Cullen's letter, that I was led to mistrust my former opinion, especially as the character assigned to the country seemed in other respects to correspond with that through which the Napipi flows.

The two seas, observes Dalrymple, were connected by a ridge of hills, which, by their height, created a temperate climate in the midst of the most sultry latitudes, and were sheltered by forests, yet not rendered damp by them, because the trees grew at a distance from each other, having very little underwood; that, contrary to the barren nature of hilly countries, the soil was of a black mould, two or three feet deep, and producing spontaneously the fine tropical fruits and plants, and roots and herbs; that roads could be made with ease along the ridge, by which mules, and even carriages might pass from one sea to the other in the space of a day, and consequently this passage seemed to be pointed out by the finger of Nature as a common centre to connect the trade and intercourse of the universe.

"Gold," we also learn from the same authority, "was seen by Patterson in some places of the isthmus; and hence an island on the Atlantic side was called the Golden Island; and a river, on the side next to the South Sea, was called the Golden River; but these were objects which he regarded not at the time, because far greater were in his eye; the removing of distances, the drawing nations nearer to each other, the preservation of the valuable lives of seamen, and the saving in freight—so important to merchants, and in time—so important to them, and to an animal whose life is of so short duration as that of man."

In the above passage it appears not improbable that under the name of Golden Island, Dalrymple meant the Island of Oruba, which is situated above three degrees farther north, and considerably more than seven degrees farther east; off the Peninsula of Paragana to the eastward of

\* This could only have been one of the elevated points of the central ridge, or that spur which forms the Scotch Head on the west side of the bay.

† Dalrymple's "Memoirs," vol. ii.

‡ *New Monthly* for July, page 368.



the entrance of the Gulf of Maracaybo; as the name of Oruba, or Isla del Oro, is evidently derived from the gold which was found in it in large masses, rivalling, if not exceeding, those of California. An error of somewhat of five or six hundred miles of position was venial, at a time when the geography of those regions was involved in an obscurity, from which even the gigantic strides of modern science have been unable, as yet, to extricate it completely. But the Golden River we can have little hesitation in referring to the Rio Tuyra, the etymology of which may be similarly traced to a corruption in the course of time of the original name Rio del Oro, in the vicinity of which, as at La Marea, near Chapigana, gold is to be found in abundance, according to the evidence of Dr. Cullen;\* who also assures us that the whole mountain ridge, which forms the partition between the two seas, is rich in that and other mineral treasures.

Eligible, however, as an inspection of the map, and the opinion of an eye-witness so competent as Dr. Cullen, may lead us to conclude this point to be for the formation of a junction between the two seas, we must suspend our judgment till we have the evidence of an actual survey, made by professional engineers, amply supplied with all the requisite instruments for determining the bearings and distances, the undulations of the surface, the depth, and rapidity of the Tuyra, the facility or the reverse of adapting it to the purposes of a line of great navigation, and the conveniences for securing an adequate supply of water for any canal which it may be deemed practicable to form across the ridge of partition interposed between it and the Bay of Anachachuna.

But, even after all these points shall have been satisfactorily determined, the navigation of the Golfo de San Miguel, which penetrates to the depth of nearly half a degree, or between twenty and thirty miles into the land, its depth of water, shoals, rocks, and other dangers, with the general direction of the winds which prevail at the different seasons, remain to be ascertained.

The entrance of the Gulf is a little to the north of the eighth parallel of latitude, and less than half a degree from the Isla del Rey, the largest of the Archipelago de las Perlas, which stud the bottom of the Bay of Panama, and to a considerable degree embarrass its navigation. The latitude of the headland forming the northern side of its entrance, is, according to Humboldt's map, about  $8^{\circ} 20'$ ; and of the southern side, about  $8^{\circ} 10'$ , giving about ten geographic miles for the width of its entrance.

Punta Mala, the south-western limit of the Bay of Panamá, being situated in  $7^{\circ} 30'$  latitude, and  $79^{\circ} 50'$  longitude, it would require a course of about S.W. by W. from the mouth of the gulf to clear this point, which is distant from it about 107 miles; while a vessel issuing from the Bay of Cupicà, and steering due west, would pass nearly half a degree to the south of it. Hence, when we look to the prevailing direction of the winds in these latitudes, we shall at once perceive the enormous advantage which the Bay of Cupicà, for a place of departure, enjoys over the Golfo de San Miguel, or any other point within the bay.

On the coast of New Spain, as we learn from Halley,† as far as the Bay of Panamá, the winds blow almost constantly from the west or

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\* Letters in the *Mining Journal*.

† Phil. Tr. Abr., vol. ii., p. 134.

south-west, except during three months of the year,—namely, May, June, and July, when the land winds, or papagayos, as they are termed by the Spaniards, prevail. Hence, for nine months out of the twelve, or three-fourths of the year, a vessel from the gulf would have to contend more or less with head winds, in a narrow sea, and would probably have to make good a southerly course, as far as the fifth or sixth degree of latitude, to enable her to clear the land effectually; while a vessel from Cupicà might accomplish the same by going less than half a degree to the southward of a direct course. Hence, it must be manifest that, during the larger portion of the year, Cupicà must be far preferable as a port of departure to any port situated farther north, within the bay.

In point of difficulty of completion, and amount of cost, both the Anachachuna line, and that of the Isthmus of Cupicà, will admit of the most favourable comparison with any other lines which have been proposed.

A report has recently been laid before the American Institution, on the subject of the Nicaragua line, containing estimates of the cost and distances of that line, which, though somewhat, perhaps, out of place, I shall introduce here. The distance of the confluence of the Napipi with the Atrato, as measured on Humboldt's map, appears to be somewhere about fifty minutes of a degree, or about fifty-eight and a half English miles of sixty-nine and a half to the degree; adding one-third of this distance, or nineteen and a half miles, we have a total length for the navigation of the Atrato of seventy-eight miles, which is probably not far from the truth. From M. Coutin's letter, and the Quibdo Article,\* I assume thirty-seven miles as the distance between the Tambo de Antado and the Atrato; while, from Mr. Wood's account,† I can hardly err much in taking the breadth of the isthmus between the Antado and the Pacific at ten miles‡—giving a total length of 125; or, if we take Señor Pombo's estimate, of five or six leagues,§ the mean of which is 16·5, we shall have an extreme length of 141½ miles, 115 of which consist of water, and twenty-six and a half of land. But as the bed of the Nipipi requires various alterations to adapt it to the purposes of navigation, let us add its length to the 16·5 of isthmus to be cut through; this will give a total length for the canal of 63·5 miles, or less than one-half of the entire distance. The entire length of the Nicaragua line is estimated at 303 miles, in the report|| before me,—namely,

Length of the Rio San Juan.....	90	miles.
"    "    Portion of the Lake Nicaragua to be traversed...	110	
"    "    Rio Tipitapa.....	18	
"    "    Lake Managua.....	50	
Distance from the Lake Managua to Realijo .....	45	
Total extent of Canalisation.....		303

Without entering into any investigation of the correctness of these distances, let us content ourselves for the present with the estimated cost; this is taken in the report at between 20,000,000 and 40,000,000 of dol-

\* *New Monthly* for August.

† 16th of Sept.

‡ From more recent information it appears to be only five miles—and the whole distance between Atrato and the Bay of Cupica not above 36 or 37 miles.

§ Pers. Narr., vi., p. 251.

|| From the Money and Commercial Article in the *Evening Sun* of Wednesday, 11th of Sept., 1850.

lars, or from 4,666,666*l.* 13*s.* to 9,333,333*l.* 6*s.* sterling; being an average cost of 99,009 dollars 9 cents per mile.

I had designed to make a calculation, from the data furnished by Mr. Squier, and the nearest conjecture we can form, in the present defective state of our knowledge, as to the total distance from the bar at Matuntuvo to the Bay of Cupicà, of the probable cost of a line of great navigation in this direction, for a more satisfactory comparison with the estimated cost of the other lines whose advantages have been so much the subject of public discussion and private speculation. But upon consultation with a friend deeply interested in the question, and whose acquaintance with the subject is superior to my own, I have been induced to cancel all that I had written, as tending to perplex rather than enlighten, and to substitute for it facts upon which we may build with less uncertainty, and returns upon which we may repose with greater confidence.

From a map of New Granada, published at Paris in 1847 by Colonel Joaquim d'Acosta, and dedicated by him to the illustrious Humboldt, and which is, I believe, the very latest authentic work upon the subject that has yet appeared, I am informed by a gentleman who has the good fortune to possess it, that the Boca del Atrato\* is situated in 8 deg. of north latitude, and the embouchure of the Napipi in 6 deg. 41 min., making a difference of 79 miles of latitude, and adding to this one-third for the sinuosities of the river, or 29 miles, we have a total length of 108 geographic miles, making, with 38 miles from the confluence of the Atrato and Napipi, a total of 146 miles; a length, I suspect, considerably beyond the truth, in consequence of over-estimating the value of the sinuosities. Letting this pass, however, as of little moment, the over-estimate being entirely confined to the navigation of the Atrato, which requires no outlay to adapt it to the purposes of commerce, beyond a comparatively trifling expenditure in opening and keeping its entrance clear, we have only the 38 miles which remain calling for any exertion of engineering skill. From these 38 miles we may, perhaps, safely deduct five for the distance to which the depth of water may be found sufficient for vessels of burthen above the junction of the Napipi and Atrato, reducing our engineering labours to an extent of only 33 miles. In my last letter† I have shown upon unquestionable authority, that, notwithstanding the almost incredible difficulties which were required to be surmounted, the Forth and Clyde canal, very nearly of the same length with that now proposed, was fully completed at a cost of 5128*l.* per mile; and, looking at the difference of the two canals, we may not unreasonably estimate the cost of the Cupicà canal at less than one-half that of the Forth and Clyde, or 2000*l.* per mile, making for the entire length of 33 miles 66,000*l.*; to which, if we add for the necessary works at Matuntuvo one-third more, or 22,000*l.*, we shall have for the extreme cost of this magnificent undertaking a total of only 88,000*l.* A sum which I certainly do not conceive likely to be exceeded; allowing, however, a margin of 12,000*l.* for unforeseen contingencies, we shall have a capital outlay of not more than 100,000*l.* sterling, which our capitalists would find little difficulty in raising in ten thousand shares of 100*l.* each.

But as few men, however ample their means, willingly risk their money without some evidence of the speculation repaying a reasonable amount of profit, proportionate in some degree to the amount of the risk, I feel my-

\* By this term I conceive the Boca de Matuntuvo to be meant.

† *New Monthly* for October, p. 170.

self called upon to show the grounds upon which I rest my belief, that the undertaking I recommend not only is devoid of risk, but one that could not fail to be eminently remunerative; and this I am fortunately enabled to do by a "Return to an Order of the Hon. the House of Commons, dated 23rd of January, 1847. Moved for by Mr. Hastie, printed 22nd of July, 1847. Parliamentary Paper, 717, intituled 'Exports and Imports,' being a continuation of Parliamentary Paper 651, of session 1845.

NUMBER OF SHIPS—distinguishing British and Foreign—with their Tonnage, that have entered and cleared for different Ports in the Pacific during the Year 1847, with the declared Value of the various Articles of British Produce and Manufactures exported to the said Places for the Year 1847. To which is added a corresponding Return for the Year 1848, taken from the Books of the Registrar-General of the Customs, but not yet laid before the House.

PORTS.	ENTERED INWARDS.							
	1847				1848			
	BRITISH.		FOREIGN.		BRITISH.		FOREIGN.	
	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
East India Company's Territories and Ceylon	413	201,835	...	..	511	252,197	2	914
China .....	123	53,593	...	...	125	51,943		
Mauritius .....	122	34,360	...	...	100	50,800		
New South Wales and Australian Colonies ..	102	37,072	...	...	109	41,578		
States of Central America, exclusive of Brazil	435	125,537	4	1136	377	119,823	14	2099
British .....	1195	453,503			1282	516,340		
Foreign .....	4	1,136	4	1136	16	3,913	16	3913
Total .....	1199	454,639	..	..	1298	520,259		

PORTS.	ENTERED OUTWARDS.								Declared Value of British and Irish Produce and Manufactures exported from the United Kingdom, in the Year ended 5th January, 1847.
	1847				1848				
	BRITISH.		FOREIGN.		BRITISH.		FOREIGN.		
	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.	
East India Company's Territories and Ceylon.	412	205,861	4	1522	450	233,772	10	4,390	£ 12,849,312
China.	78	31,620	4	2404	73	20,605			3,582,878
Mauritius.	73	24,823	...	...	60	20,489	6	3,095	120,402
New South Wales and Australian Colonies.	141	55,719	...	..	153	60,095	...	...	2,883,280
States of Central America, exclusive of Brazil.	300	95,924	25	5192	247	93,542	25	5,208	5,032,240
British.	1004	413,947	..	..	983	443,503	...	...	25,508,178
Foreign.	33	9,118	33	9118	41	12,089	41	12,089	
Total.	1037	423,065	...	..	1024	456,192	...	12,089	

**SUMMARIES OF TONNAGE.**

	5th January, 1847.		5th January, 1848.	
	Ships.	Tons.	Ships.	Tons.
Inwards .....	1199	454,639	1298	520,259
Outwards .....	1037	423,065	1024	456,192
Total .....	2236	877,704	2322	976,451

From these returns we learn that there has been an increase in the last year of no less than 99 ships, or nearly 4 per cent., and 108,747 tons, or above  $12\frac{1}{4}$  per cent., from which we may fairly conclude that the traffic has by no means attained its full development, and that that development will advance with augmenting rapidity in proportion as the facilities for carrying it on are increased by the opening of the projected canal.\*

Rejecting the amount of foreign, we have a total of British tonnage inwards and outwards in 1848, of 959,849—which at a tonnage duty of only 2s. 6d., would yield a revenue of 119,381*l.*, equal to nearly 120 per cent. upon an estimated outlay of 100,000*l.* But when we consider that America, and other nations, would avail themselves of the facilities offered by this line to at least an equal extent with ourselves, we might not unreasonably reckon upon an annual amount of tonnage of at least two millions of tons, which, at a reduced charge of only 2s. per ton, would yield a revenue of 191,969*l.* 16s.—ample, in all conscience, to satisfy the wishes of every reasonable person, and leave a handsome margin for the charges of maintenance and repairs, which may be reckoned at 64,200*l.* The lower the charge, the greater we may be assured will be the amount of traffic; and if care be taken to prevent the possibility of such scenes, as we are informed disgraced the American name not long since at Chagres, and a repetition of which would materially damage the prosperity of the undertaking, success may be regarded as certain. The whole of the territory through which the line is proposed to pass, is the property of the State, and not of individuals, so that there would be no private rights demanding compensation; and the government of the State has an equal, if not a greater, interest in the success of the undertaking, with those who embark their capital in it; hence, except those physical obstacles which Nature in her rudest and most uncultured form presents, the Copicà canal possesses advantages of construction, and a certainty of return, not to be met with in any similar undertaking in more civilised and populous regions.

Here, although far from having exhausted my budget of reasons for the decided preference which I entertain for the Copicà over every other line which has been suggested; causes over which I have no possible control, compel me to close the discussion of this important question, leaving it to some future opportunity to resume the subject, and lay before the world the remaining documents, of which I promised copies at the commencement of these letters.

\* That this is no rash conjecture is proved by a return published in the money and commercial article of the *Sun* for the 10th of October, 1850, in which we are informed that the *increase* of tonnage to and from places within the East India Company's Charter, between the 1st of January and the 30th of September in the years 1849 and 1850, was as follows:—

Inwards .....	25,352 tons.
Outwards .....	45,639 „

Total increase..... 70,991

## HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

## BOOK II.

## CHAPTER III.

## HESTER IN HER SOLITARY LODGINGS.

HESTER had been residing about two miles from the prison, but the house was situated at a greater distance from her father than she wished ; consequently, she determined on changing her place of abode. A sympathising but poor friend recommended her to a woman who kept a lodging-house in the neighbourhood of the Fleet. This poor friend accompanied her to the spot, and placed her under the protection of the mistress of the house. Hester's youthful age and defenceless situation especially needed the watchful care of an elderly person. Such guardianship the woman promised, and meant really in her heart to give—so long, at least, as the inmate duly paid her weekly rent.

Near Green Arbour-court, in the Old Bailey—Green Arbour-court, once the residence of the luckless Goldsmith, but now more famous as the noisy depôt of a railway-carrier—a little below this court, the pedestrian enters Fleet-lane. While streets around have undergone remarkable changes, and dropped their ancient names, this narrow, sinuous thoroughfare has extended in the same direction, and borne its present appellation, for many long centuries. It winds zig-zag down a declivity, and connects the Old Bailey with Farringdon-street, formerly the Fleet Market. The lane has no very peculiar features to distinguish it. Like the old London streets before the great fire, it is very narrow (about five paces across), and the houses are very high (generally four stories). It boasts, however, in the present day, flag-stones on each side for foot-passengers, and two purifying gutters. The inns, renowned a century and a half ago for the celebration of the Fleet marriages, have disappeared, the present hosteleries being limited to two, which display the anti-picturesque and commonplace signs of the White and Red Lions.

It was in this ancient lane that Hester took up her abode. The room she occupied was on the topmost story of the house, and looked down into the street. The rent was eighteen-pence a week, the occupier waiting on herself, or, in other words, being her own servant. The apartment, as may be supposed, was scantily furnished, and only the clever and tasteful hand of one like Hester might have rendered it at all endurable. Yes, even there the transforming skill of woman was soon visible. The small carpet under the round table had ceased to exhibit a hole. The paper patches in the window, designed to supply the absence of glass which had been broken, were half concealed by a white muslin curtain. The rough sill was adorned by sundry flower-pots, where mignonette soon began to grow, and small geraniums already put forth their fresh green leaves. The love of flowers was a deeply-rooted passion in Hester's heart, and whether she luxuriated in a conservatory at Brookland Hall, or gazed on the stunted floral abortions nursed in a London fog, the sentiment remained the same. Hester, too, had a companion—a companion that had not deserted her; the canary-bird was there, singing to the girl and to her flowers.

We must view her now in her little apartment. She had just returned from the prison where, with her accustomed buoyancy of spirits, she had been endeavouring to cheer her father. We lately saw this exhibition of hopefulness and gaiety on her part, but Hester had then a purpose to serve, and she appeared happy for Mr. Somerset's sake, while her heart was breaking. But it was different now; the motive for that pardonable deception was removed, and nature's impulses would not be resisted. No one is a hypocrite in solitude.

The girl was sitting opposite to her canary, its cage being suspended near the window above the flowers. How pale she looked! how thoughtful! and yet how beautiful! The age of fifteen had developed those graces which we saw budding so sweetly in the child of eleven. At no other period do four years make such a visible change as at this epoch in the life of a woman. The cheek had lost its peach-like tint, yet it was as soft, delicate, and dimpled as formerly; the eyes, retaining their brightness, expressed more character and depth of feeling; a higher resolve seemed to sit on her expanded forehead, and more energy and decision breathed from the whole face. Her figure had gained the fulness of a Hebe, without losing any of its grace or natural elasticity; and it were difficult to say whether the wild flowing ringlets of earlier years were not well exchanged for the luxuriant hair which, being braided and wound around the head, displayed the swan-like neck, and superadded a little dignity of appearance where all before was child-like loveliness.

Hester was stooping forwards in her chair, apparently listening to the song of her bird, which trilled its notes of gladness, no matter whether in a dungeon or a wild-wood forest. Her hands lay listlessly in her lap, and every now and then a bright bead glistened upon them. Yes, tears filled her eyes, and, stealing quietly down her long lashes, dropped one by one upon those folded hands. Separated from her parents, she felt alone in the world; yet it was not her own lot over which she brooded or mourned. Her form was in that room, but the excursive spirit was in the prison with her father: now it would enter the cell of a lunatic asylum, and she heard the sighs of the sorrow-stricken maniac, and the clanking chain of the hopeless and furious. That last picture Hester could not dwell on; a shudder crept through her veins, and she altered her position, half imagining by that movement she might change the course of her meditations.

Did a sunbeam flash across the room, that a brightness so suddenly overspread Hester's countenance? The memory of past days, of a past passion, filled her heart—a past passion? no, it was not passed, for it lived through time, through misfortune, unconquered and unblighted. Quietly in the inmost shrine of her soul, she worshipped the image of him who won her childhood's affection. No other would ever occupy his place there; he might be lowly born; he could not boast blood which had flowed through the veins of a race of heroes; yet to her that spirit seemed to require no such adventitious aids. It was in itself noble. Such as he would achieve his own fortunes, and elevate himself by the force of his own genius. Oh! was not, she thought, a position so won, tenfold as honourable, tenfold as glorious, as that granted to mere birth, and gained without an effort on the part of the possessor, and held oftentimes without a virtue.

So thought Hester, never imagining that genius and perseverance in this world often struggle on, endeavouring in vain to snatch the laurel-

wreath, and dying at last, their claims unacknowledged, their names unhonoured.

Ernest Banks had entered the army in India, but held a low and subordinate rank. One letter had reached her nine months previously, since which time she had heard nothing of him. He might have fallen in action, or been cut off by one of the deadly maladies of the country; but this, her heart, which was essentially hopeful, would not believe. So she dreamt of him, wove pictures of the future from fancy's rainbow threads of light; and, more than all, treasured up, sweet miser of the soul! his looks, his words, his vows, till the idea of him became blended with every other sentiment of her mind; and she only wished to exist, to struggle on, and to battle with her hard destiny, for his sake, and the sake of them to whom she owed her being.

And how had Hester contrived up to the present period to support herself? She had written to friends, and had implored some distant relations to assist her father and herself; but their answers were cold, and their purses drawn close, for they all seemed to consider that Mr. Somerset's difficulties and misfortunes were richly merited, being a just punishment for his reckless and mad speculations.

Hester was too much harassed to adopt yet any measures for obtaining a livelihood, and she had lived on the money procured by the sale of her wardrobe. One by one her articles of dress had disappeared. Mr. Somerset, as we have seen, had been compelled to follow the same humiliating course. The time, however, was nearly come when such a channel of supply would cease, for neither of them now possessed much more to dispose of. Hester did not close her eyes to this fact; she was aware of the terrible strait to which she should be reduced, and felt, also, the necessity of action. It was not, however, by mourning, or by dreaming over the past, that she should be able to ward off starvation from herself, and render benefit to her father.

The paths open to woman's exertions are few, in comparison with those which may be entered on by the other sex; yet, limited as they are, Hester did not despair of succeeding some way or other. The great world was around her; all were striving for themselves, and she must bear a part in the scene—she must not shrink from contact with the vulgar, nor bend servilely in the presence of the great, and she must accustom her eyes to behold suffering, as well as patiently endure suffering herself. She must be made familiar with the haunts of squalor and wretchedness, and the homes of toil; with insult, wrong, persecution; with dark hours of despondency, and gleams of hope between—all, in short, which may attend the career of the friendless and poverty-stricken in England's great metropolis.

What, then, were to be the aim and end of her struggles and her plans? merely to provide for herself, and supply her father with a few comforts in addition to his wretched prison fare? This, no doubt, would have been a sufficient, even an arduous task; but Hester had a greater object in view, and had meditated a more comprehensive scheme. She had dared to conceive that, by her own unassisted exertions, she should be able to gain a sufficient sum *to effect the liberation of her father!* but by what means, and within the compass of how long a time, this consummation was to be brought about, even her own ardent spirit could not declare.



The liberation of her father from prison! Poor dreamer!—gentle deviser of impossibilities! Pence will be difficult enough for her to earn, much less pounds and hundreds of pounds. To say that the oak on the mountain top was once an acorn, and the long coral reef in the sea, on which fleets are wrecked, commenced in a tiny insect, may be truthful and picturesque, and the fact may afford an appropriate parallel or metaphor when we speak of certain undertakings; but here the figure is not in place. Hester would have no centuries through which to extend her operations, and even that which she might treasure up would, perhaps, in a world of fraud be again snatched from her.

No matter; what youth undertakes in the firm spirit of faith, youth will sometimes accomplish, even in defiance of the dicta of philosophy, and the warnings of experience. Time only will prove whether Hester's project be a shadow—a bubble to resolve itself into air, or whether, indeed, she shall be capable of carrying her conception into a reality.

The light through the half-uncurtained window is streaming on her now, and the bird has ceased its song, as if under the influence of some instinctive awe. The girl kneels on the floor; her blue eyes are uplifted and her hands clasped; her lips move, yet no articulate words are heard, those lips obeying but the breath of the inward spirit, as rose-buds wave in the summer air, but make no murmur. She beseeches Heaven to grant her strength, to smile success on her undertaking, to support and protect her, in a world where she has now scarcely a friend.

If white-winged ministers of angelic race are said to surround the hoary saint, ready to fly up with his prayer to heaven, then were those ministers in that lone and squalid room; their pinions overshadowed the head of that innocent and fervid-souled suppliant; they stooped down their celestial ears to catch what the spirit was breathing; and they smiled at being able to convey such a prayer on high to the footstool of mercy. Alas! that behind them a fiend pointed with black finger at the future, and scowled.

## CHAPTER IV.

### HESTER IN SEARCH OF A SITUATION.

THE original sum owed by Mr. Somerset to Roland Hartley was 550*l.* The sale of the furniture in the Holloway cottage had reduced the amount to 500*l.* This debt, then, did Hester purpose, by her single unaided efforts, to liquidate.

How should she commence? By means of what occupation might she hope to save money gradually and surely, after providing for her own wants, and allowing her father a small weekly sum? This question for a considerable time had occupied her mind, and puzzled her brain. Any situation to which a certain annual stipend might be attached—such as that of a teacher in a school, or a governess in a family, would not answer the purpose. No hope could possibly exist of effecting the freedom of her father, if she could gather together no more than the limited sum of 15*l.* or 20*l.* a year. The pursuit necessary for her to adopt must be one from which an increasing remuneration may be expected, and it must be one whereby extra exertion shall be attended with extra gain.

The eyes of Hester had been dazzled by the splendid shops of milliners and dressmakers in the west end of the metropolis. Were it possible, thought the girl in her far-stretching hope, were it possible for her to rise gradually to be mistress of one of such establishments, her aim would be accomplished; her father would be free, and she should be able to support him and her afflicted mother in comparative affluence.

These golden dreams were filling her head, when one morning she set forth from Fleet-lane towards the aristocratic regions of the west. Eagerness gave her wings as she passed up Holborn; her heart began to throb when she entered Great Russell-street; more and more these palpitations increased, as she proceeded along Oxford-street: her step grew slow, and her limbs trembled, as she approached nearer to the place where she designed making her first application. Hester was a novice yet in the business of the world, and she had not, alone and unsupported, come into collision with the merciless and scornful.

Her agitation, caused by uncertainty and suspense, did not subside, and she stopped before a print-shop for a few moments, to collect her thoughts, her eyes being fixed, not on the pictures, but the card that bore the number of the house in Regent-street to which she was proceeding. Who cared for her? The throng passed up and passed down; what to them was the little world within her bosom? What cared those reckless passers-by for the fears, the anxieties, the sorrows, which wrung her heart? Yes, she was in solitude amidst that vast busy crowd. None asked her whom she sought, or what she wanted. So there did Hester stand, leaning on the window-sill, looking on her card, her cheek pale and her hand trembling. At length she felt a slight tap on her shoulder; it awoke her to her recollection, and she looked up at the person who touched her. It was one of the newly-organised police, who, about this period, began to perambulate the streets of London. "You must move on," said the man; "you mustn't block up the pavement."

The idea of such a fragile creature as Hester "blocking up the pavement," was novel and preposterous enough; but the functionary said so, and his word was sufficient. Casting a piteous look at the man, whose face was "made" stern for the occasion, the girl obeyed. The incident, however, was not without its good effect, for it roused her spirit, and by urging her into action, enabled her, in part, to conquer her agitation.

Reaching the Circus, she turned down Regent-street. It was now by a desperate effort that Hester strung her nerves, and resolved to go through her intended task. The magnificent shops, with their huge panes of plate-glass, and gorgeous display of fashionable trifles, blazed around her. Carriages were drawn up in front of the doors, and tall footmen, with their gilt staves, were standing, grave as Oriental eunuchs, on the edge of the pavement.

Hester reached the house which she sought. It had a private entrance and no shop-front, resembling in this respect many other great fashionable establishments of its kind in London. Several splendid equipages, in waiting outside, denoted the place to be one of no small consequence. Ringing the bell (the daughter of the ruined squire was no longer a lady, so she dared not knock), Hester was questioned by the porter in livery as to her business.

"I wish to see the mistress of the house."

The man, with the scrutiny peculiar to his class, eyed her from head to foot. Her clothes were plain, but not vulgar. Her beautiful figure was now erect, and her veil, half removed, displayed her striking countenance. The worthy janitor of the house saw nothing objectionable in her appearance, and therefore condescended to be civil.

"You want madame?—good. Do you bring an order, miss? Excuse me for asking; as we don't permit every one to enter madame's room."

"No; I am recommended to apply here for employment."

The man's manner changed, and he was immediately coarsely familiar.

"So, so, my pretty girl, that's it, is it? Well, you did right to ring and not knock. The girls who come a-knocking after situations, we, that's me, always turn away. I don't allow 'workers' to knock at my door. But come inside, my dear, and don't blush. I never take liberties—that's against the rules."

"Let me see Madame Mongolier!" said Hester, in an impatient and rather indignant tone.

"Can't!" exclaimed the man. "Applicants for situations never see madame, or she might be pestered all day. But follow me; you may speak to the forewoman."

Hester walked after the porter through a long passage. Several doors opened on either hand, revealing within splendid assortments of all kinds of dresses, and indescribable nicknacks intended for the adornment of the female person. Ladies also were there, choosing, admiring, purchasing, and envying; while the music of soft sweet tongues was floating everywhere. Meantime Hester was hurried forward, and at the end of the passage her guide mounted a few steps, and, turning shortly to the left, reached a door which opened into a very spacious room. Here was discovered a multitude of heads, all bending down in the same attitude, while countless hands were plying the needle without a moment's intermission. The porter stopped at the entrance, and addressed a little starch-faced woman who happened just then to be near.

"Mademoiselle, this young person wishes to speak with you." Having thus delivered himself, he hurried back to his post at the front door.

The forewoman, Mademoiselle Harfleur, was a genuine Parisian, about thirty-five years of age, small in her person, but strong and active. She was sharp in her countenance, and sharp in her intellect. Her skin was dry and sallow, but a little rouge skilfully laid on gave an unchanging freshness and piquancy to the face. She had superb and ravishing curls, subject only to a slight drawback—they were all false! The pearly teeth, said to have beautified Una, Beatrice, the Floras, and the Sylvas, were brown in comparison with the stainless masticators of Mademoiselle Harfleur. Oh! divine dentist of the Palais Royal! who didst fix those white treasures in the coral gums! Nature, defeated, bends to thee, and confesses thy superiority, surpassing Parisian dentist!

Mademoiselle was busily employed giving directions to one of the workwomen, so that several minutes elapsed before she took any notice of Hester. Having finished her story, she turned quickly around, and spoke in a rapid manner, with a strong French accent.

"Ha! the porter, I think, said something about you. Well, what do you want, my girl; speak!"

Hester answered in French, supposing her knowledge of that language

might be considered advantageous, and win her the good graces of the forewoman.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Mademoiselle Harfleur, holding her sides; "you are no Parisian, I perceive. No foreigner was ever yet perfect in our immortal language. You are English; speak your own tongue, child."

"Forgive me; I did not presume to pass for French. I am recommended to Madame Mongolier; I am in want of employment."

"Oh! well, very well!" cried the little woman, turning every moment, and darting here and there her restless eyes. "We need a few extra hands just now. What can you do? Whose employ have you been in?"

"I have as yet been in no person's employ. I have taken a few lessons."

"Where?"

"In the suburbs of London—at Holloway."

"Ha! bad, very bad!" And Mademoiselle Harfleur shrugged her shoulders, and shook her luxuriant false curls.

"I do not expect high remuneration," said Hester.

"Of course not. Your employment must be that of a scam-runner."

"Most willingly, madam."

"You can aspire to nothing higher. Well, we want some good scam-runners, being rather busy. What is your name?"

As Hester answered, the little wizen-faced lady took a small book from her pocket, and, producing a pencil, was prepared to write.

"You will pardon my questions, but we always make inquiries respecting those we employ. Where do you live?"

"In Fleet-lane."

"Where is that? Stay, I think I know; it is a dirty place somewhere in the city. Well, what is your father's?"

"He was a country gentleman."

"Was?—then perhaps he is dead."

"No, thank God, he is still alive."

"Then, what is he?"

Hester knew not how to answer the question; at length she said—"Nothing."

"Oh! he is 'nothing;' that is very bad again. He won't support his family, I suppose? Where is he now?"

This was a terrible interrogatory. It took Hester by surprise, and she found it impossible to return a reply. The paleness which overspread her face, and the agitation which suddenly oppressed her, raised a singular suspicion in the mind of the French woman.

"Excuse me, my girl, but it is necessary these little particulars should be known before we engage young women, for we are select, very select. Where, I repeat, is your father now?"

"Spare me!" gasped Hester; "ask me any question but that."

"*Ma foi! ma chère*, this is strange!"

"I beseech you, have compassion on me!"

In her eagerness, clasping her hands, she had moved up close to Mademoiselle Harfleur. The curiosity of the latter was awakened, not her pity, and she drew the girl a little apart from the workwomen. Hester spoke in a low voice, and did not conceal the truth. This was sufficiently evident from the strong pantomimic action of the foreign lady, for Mademoiselle Harfleur elevated her eyes until little more than the whites were

seen; then raised her hands—gestures intended effectively to express the greatness of her surprise and horror.

"A prison?" whispered mademoiselle; "how dreadful! But I spare your feelings, I will be silent. Your father in a prison?—that's surpassingly dreadful, young woman. What a depraved character he must be! Never mind—you need not explain—say no more about the matter, I pray you; my nerves are shocked—quite upset. Of course I pity you, but I don't think, under these unhappy and most disagreeable circumstances, that you are suited to our establishment."

The trembling of Hester increased, and bitter disappointment was added to the sorrow she already felt.

"Give me a trial! I will be diligent; I will do all in my power to give you satisfaction. You know the person from whom I bring my testimonials."

"Why, yes; Madame Mongolier knows her slightly," said the forewoman, with a freezing accent. "She does recommend you for honesty, diligence, and so on, which is all very well." The little woman meditated for an instant, placing her forefinger on her tawny brow. "Well, let me see; Madame Mongolier leaves the business of engaging assistants entirely to myself. We are in want of hands, I repeat. You shall have a trial. You may come."

"And when may my duties commence?" asked Hester, with delighted and palpitating heart.

"Lose no time—we are busy—come to-morrow."

## PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

THE origin of the East African mission, which has lately accomplished so much in promoting African geography, presents some features of peculiar interest. The Church of England missionaries, Dr. Krapf and Isenberg, had dwelt some time in Abyssinia before an increasing communication with European nations—the arrival of a British embassy and of private travellers, the labours of the missionaries themselves, and still more than all, the intrigues of opposing creeds and interests\*—alarmed the Shoa hierarchy, and finally induced the King Sahela Selassie to forbid the country to the missionaries, who were thus, happily for the progress of knowledge, led to transfer their labours to the coast of Zanzibar, where they were justly led to believe that those great rivers which pour their waters into the Indian Ocean might open to them the great unknown interior.

Dr. and Mrs. Krapf settled in the first instance, but not till after many difficulties and afflictions had been experienced, at Mombas. Here Dr. Krapf first heard of the Wanika, a heathen tribe on the main land, who traded with the islanders. He was also at once struck with the elevation

\* The recent nomination of MM. Antoine and Armand d'Abbadie members of the Order of the Legion of Honour, for services to the *science of geography*, by their travels in Abyssinia, can be appreciated in its true meaning by the initiated.

of the interior on this part of the coast, the peaks of some of the mountains appearing not less than 4000 to 6000 feet high, and not more than three or four days inland, and it at once occurred to him that the climate of that high land must be superior in healthiness to the coast.

In June, 1846, Dr. Krapf was joined by the Rev. J. Rebmann, and the seat of the mission was transferred from Mombas to a hilly and more healthy district a little in the interior, called Rabbai Mpia. This was not, however, until both had suffered much from the fever of the country, to which Mrs. Krapf unfortunately fell a victim. It was after their settlement at Rabbai Mpia, and their health had somewhat recovered, that a series of excursions into the interior were commenced. In October, 1847, Teita was visited, "a country whose mountains rise to such a height out of the vast surrounding plains, that on some heights near Rabbai Mpia they are to be seen at the distance of ninety miles." In April of the next year, Mr. Rebmann penetrated to Kilema, and discovered the snow-mountain, Kilimanjaro. In the summer of the same year, Usambarabara, the kingdom of King Kmeri, was visited by Dr. Krapf. On his return, Mr. Rebmann proceeded to Jagga, and on the assurance of the king that he would help him forward on his journey to Unyamési, returned thither in April, 1849, but without attaining the object he had in view.

After the return of Mr. Rebmann from Jagga, and the reinforcement of the mission by the arrival of the Rev. J. J. Erhardt, a long contemplated excursion to the country of the Wakamba tribes in the interior was carried into execution. It must be premised, in giving a brief analysis of this journey, so truly full of interest and high geographical import, that the prefix "M," placed before a proper noun, indicates the singular number; the prefix "Wa" the plural. The prefix "Ki" indicates the adjective, and "U" forms the abstract name of a country. For example: Ukamba is the country of the Wakamba; Mkamba, a single individual of that country; Wakamba, the Wakamba people; Kikamba of, or belonging to, Ukamba.

Dr. Krapf started from the station at Rabbai Mpia on the 1st of November, 1849, accompanied by a small band of Wanika and Suaheli, or Sowali, to carry the luggage, and also men of Toruma—a tribe of Wanika bordering on the territory of Rabbai—and who by their cupidity placed constant impediments in the way of our travellers' progress.

The river Muadje, carrying at this season of the year but a small body of water, separated the two tribes of Rabbai and Toruma, and after crossing that river the road lay through a district less fertile and inhabited. The soil was sandy or rocky, and overgrown with acacia trees. On the 4th of November Dr. Krapf was ill, and still more annoyed by the rapacious demands of the Toruma Ku (Great Toruma). On the 5th, he reached the forest of Kumbulu, in advance of a very remarkable declivity, which, sloping towards the interior, separates for some distance, as with a natural barrier, the coast from the interior. This rocky ridge is called Ndunguni. At this point Dr. Krapf was joined by a party of Wakamba, and as both these and the Wanika and Suaheli were all alike afraid of the wandering Gallas, the doctor proceeded the next day to march in front of the whole Kaffila, carrying, he says, intentionally, nothing about him but his umbrella. The same day they crossed the girdle-like hill, Ndunguni, which,

rising in the south of the Wadigo country, stretches north-west all along the great wilderness, forming, as before remarked, a kind of barrier against the interior of Africa. From these hills, 150 to 200 feet elevated above the plain, they had a fine view of the wilderness and the mountains scattered over it.

Beyond this the way lay through a forest obstructed by acacia, euphorbia and other trees, the branches of which blocked up the road and miserably destroyed the travellers' clothing, and beyond this again was the plain Kadidsa, sandy and covered only with very low grass, with here and there a thorn-tree, fifteen to twenty feet in height. Upon this plain, which is much dreaded on account of the Galla robbers, they saw a large herd of wild asses. To it succeeded a forest, in which they saw the first traces of elephants. Dr. Krapf, it is to be remarked, travelled on foot, without ass or horse; an admirable plan, as he was thus indifferent to a small supply of water.

On the 9th, the party arrived at Mount Maungu, the summit of which is inhabited by a few Wakamba and Ndára families. From the top of this mountain, where Dr. Krapf was hospitably received, the doctor says he had a grand view of the Galla country in the east, of the Ndára and Bura mountains in the north-west, and of Mount Kadiaro, and the wilderness leading to Usambara and Pare in the south and south-west. He also saw the vicinity of Jagga, and in general all the countries which Mr. Rebmann had travelled in his several journeys to Jagga. About eight o'clock the next morning, Dr. Krapf had also a fine view of the snow-capped mountain, Kilimanjaro, in the latter district. "Even at this great distance," he says, "I could immediately judge that the white matter I observed on and around the mountain's head could be nothing but snow, as Mr. Rebmann rightly judged on his first journey to Jagga. That point of the snow mountain which I saw, towered over the high mountains of Bura and Ndára, which fact shows clearly that the height of Kilimanjaro must be such as to reach the snowy region. When the sky became clouded, the white matter withdrew from my sight, and was lost in the clouds of a reddish colour. This is what I and all my people have seen, and what every subsequent traveller will and must see, provided there be clear weather, and the observer stand on the halting-place of the caravans on the northern side of Mount Maungu. *A priori* reasonings, written in the cabinet-room, can never obliterate matters of fact, nor can they have great effect on an *à posteriori* observer."\*

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\* A disappointed scribbler, whose good taste and critical acumen in meeting the statement of the missionaries above alluded to by an abrupt denial of their veracity, was impugned in the 351st number of the *New Monthly*; and who, in the vain hope of establishing for himself a reputation as a *savan*, has run a-muck with almost every living geographer, and even with the Royal Geographical Society as a body; this unfortunate critic quotes, in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, a paragraph from a report connected with Colonel Chesney's Euphrates expedition, as a specimen of what he calls "the repulsiveness of Mr. Ainsworth's infelicitous method of composition."

In answer to this, it may be sufficient to say that the paragraph in question was not written by Mr. Ainsworth.

It is amusing to find a man so resolute in writing himself down a dunce, as gravely to assert (with any expectation of credence being attached to the assertion) that he cannot "but ascribe a good deal of the difficulty which Colonel Chesney appears to have experienced in making the country aware of the value

From this point they travelled over a soil of red sand, apparently well wooded, with Mount Ndára, inhabited by Teita tribes, to the left. There seems, from these descriptions, to be every reason to believe that, as in Arabia and Persia, the first formations, geologically speaking, on proceeding from the west inwards, are tertiary or supracretaceous red sandstones, which form the first rocky barrier of Ndunguni, and which are succeeded by the more elevated and more variously constituted hilly ranges of Ndára, Kadiaro, and Mount Bura, all inhabited by the Teita people, and themselves only outliers of the central mass of the Jagga range, with its culminating, snow-clad mountains and still active volcanoes.

Throughout all this portion of the journey, the worthy doctor seems to have been under constant apprehensions of the Gallas, of whom his followers were also in that kind of perpetual dread which most uncivilised nations are of one bugbear or other. Water becoming still more scarce, symptoms of mutiny also showed themselves in the small party. Luckily, a number of large trees of the palm species announced the vicinity of a river; and, much exhausted, they reached the banks of the Tzavo, twenty to twenty-five feet wide by two and two-and-a-half deep, running over fine reddish sand, and the waters very cool. Everything is comparative, and hence this insignificant stream, as compared with the generally dried-up water-courses of the same districts, is designated by our traveller as "the noble Tzavo." This stream is said to have its source in the snow-capped Kilimanjaro; hence it is a perennial stream, while all other rivers rising from less elevated mountains, are entirely dried up in this region. After being joined by the Adi, which courses along the foot of the before-described red sandstone ridge of Ndunguni and the Woi, it is said to form the Sabaki, which flows into the bay of Malinde.

"With feelings of humble and hearty gratitude," says the reverend doctor, "toward my Almighty God and Saviour, I laid down my tired body under a small acacia-tree, and soon fell asleep, but frequently awoke again to take a draught of the cool water, which I liked more than the most costly wine which kings and emperors may have tasted this night. Yea, blessed are all they who put their trust in God! the wilderness is changed into a paradise for them. Still I should be destitute of veracity if I were to conceal the uneasy feelings which frequently stole upon my mind, and which called forth my desire for the break of day."

After crossing the river Tzavo, the travellers had a fine view of Mount Theuka, which rises from the western bank of the river to a great height,

of his services," to the infelicity of another person's compositions. How disgusted the colonel must be with his maladroitness!

Nor is this all. The well-informed critic proceeds, further on, to say, in reference to the description of the Pashalic of Aleppo, "We find ourselves lost in the evasive language of Mr. Ainsworth; by whom, as we apprehend with a certainty proportioned to our sense of confusion as we read, the topography of this ill-fated portion of the route has been contributed."

The confusion here alluded to exists only in the poor man's own brain; but, as far as we are ourselves concerned, we have only to state, positively and distinctly, that Mr. Ainsworth, the gentleman alluded to, had nothing whatever to do with the topographical details thus denounced: he had not an opportunity of exploring the country between Aleppo and Balis.



and at the northern termination of which, is Mount Ngolia, inhabited by Wakamba.

Mount Theuka had been abandoned by the natives on account of subterranean noises. As the doctor continued his journey, November 16th, he could see the whole district of Jagga to the westward very distinctly. Mount Kilimanjaro seemed to be distant only four or five days' journey. "I saw," says the doctor, "its dome-like head glittering from a matter of transparent whiteness. In the south of the Kilimanjaro I observed a lower mount, the summit of which forms a peak. Between this mount and the Kilimanjaro is a depression, which has the form of a saddle, which leads up to the kingly Kilimanjaro, which the natives of Jagga call Kibo. To the east, south, and north of the smaller mount is the territory of the tribes Kiléma, Rombo, and Uséri, the names of which my fellow-labourer, Mr. Rebmann, when in Kiléma in 1848, first brought to light. The Kilimanjaro has, at some points, deep ravines or incisions, as it were, which stretch from its lofty summit downward to its base. In other places I observed very steep avenues leading to the summit: they appeared to me like perpendicular walls of rocks, towering up as far as to the mount's head. There, of course, the snow can remain as little as it could rest on the wall of a building." Beyond Mount Theuka was mount Djulu, higher than the first-mentioned, and inhabited by Wakamba, and at its north-eastern end was a mount called Noka, inhabited by Wakamba, who had a bad reputation with their countrymen.

November the 17th, the road led through the forest of Kikumbulu in which were an abundance of large and straight whitethorn trees, and for some time they had to walk over a stratum of black porous stones, showing the close vicinity of volcanic action. The 18th was made a day of repose at the wells of Idumuo, where a scanty supply of water was obtained from calcareous rock. The snake-charmers, who lately exhibited their prowess at the Zoological Gardens, would have met with little toleration at the hands of this reverend enthusiast, to whom the roads made by the Wakamba appeared to be "a Macedonian call to Central Africa."

"Whilst we were resting," he relates, "under a tree, the bearer of my water-calabash observed a serpent in the grass. He caught her with his hands by the neck, took off the venomous matter, and then seized her by the tail, muttering to himself some unintelligible words, as conjurors do. The animal obeyed all his commands. Seeing that he wished to make himself important in the eyes of the Wakamba, who greatly admired him, I requested him to kill the serpent; but he alleged his inability to comply with my request, telling me that he had made brotherhood with the serpent, and consequently he would, on killing a serpent, meet with some great misfortune, and would not be obeyed again by another serpent. Perceiving that he was fully given up to these superstitious and fallacious ideas, I took a musket, and shot the reptile dead at once; whereupon he took it away to bury it in a secret place at some distance. Lastly, I declared, before all the people present, that it was sinful to ascribe to one's self supernatural power in managing serpents at one's will. I related the history of man's fall, caused by the artifice of the devil, the old serpent."

After a few miles' walk from this station, the party arrived at a small

river, the channel of which is never dried up and which flows through a forest full of fine timber into the Adi. This latter river, which they soon afterwards reached, was about sixty yards wide by a foot-and-a-half deep, but this was at the dry season. In the rainy season the natives cannot ford it. Beyond this river they again ascended the Ndunguni ridge or wall of rock to a height estimated by the doctor (for, unfortunately, the missionaries travelled without any scientific instruments) at about 1800 feet, to the plain of Yata, from whence they enjoyed a magnificent prospect of the whole region around. "Had I been a mere traveller," says the doctor, "pursuing only geographical objects, I would, standing on the plain of Yata, have considered myself amply compensated for the troubles I had sustained on the road; for a great many geographical problems were solved in an instant on the height of Yata." The Wakamba inhabiting this plain received the missionary in a friendly manner; and here he first tasted the flesh of the giraffe and the elephant. The party descended from this plain, the morning air upon which was intensely cold, into an extensive wilderness, called Tangai. This so-called wilderness is described as being very level and uninhabited, and terminating at the foot of the Mudumoni mountains, which shelter Ukambani against the inroads of the Galla. Beyond this plain, they came to an open country with a varying soil, sometimes sandy, at others clayey or black, with scanty underwood and trees and scattered Wakamba hamlets.

Advancing still further, the country became more fertile and more populous; until, on November 26th, the party reached the district of the tribe Kitui, whose chief is Kivoi, a caravan leader, whom Dr. Krapf had met at Rabbai in 1848. This chief wanted the missionary to accompany him on a journey to the interior, returning with him to the coast at the end of four or five months, but unfortunately the worthy doctor was led to forego this admirable opportunity, on account, it is said, "of arrangements made for his visit to Europe, as well as other reasons." At Kivoi's place our missionary met with natives of the Kikuyu country, whom he describes as superior to the people in the west. "I have no doubt," he adds, "that the further we proceed inland, the more we shall meet with natives superior to those on the coast, both in body and mind." These people also wished to take Dr. Krapf with them to their country.

In conversation with this Kivoi, Dr. Krapf referred to the snow mountain Kilimanjaro, in Jagga, which he had so frequently and distinctly seen, to the westward of his route, towering over the high mountains Bura and Ndára, with a superiority of elevation so decided as to show it must reach the region of snow. Kivoi said that he had seen the white matter on the Kūma ja Jeu (mountain of whiteness), but that there was a second and still larger Kūma ja Jeu between the countries Kikuyu, Mbi, and Uimbu, whence the river Dana rises; and that when the sky was clear both mountains might be seen from his hamlet, Kilimanjaro being ten days' journey to the south-west, and Kenia, the second mountain, six days' journey to the north.

A few days afterwards Dr. Krapf saw the Kenia, the mountain in question. "The sky being clear," he writes, "I got a full sight of this snow mountain, which I had been told by Kivoi is situated between Kikuyu and Uimbu. It stretches from E. to N.W. by W. It appeared to be like a gigantic wall, on whose summit I observed two immense towers, or

horns, as you may call them. These horns or towers, which are at short distance from each other, give the mountain a grand and majestic appearance, which raised in my mind overwhelming feelings. The Kilimanjaro in Jagga has a dome-like summit, but the Kenia has the form of a gigantic roof, over which its two horns do rise like two mighty pillars, which I have no doubt are seen by the inhabitants of the countries bordering on the northern latitudes of the equator. Still less do I doubt that the volume of water which the Kenia issues to the north runs toward the basin of the White Nile." The Dana, which flows from the eastern portion of the Kenia to the Indian Ocean, according to Kivoi's testimony, is navigable for boats from the sea to the Ukambani country. He said there were no rocks at all, and that, even in the dry season, the water reached as high as a man's neck, while during the rains it could not be forded. Its ordinary breadth is about 200 yards, and it is the privilege of the people of Mbé to carry strangers proceeding to Kikuyu or other countries from one bank to another. Dr. Krapf says—"This information gratified me much indeed, since I had all along conceived the idea of penetrating the interior by that river, which is on the maps called Quilimancy, but should be properly written Kilimansi, *i.e.*, Kilima mansi (Mountain Water), referring, as it appears to me, to the snow mountain Kenia—as the natives call the mountain and the white matter seen on it—of Kikuyu, where the river Dana takes its rise, according to the universal report of the natives."

The probability of being enabled to reach the Wakamba with comparative facility by the Dana or Kilimansi is an important feature, and adds much to the interest attaching to the Wakamba. They are, moreover, a considerable people, about 70,000 in number, inhabiting an elevated plain of some 3000 feet high, about 200 miles from N. to S., and about the same measurement from E. to W. They are a bold and fearless people, using poisoned arrows, with which they defend themselves successfully against their neighbours, the Gallas.

Ukambani and Usambara, it is to be observed, contrast remarkably with each other in their social aspect. In Usambara an absolute monarchy prevails. The Wakamba, on the contrary, have no king or leading chief over the whole or any portion of the tribes. They have no general laws, and every one is free and unimpeded in his movements. The intercourse of the Wakamba with the interior is of a very extensive character. Northward, they go to the frontiers of Abyssinia, and westward they advance a journey of two months. On the eastern coast they have succeeded in establishing themselves in the country of the Wanika; and although a desert tract intervenes, which is often infested by the wild Masai, yet caravans are continually passing and repassing between this advanced section and the main body in the interior.

Considering the importance of this mission on the eastern coast of Africa, and the opening thus presented to Interior Africa, it is truly gratifying to hear that the Church Missionary Society proposes to send out with Dr. Krapf three additional missionaries, together with three mechanics, that the natives may be improved in temporal as well as in spiritual things. A country has indeed been opened by the labours of these missionaries to the philanthropist, the geographer, the merchant, and the colonist, of far greater import than any other similar opening effected in

modern times. It is indeed quite evident from these researches that we have in the interior of Africa in these regions, instead of—as was too readily supposed—a land of arid sands, a country of contrasted configuration, various structure, well watered, and with generally a fertile and wooded soil. The elevation of the plains, and the perpetual snow-clad mountains, indicate a healthy, agreeable climate, and the further interior probably presents high uplands or a land variously disposed, but more inhabitable than has been hitherto supposed. The existence of active volcanoes in the same region is a remarkable feature, and attests the existence of a new and fertile soil.

This discovery, however, of a mountain district, with a mild climate, and fertile, well-watered soil, in tropical Eastern Africa, with an opening thence to the interior, may be considered as fairly rivalled in interest and importance by the recent discovery of a lake and river district, with, no doubt, an associated mountain district, with an available climate, in South-Western Africa.

We have before alluded, in brief terms, to this remarkable discovery, the details of which are now before the public. It appears that the party who effected this discovery consisted of the Rev. David Livingston, an intrepid missionary some time stationed at Kolobeng, South Africa, and of Messrs. William Cotton Oswell and Mungo Murray, who went from England expressly to take part in the journey. It is remarkable, that only the year before a large party of Griquas, in about thirty waggons, had made many and persevering efforts to cross the great desert of Kalihari at different points; but, although inured to the climate, and stimulated by the prospect of gain from the ivory they expected to procure, they were compelled, from want of water, to give up the undertaking.

The expedition left Kolobeng on the 1st of June, 1849. The desert, through which the first half of the journey lay, is described by Mr. Livingston as being an immense plain, not destitute of trees or grass, for there is abundance of both; and of inhabitants, human and animal, there is no lack; but the extreme scarcity of water and other hardships have reduced the first to the most abject form of human kind. The Bakalihari and Bushmen have in general small thin legs and arms, large protruding abdomens, and countenances expressive of the hard life they lead. Unfortunately but few opportunities presented themselves to the party of holding intercourse with these wretched inhabitants of the desert, for as soon as it was known that they were about to commence their journey, Sekhomi, the chief of the Bamanguato, who was averse to such an entry upon his ivory store, sent out his people before them to drive all the inhabitants off the route, in the hope that when deprived of their assistance in procuring water, they would be compelled to return.

Mr. Oswell describes the road at first as merely the same as other African roads; sometimes flat and open, sometimes bush and camel-thorn. The first portion of the journey lay nearly north as a general line, and after travelling forty miles over heavy sand-ridges and flats sparingly covered with scrubby bushes, they reached, on the third morning, a place called Serotli. "I look upon this," says Mr. Oswell, "as the portal of the much-talked of desert, and will, therefore, try to give you some idea of it. Imagine to yourself a heavy, sandy hollow, with half-a-

dozen such holes or depressions as a rhinoceros would make by rolling himself as he usually does. In one of these stood two pannikins of water; and at this spot, we were told, was the last chance of water for seventy miles." A quart was but a small allowance for eighty oxen, twenty horses, and as many human beings; but the natives set to work, throwing out the sand from the hollow, and by the evening of the first day they had two pits opened, and sufficient to give the horses a bucket a-piece, but some of the oxen had to be sent back to slake their thirst! These oxen returned the fifth day, when they set off again, but what with the heat and sand, could make but six miles by sundown. The next night, with a little application of the whip, they reached a spot called Mokalani, or The Camel-thorn Trees, where there was an indifferent supply of water.

After breakfast, on the second day from Serotli, the horses were sent on a-head with the guide; they could travel faster than the oxen, and might come to water the latter might never live to see. The party followed on their trail, which led, for the most part, through dense bush and heavy sand. Whips and screeching could get but nineteen miles out of the poor beasts; but still they were determined to go on as long as the animals were able to work, and then send them on. Half-an-hour in the morning brought them to the edge of the thicket in which they had passed the night, and, upon entering the hollow immediately beyond, the steeds came into view. The guide had lost his way in this pathless wilderness, and Mr. Murray, who had gone on with the horses, had very rightly halted at once. With the sun, the guide's perceptions seemed to brighten, and he again walked confidently forwards. Eight miles were hardly crawled, when the waddling gait of the oxen warned them to out-span. Breakfast was taken while the natives went in advance in search of water; and they returned shortly afterwards, with the intelligence of a large pool close at hand. The oxen, which, ten minutes before, had been considered as all but exhausted, were now yoked at once. Two miles took them to this new watering-station, called Mathuloani.

Giving the cattle Sunday's rest at this station, they again proceeded, but with no very distinct idea when they were to see water. But the guide had assured them that they were on the bed of a dry river. And for the first four days they do not appear to have fared badly, for the said dry bed yielded an abundant supply, though not without considerable labour in the way of digging. At Lotlokani they left the river-bed, and touching it once again in the morning of the second day, left it where it spread out into a large lagoon marsh, at that time dry. Beyond this, after having been two days without water, a bushwoman, captured in the long grass, led them to a succession of salt-pans, which the party at first mistook for the lake that they were in search of. The oxen obtained here only some very brackish water. At length, on the 4th of July, the party reached the river Zouga, which was about thirty yards in width, and became wider and deeper as they approached its apparent source. The water was clear as crystal, soft, and very cold, and, Mr. Livingston says, gave him the idea of melted snow—an idea which seems confirmed by its periodical rising at the commencement of the warm season. The point of ebullition by Newman's thermometer gave rather more than 2000 feet elevation.

Speaking of the desert just passed over, Mr. Livingston says that the Bakalihari are often reduced, to get drink, to insert a reed with a tuft of grass round one end of it, to act as a sort of filter, into moist parts of the desert, and then suck up the water into the mouth and discharge it into their water vessels, which are usually ostrich eggshells. There are also several roots, which kind Providence seems to have provided for their special use in this arid region, amongst which one is worthy of remark. It appears above ground as a small plant, three or four inches high, and about as thick as a crowquill; but about a foot below the surface of the earth it terminates in a root as large as a child's head, consisting of a spongy cellular substance, full of pure cold water.

The miserable condition of these poor human beings (adds the same member of the party) contrasts surprisingly with that of the animals; but it is a well-ascertained fact that the eland, gemsbok, duiker, steinbock, &c., can live for months together without water. The eland becomes enormously fat during the driest season, viz., the winter, when all the herbage is withered, and so dry that it crumbles to powder in the hand. Our party (he adds) was well supplied with eland's flesh during our passage through the desert; and it being superior to beef, and the animal as large as an ox, it seems strange it has not yet been introduced into England.

When the party reached the Zouga, they observed a village nearly opposite to them, and Mr. Livingston and two of the natives managed to get across, and opened a communication with them. They ascertained that this noble river came from the lake they were in search of; that it rose three feet in July and August, and attained its greatest height in October, and then gradually decreased till June; and that, with the periodical flow, large shoals of fish came down the river, which were caught in nets or speared. They also learned that the people living on the lake and river were a totally distinct race from the Bechuanas; that they call themselves Bayeiye, or men, while the term Bakoba has somewhat of the meaning of slaves, and is applied to them by the Bechuanas. Their complexion was darker than the Bechuanas, and they spoke a totally different language. Of 300 words which Mr. Livingston collected, only twenty-one had any resemblance to the Sechuana.

On his side, Mr. Oswell relates: "We felt all our troubles were over, and next morning, when our waggons stood on the banks of the Zouga, all anxiety for the result was at an end. We might be a long while—the natives said, a moon—but we should at last see the broad water, for we had a river at our feet, and nothing to do but follow it."

The party accordingly proceeded up by the banks of the stream. The oxen, however, could make but short journeys with heavy loads, and by the time they had travelled near a hundred miles were getting tired. Emptying Mr. Oswell's waggon, they selected a span of his best oxen, and leaving the other waggons and the remainder of the cattle with the greater part of the servants, they determined to make a push for it. This was on the 16th of July, and after twelve hard days' work they arrived at a town of the Batouani, situated at the lower end, or N.E. extremity of the lake.

After spending a day with these people, they rode out a distance of five or six miles to see the lake itself, which Mr. Livingston describes as

gradually opening out, like the Firth of Forth, with an unbounded horizon of water. "We can say nothing positively as to its extent. Its direction seemed to be N.N.E. and S.S.W. by compass. It is said to contain hippopotami, alligators, and large fish; but our visit was too short for seeing anything in or on it. It bends round to the W., and receives a large river from the N., at the N.W. extremity."

Mr. Oswell relates, on his side: "One broad sheet of water lay before us. To the N.W. and W. you looked in vain for shore. To all appearance, in these directions it was boundless as the ocean. Straight across, that is, N.N.E. from where we were standing, the shores were, as we thought, about fourteen miles apart. The eye could follow their tracery for a short distance to the N. and N.N.W. Towards the E. they continued slowly but gradually approaching each other, and contracted suddenly just at the place where the waggon stood. Of the actual breadth I of course can form no correct notion. The canoes never cross it, but some coast round and along the shores. Of its extent we may, perhaps, arrive at an approximation from the accounts of the Batouani, who assert that a man walks two days (fifty miles) along its bank to the S.W.; one day (twenty-five miles) to the N.W., and then finds the lake a river coming from N.N.E."

All the rivers to the north of the Zouga have Bayeiye upon them; but there are also other tribes upon their banks, and the fact that the Zouga is connected with other large rivers flowing into the lake from the north, where the people are said to wear clothes, Mr. Livingston remarked, with a natural enthusiasm, awakened emotions in his breast which made the discovery of the lake itself appear comparatively of little importance, as it opens the prospect of a highway capable of being easily traversed by boats to an entirely unexplored, but, as they were told, populous region. Not only that, but it would appear, from the waters of the Zouga being periodically flooded like the Nile by the melting of snow, and the people to the north wearing clothes, there is every reason to expect that a high, mountainous, and populous district, with a good climate and unknown resources, remains yet to be explored in that vast tract of country which lies between Lake Ngami, Noka a Batlatli, Noka a Mampocore, and Inghabe, as it was variously called, and the territory of Benguela.

The lake itself was found to be situated, by observation, in 20 deg. 19 min. south latitude, and about 24 deg. east longitude, at an elevation above the sea of 2825 feet. The longitude was merely worked out by courses and distances. The distance traversed from Kolobeng was 603 miles, measured by a good trocheameter. Among the people living to the north was a chief called Sebitoane, with whom Mr. Livingston was personally acquainted. Unfortunately, the Batouani got alarmed, or, as Mr. Livingston says, "like other Africans, did not like to see strangers passing to tribes beyond," and they obstructed the party by keeping all the Bayeiye near the ford on the opposite bank of the Zouga. It was in vain that Mr. Livingston constructed a raft, the wood of which was so heavy that it sank immediately, and the attempt was obliged to be given up; Mr. Oswell at the same time resolving to bring up a boat, if possible, the ensuing year from the Cape.

Of the Zouga—the most interesting and important of the South-African rivers—Mr. Livingston says, its banks are generally of calcare-

ous tufa, and lined with gigantic trees, some of them bearing fruit quite new to them. "For two or three days from the lake," Mr. Oswell says, "it is broad, varying from 200 to 500 yards, with flat and rather swampy shores. It then narrows and flows through high banks of limestone for six days, again opens out, and at its most southern point spreads into a little lake four miles or so across; then divides into two streams, one of which (the most southerly) is said to lose itself in salt pans to the eastward; while by far the largest branch, on the authority of the natives, runs away N.E. and E.N.E., through the country of the Matabele. May it not," asks Mr. Oswell, "take a bend S.E., and unite with the Limpopo?" the scene of Mr. Cummings's shooting exploits. Mr. Oswell would probably determine this by his proposed overland expedition to the Portuguese settlements on the Zambesi.

The banks of the Zougga are described by this latter traveller as thickly edged with high reeds, and the trees magnificent for Africa; one, bearing an edible fruit, he adds, would be a fine specimen of arboreal beauty in any part of the world. Three enormous baobabs grew near the town of the Batouani, which measured from seventy to seventy-six feet in circumference. Palmyras and banyans gave somewhat of an Oriental appearance to some parts. Mr. Oswell says, the first is scattered here and there amongst the islands and on the banks of the river, and is abundant along the Mokokoong—the sand river of the desert. Wild indigo is abundant in places. The Makalakka, or Mashuna, make cloth and dye with this wild indigo. They use the cotton of two kinds of rushes and one tree.

Speaking of the Bayeiye, Mr. Livingston says, "I admired the frank and manly bearing of these inland sailors; and often, whilst the waggons went along the banks of the river, took my seat in their canoes. These are truly a primitive craft, hollowed out of the trunks of single trees." Mr. Oswell says, also, "They are fine, intelligent fellows, much darker and larger than, and in every respect superior to, the Bechuanas."

Of wild animals, elephants and buffaloes are abundant. The former are a distinct variety from the Limpopo ones, much lower and smaller in body, but with capital tusks. Rhinoceroses and hippopotami are very scarce. Several species of antelope abound; one new one, called the Leche. Lions are also very rare. This, according to Mr. Oswell, who does not speak of crocodiles, but Mr. Livingston said he did not like swimming across the river for fear of them.

The progress made in modern times in African discovery and African colonisation is, as compared with the slow results that sprang from Dutch and Portuguese settlements, truly remarkable. At the head of these movements undoubtedly stands the occupation of Algiers by the French, who, by-the-by, are said to possess a settlement on the coast, concerning which a great deal of secrecy is observed somewhere about those very territories which extend between Benguela and Damaras, to which we have previously called attention, as presenting totally unexpected features in climate and configuration. Dr. Knox, in his recently published work on "The Races of Men," says—"By ascending the Senegal cautiously and rapidly, clearing the high country, dividing its sources from those of the Niger, a thousand brave men on horseback might seize and hold Central Africa to the north of the tropic; the Celtic race will no doubt attempt this some day."



"By sending a force up the Senegal," says the same speculative writer, "sufficient to protect French commerce, the mountain range dividing the sources of the Senegal from those of the Niger, and shutting out the western territories from Central Africa, the valley of the Niger, and the rich basin communicating, perhaps, by a portage of no great distance with the waters of the White Nile, may be thus reached. A chain of forts extending from the mouth of the Senegal to the sources of the White Nile would put France, and with her the Celtic race, in possession of a country as rich as India; secure for her ultimately the military possession of Algeria, Morocco, and Tunis; enable the race to extend themselves, their language, their commerce, and civilisation, over a considerable portion of the globe; offer an escape, or safety-valve, as it is called, to Europe, by the employment of her restless, idle, warlike population; relieve Europe from a portion of the 540,000 armed men who must be employed some way or other; extinguish the slave-trade, and secure for a season the peace of the world."

It is, we suppose, as a preliminary step to such far-off results that a young native of the banks of the Gambia, named Panet, is said to have been appointed by the French government to undertake a journey across the Sahara, for the purpose of opening a communication between Algeria and Senegal across the Desert. Monsieur Panet accompanied the active Raffenal on his travels along the river Falerne, and to the gold mines of Kenribe, in the years 1843-44. Captain Bouet Villarmey is also stated to have crossed the dangerous bar of the Grand Bassam River in March, 1849, when he persevered until he reached two magnificent lakes; and he discovered that the Grand Bassam is a confluent of the Niger.

But a plan for a far more extensive journey has been finally adopted by the French government, and the execution thereof intrusted to Colonel Ducouret, and which is to proceed by the Senegal. Another exploration—political, commercial, and scientific—has also been projected by Dr. Bodichon, of Algiers, which is to open a trade between the Mediterranean shores and the millions who inhabit Sudan; and for this the doctor only requires an armed assistance of a battalion of seasoned Frenchmen, and 300 to 400 trusty Africans.

As a little counterpoise to this sudden annexation of North Africa, excepting always, for the time being, Morocco, Egypt, and the larger principalities, by the Algerian Celts, we have a Mr. James Richardson travelling with Dr. Heinrich Barth, a learned German, and a Prussian botanist, Dr. Overweg, from Tripoli, through Central Africa and thence to the Nile, and who is said to have been invested by our government with certain diplomatic powers.

If we can attach weight to the views entertained by ethnologists, on the adaptation of different races to different climates, the intended transportation of free blacks to the coast of Africa, and the establishment of regular steam communication by the United States' men with that coast, is far from being without significance. The true negro, according to the ethnologists, has qualities of a high order, and might reach a certain point of civilisation. His constitution is energetic, as proved by the extension of his race, and Africa—Central Africa—is his real country.

The United States' men are ashamed of their free blacks; they are living, ever-present testimonies of practices abominable to their con-

sciences, and therefore obnoxious to their eyes; add to which, they live under the continual fear of their terrible vengeance—terrible when it comes, as come it will : unrelenting, merciless.

The proposition, then, to transport these free blacks back to their own country has, therefore, as might be expected, met with a ready acceptance. The *New York Courier* says—"The proposition to establish a line of mail-steamers between this country and the coast of Africa enlists very general favour. So far as its leading objects are concerned it meets little opposition. The beneficent effects of increasing communication with that country, and of colonising it with free negroes from the United States, are very palpable. Free negroes in this country are, and undoubtedly always will be, in a position of decided inferiority. They can never gain that equality of rank, and of social and political condition, essential to the development of their faculties, and to the attainment of that degree of happiness and of social prosperity for which they may be fitted. Experience, moreover, has shown that in Liberia they can plant colonies which will take an honourable rank among communities in all the respects which mark progress in civilisation and in morality. An independent government has already been established there, which is doing remarkably well, and it needs only the aid of increased immigration to carry it forward with rapidity and substantial strength. The friends of this project insist that from eight to twelve thousand free negroes may be exported every year by three ships, and that after two years they will be able to sustain themselves, and that the colony will readily absorb and employ any number that may be taken thither."

A nation of civilised blacks would be enabled, backed by the climate of their own country, to set the Celtic and the Saxon races alike at defiance. The dark races can alone hold tropical Africa; it is, therefore, a wise policy to teach them artificial wants, and the habits and usages of civilisation. When the negro knows his own value, and the value of labour, the slave-trade must of necessity cease.

On the other hand, the force of circumstances appears clearly to point out the speedy occupation of Africa to the south of the equator by the Anglo-Saxon race. The opening afforded by the Zougga and its great lake, and by the Jagga mountains, stand first among these propitious circumstances; the foundation of a settlement at Port Natal is also full of significance. Natal is at once a grazing, an agricultural, and cotton growing country. Mr. Charles Johnson, the Abyssinian traveller, has gone to that settlement with the view to ascertain the source of the Malalareen, an affluent of the Orange River; and, if he can, to afterwards work his way up into Abyssinia. There can be little doubt that the whole mountain and littoral districts that stretch upwards from Natal to the Zambesi, will be found to present good grazing and agricultural country.

Among other travellers in the interior, we must not omit to notice Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, who has travelled for many years in Eastern Africa, and who has started up the Nile in the hopes of being able to cross the continent to the Gambia. Baron von Müller has also carried an expedition up the White Nile, with the view of determining its source, and forming a settlement on its banks. In the event of his efforts proving so far successful, the baron, it is said, has determined to quit the Nile and to proceed westwards, endeavouring to reach the coast. This, it has been justly re-

marked by the learned President of the Royal Geographical Society, Captain W. H. Smyth, if capable of accomplishment, will be a splendid triumph, for, independent of the chorography of the several districts, reports—but certainly vague ones—from that part of the interior indicate an unexpected degree of civilisation; for we are even told of there being schools of instruction, where their written characters are peculiar, and perhaps more ancient than even those of the Arabs.

Baron von Müller's journey would form the complement to Dr. Krapf and Mr. Rebmann's labours; but there still remains a region between these districts and the Red Sea, corresponding to the *Regio Cinnamonifera* of the ancients, which demands both geographical and commercial inquiry. This district is said to abound in aromatics, spices, myrrh, ivory, ostrich feathers, aloes, indigo, cotton, and various other valuable articles of commerce. The gum-bearing mimosas extend from Suakun to Cape Guardafui, spreading far into the valleys of the interior to the south of Abyssinia, and it has been found that much of the so-called Mocha coffee is actually brought from Zeilah, where it is collected from the neighbourhood. "I should average," said Lieut. Cruttenden, "the quantity of gums exported from the Somali coast at 1500 tons, though occasionally, after a good season, I believe that the Mijertheyn tribe alone export that quantity." It is gratifying to know that Dr. Carter, a zealous and intelligent traveller, now at Bombay, has undertaken to explore this country under the auspices of the East India Company, of the Royal Geographical Society, and of Sir Charles Malcolm, who, for upwards of fifteen years, has been anxious to bring such an exploration to an issue.

It is also truly satisfactory to hear, that besides what Mr. Oswell is doing, that Mr. Francis Galton, a zealous member of the Geographical Society, inured to African climate and travel, sailed in April for the Cape and Algoa Bay, provided with three boats, constructed here upon the most approved principles, and well furnished with provisions in their most concentrated form, as well as a plentiful stock of instruments, arms, medicines, and trinkets of all sorts. His object is to visit the Zouga, Lake Ngami, and to penetrate northwards by means of the rivers flowing into the lake. Mr. Galton is accompanied by a Swede, Mr. Andeson, and the party are provided with letters from Earl Grey to the authorities at the Cape.

Lastly, it only remains to be mentioned, that while fresh glimpses of the interior are thus promised to us by travellers from almost every direction, that the Atlantic shores of this same continent are being constantly more disclosed by our cruisers and traders, and the recent appointment of Captain Becroft, a zealous philanthropist and geographer, to the office of consul-general for West Africa, may be deemed a most fortunate incident for these benighted regions.

## DARING BURGLARY IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

*From the London Standard* BY MR. JOLLY GREEN.

[Although the age of highwaymen—as it flourished in the last century—is past, the same, unfortunately, cannot be said with regard to the burglars, their successors. The cry of alarm resounds from far and near, in the dark streets of Birmingham, on the open heaths of Surrey, amid the sheltered glades of Kent and Sussex, and in the civilised region of the Regent's Park. It is no wonder, then, that the suburban districts of the metropolis should come in for their share of the prevailing epidemic; and the following narrative, communicated by our old and esteemed correspondent, Mr. Jolly Green, will therefore be read with more regret than astonishment.—Ed. N. M. M.]

As the British public are tolerably familiar with my habits, though some time has past since I last had the pleasure of shaking hands with them in print, they will probably be glad to learn something of the more recent proceedings of one who—he flatters himself he may safely say it—is not the least adventurous of the Anglo-Saxon race.

I have, as usual, been passing the summer and autumn in continental travel; and in the course of my peregrinations have visited the smoking waters of Germany, the freeborn lakes and mountains of Switzerland, the dismasted cities of Italy (wrecks of opinion as well as of circumstances), the oily plains of Languedoc, and the bear-clad forests of the Pyrenees; at one moment casting a scrutinising eye on men and manners, and at another tracking the eagle to his airy den amid the deep fastnesses of Nature in her sublimest moods; now gaily sporting with the painted throng in the glitter of idle camps and courts, and anon hiding myself from the world in its most solitary gorges, with a sternness of purpose which Carthusian cenobites have rarely practised.

This course of life and these pursuits have naturally had their effect on my character, imparting to it, it may be, somewhat of the cynical, but, I trust, of the philosophical; for as we advance on the rugged mul of life, the humble *chalet* acquires attractions which the gilded saloon has ceased to offer, and we toil through the boulder-stones of adversity with a calmness which the downy couch of pleasure presents to our lips in vain!

It may, therefore, read be supposed that I have much to say for myself since last we met, but at this late period of the month, and writing under the excitement of events of more recent occurrence, calculated to paralyse the functions even of the most foolhardy, I shall not here enter into a history of my travels, or record the opinions to which they have given birth. Let them, if they are worth telling, be told hereafter. I advert to them now, solely for the purpose of putting the public in possession of my general antecedents, in order that the link that binds us may not be altogether broken.

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It was on the 14th of October last, at about the hour of half-past five in the afternoon, when the sun was preparing to plunge into his ocean-bed, that the bronzed features of a traveller, who by his costume and general bearing might easily have been taken for a military man—as, indeed, in one sense he really was—might have been seen emerging from the cabin

of the *Princess Clementine*, which was at that moment entering the port of Folkestone. His brow was thoughtful, but there was a gleam of pride in his manly eye which revealed to the watchful custom-house agent, who observed his movements, that the traveller was a Briton, and, with the well-tutored sagacity of his class, he rightly conjectured that the stranger was returning to his native land. A few short hours—that is to say, exactly five months before—he had, on the self-same spot, uttered that tuneful “Good night” which all Englishmen recite, unless they are prevented by sea-sickness, or are unacquainted with the poem. On this occasion he cast his eyes towards the coast of France, and mentally murmuring, “Bon soir,” ascended the accommodation-ladder, and felt that his foot was on his native shingle, and that his name was Jolly Green. Henceforward, therefore, he abandons the Cæsarian operation and speaks in his own person.

The passage from Boulogne had not been a rough one, and the only inconvenience of travel which I had experienced since I left Paris at eight o'clock that morning, had been the want of sufficient time to enjoy a good meal on the journey; for, though the *vol-au-vents* at the Creil station are superb, and the *pâtage* at Amiens very good, half-a-dozen *pâtés* and a plate of *Julienne* (invented, I may as well mention, by the celebrated composer) are not quite enough to stay an Englishman's stomach, particularly when that Englishman had been hurried off without his breakfast by the fear of losing the train. This compelled abstinence, and the sharp sea breeze, had consequently whetted an appetite in itself naturally good, but now heightened to vulpine voracity, and the bill of fare at the Pavilion Hotel was not the least unwelcome sight that greeted me on that memorable occasion.

To give a great feast to my dinner, I had invited my old friend, Mr. Consul-General, to share it with me, and that gentleman being fortunately mured to Agner, I secured an agreeable companion, able and will do justice to the hecatomb of well-dressed viands concentrated for us.

And the prospect of so pleasant an evening, and being in no hurry, I took up from comfortable quarters, with half an hour also to spare before dinner was served, I took advantage of the interval before the post went out to send a few lines to my housekeeper, desiring her to get everything ready for my reception next day at Ventrobleu Villa, the architectural *bijou* which, the public may remember, I purchased last year in St. John's Wood. I had already written from Paris to announce my arrival in the course of the week, but as I was not at that time quite certain when I should set out, I could not fix the day. I also wrote to Mr. Tilbury, to whose safe keeping I always intrust my plate and certain portable articles of value during my absence from home, requesting him to send them back on the following morning at an early hour. I am no Sybarite, and whether I sleep in the middle of a furze bush, or in a bed of lavender, is a matter of perfect indifference to me; but when a man has been roughing it with chamois-hunters and muleteers for the better part of the autumn, he has no objection to sit down before a damask tablecloth in his own house, and eat his soup with a silver spoon, that happens to bear the well-known crest of his forefathers.

How Mr. Faulkener and I passed the evening of the 12th of October, let the records of the Pavilion Hotel declare. Whatever the soundest port can embalm is bottled up in the choicest of memory's bins,

while the cobwebs of the brain are swept away by the wing of the bacchanalian bee.

I seldom read the newspapers when I am abroad, except *Galvani*, when I can meet with it, and I was therefore indebted chiefly to Mr. Faulkener for a knowledge of what was going on in England. He spoke of Mr. Paxton's crystal palace in Hyde Park, which he said was advancing rapidly; a circumstance which caused me no envy, although, had I been in this country when the designs were sent in, I am afraid his chance of success would have been a bad one. He described the recent visit of the Nepalese ambassador to London, but that I was already aware of, having seen the *New Monthly*, which gave a complete account of it, in the reading-room at Geneva. I also knew, a little more than he was aware, of the proceedings of that Oriental potentate, having met him *incognito* several times during his stay in Paris. The Consul-General talked also of the late rage for ballooning; but at this I was *au fait* as he was, having been invited by M. Poitevin to make an ascent myself after his successful experiment with the donkey. But of more domestic matters I was ignorant, and amongst the things that principally excited my interest, it was news to me to learn that an Englishman's house can no longer be considered his castle; not so much from a perfidious violation by the prime minister of the rights of that sacred palladium, the Habeas Corpus (which was wrung from the tyrant John, on Ascot Heath race-course, in the presence of all his barons), as from the rapid progress which was being made nightly by the Secret Society of United Housebreakers, who, at the rate which they had lately been going at, would (said Faulkener) leave scarcely a mansion in the kingdom ungutted, and its contents in the melting-pot, on this side of Christmas.

To knit my brow, and inwardly clench my fist, <sup>ang</sup> ad anon <sup>his</sup> imaginary weapon at the heads of the Secret Society, was, <sup>a</sup> sternness of first impulse, as it would be that of every man of latent en- <sup>my</sup> philosophy in aid, I contented myself with an outward <sup>ad</sup> their effect, a donic contempt at what I was inclined to consider the <sup>logical</sup>, but <sup>the</sup> of a panic, engendered by the knowledge that, during the <sup>last</sup> <sup>months</sup>, the body politic had been left almost wholly in a defenceless state, by the absence of her most vigorous members.

"We shall set these things to rights, Faulkener," said I, pledging him in a ruby bumper, "before you and I are many days older. When Brennus came back to the Roman capitol he speedily routed the Gauls."

"Wasn't it the geese that saved the capitol?" inquired the Consul-General.

I saw that my friend was confusing historical events, so I quietly changed the subject to the general politics of Europe, on which theme, as my recent experience well qualified me, I was enabled very considerably to astonish him.\*

On the following morning, after breakfast, I started by the ten o'clock train for London. My brougham was waiting for me at the station, and Pinker, my faithful valet—who, from the fidelity of his nature, must, I

\* We gladly seize this opportunity of expressing our acknowledgments to the above very obliging gentleman, whose polite attentions we have frequently experienced when crossing the Channel. Mr. Faulkener's services, we imagine, are likely to be called into extensive employment during the great Exposition of next year. His assistance must be invaluable to foreigners, whether coming as visitors or exhibitors; and to all such we heartily recommend him.—ED. N. M. M.

know, have suffered an immense deal of anguish of mind during my absence—had accompanied it. I would have taken the poor fellow abroad with me, but his ignorance of continental languages and manners, and his repugnance to foreign cookery, induced me to leave him behind on board wages. But, like the French beans and kidney potatoes on which the Hebrew captives thrive so amazingly, when they were thrown into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar, board wages had evidently agreed with him as well as the beef and mutton which he was in the habit of eating when I was at home, and I don't think I ever saw him looking in better condition,—a clear proof that physical improvement is by no means incompatible with mental anxiety.

Although, as is well known, I am one who never suffers idle fears to take possession of me, the Consul-General's accounts of the Secret Society of United Housebreakers had more than once recurred to my memory during my journey to town, and it was not without a secret sense of satisfaction I learnt from Pinker that everything was all right at Ventrebleu Villa; Mr. Tilbury had already sent home the plate-chest, the housekeeper was giving the last polish to the furniture, the cook was busily preparing dinner, and, as I afterwards discovered, when I entered my dressing-room, the good creature himself, in his solicitude for his master's health, had actually aired my bootjack. It was a touching mark of affection, and one of those not easily forgotten. I had already made my will before I went abroad, and I now inwardly resolved to add a codicil in favour of Pinker.

To be brief with this part of my story, I returned to Ventrebleu Villa, and found my Lares and Penates carefully dusted, and sitting on the chimney-piece, exactly where I had left them. Good servants are, indeed, a treasure, and happy is the man, as Pope says, who has his quiver full of them.

It was somewhere about three o'clock when I reached home, and though the villa and grounds are not very capacious, but sufficing admirably for a bachelor's wants—(I am, as a gallant officer observed a few years since, in a letter to the *Times*, on his return from India, "still a bachelor")—I was fully occupied until dusk in looking over the place. Mrs. Brushwood, my housekeeper, had ordered me a very nice little dinner (cod and oyster sauce—a rumpsteak and ditto, and a roast pheasant, things you don't meet with every day on the Continent), and though I might, perhaps, have missed the volatility of society which I had lately been enjoying in Paris, the fact of being comfortably at home more than made up for any sense of solitude. Indeed, when I drew my chair up to the fire, sipping my wine and cracking my walnuts, and when the latter were finished, taking up the *Globe* newspaper and turning to my favourite column of "Fashion and Table-talk," my enjoyment was complete, and even the fair face of the Swiss maiden who ferried me over the lake of Brienz was forgotten.

I must here interrupt the narrative of my own occupations to say that, in order to celebrate my return home and render it welcome to my household, I had sent them a bottle of brandy to make a flowing bowl of punch wherewith to drink my health, my valet Pinker possessing no slight skill in combining the necessary ingredients. That they were mirthful on the occasion is not to be wondered at, nor was I displeased, as the sounds reached my ear, to think that my gift was appreciated. But although the voice of song was not silent, after a time I ceased to notice it, as I

gradually became absorbed in the very subject which had formed the most interesting part of Mr. Faulkener's communication on the preceding evening. It was no longer the "Table-talk" which occupied me, but an account of a daring attempt that had been made, scarcely eight-and-forty hours previously, by a *partie guarrée* of determined robbers, on the house of a well-known gentleman who resided only a short distance from my present abode. The details were very circumstantial, and there was one feature connected with them which was very gratifying to the feelings of the owner of a mansion, and that was the vigilance and courage displayed by the gentleman's servants.

"If," said I to myself, "a given number of men living on board-wages only—as I take it for granted these were—and unsuited by the light of their master's countenance, could so valiantly and efficiently conduct themselves, what may not I expect, whose beneficence my domestics at this moment are tasting, should it accidentally chance that a similar attempt were made upon this villa!"

I mused upon this theme for some time, in the course of which I finished my bottle of port—and then, rising to my feet—on which, I beg to assure the public, I stood remarkably steady—I rang for a chamber-candlestick, and merely desiring, with the military brevity which is as much my characteristic as that of another great man who shall be nameless, that Pinker should see all safe for the night, dismissed my valet and, as the poet says, "sought my weary couch."

I cannot tell whether it was a presentiment of evil, such as Plutarch says he felt before the battle of Philippi, when the ghost of Brutus made his appearance in his tent, or whether I was impressed with what I had just been reading, but I could not help wishing that I had a six-barrelled revolver to put under my pillow, as Captain Slasher, of the Surrey yeomanry, says he does every night. However, I glanced at the trusty blade which had never failed me at any of the fancy balls where I had worn it in the costumes of a Greek or Circassian chieftain, and which always hung in its crimson velvet sheath near my bed-head, and the sight reassured me. I had never yet cloven a man to the chine, but I felt that it was in me to do so should circumstances call up the necessity; and with this thought I lay down to rest.

How long I may have slept I know not, for, by a singular fatality, I had forgotten to wind-up the little Black Forest clock that usually chimes in the corner of my bed-chamber; but it might have been midnight, or thereabouts, when I was awakened by hearing a creaking noise on the staircase, as if some one were stealthily ascending. I started up on, what the French call, the *séant*, and listened attentively. All, however, was still for some moments, and I began to think that my imagination had deceived me, that, perhaps, it was the latest of my household retiring to repose, and proceeding carefully, in order not to disturb my slumbers. But, just as I was on the point of lying down again, I distinctly heard another creak, then a hoarse whisper, and then the handle of my bedroom door was noiselessly turned, and a flood of moonlight streaming in, I beheld three figures, masked and armed to the teeth, standing in the doorway. They did not stand there long, nor did I remain long in my sitting posture; for, whipping out of bed on the side opposite to that by which the assassins were preparing to enter, I flew to the bell-rope, which I pulled with all my might, crying out lustily



all the time for my servants to come to my assistance. I cannot tell how it happened, but no bell responded to my vigorous efforts, and I suppose the ruffians must have had the forethought to cut the wire; but why my servants failed to respond, is a perfect mystery to me still, unless, indeed, like Macbeth, they were overcome with the fumes of their evening potation. Failing to obtain the desired help, I then rushed to the wall and snatched my sabre, but the damp had probably affected the steel, and I found I could not draw it from the sheath. I grasped it notwithstanding, and arming myself, as with a buckler, with the readiest utensil I could lay my hands on, I ejaculated, in the words of Byron,

“Come one, come all, these rocks shall fly  
From their firm base, as soon as I!”

“Hold your jaw!” said a gruff voice, “and get into bed again; we don’t mean to do you no hurt, if you’ll only be quiet.”

“Ruffians!” I exclaimed, “is this the reception a patriot householder meets with on the very first night of his return to his native element?”

“Element be d—d!” said the same voice; “all we want is the swag. Vere did you say the keys was a-laying?” he asked of one of his disguised companions.

“H—sh!” was the reply; “gag him first, and then we can do the job quietly.”

This was spoken in a very low tone, but, low as it was, I distinctly heard it; and, although the idea was perfectly ridiculous, the voice of the man who answered was as like Pinker’s as two ticks of a clock are to each other. He who had last spoken then seized a pillow from the bed, and holding it over his head to guard him from my uplifted sabre, made a rush at me, while his fellow with a heavy *bâton* completely smashed the shield which I brandished aloft in my left hand. It was impossible to resist the force of this combined onslaught, and I fell like Pompey at the base of Cæsar’s statue; but, although more lightly attired than even a Highland Duke, I fortunately escaped mutilation from the fragments of earthenware that surrounded me.

To seize upon my prostrate form, and bind my hands and feet with my own towels, was, with these accomplished scoundrels, only the work of an instant, and the dexterity with which they gagged me with my nightcap would have excited my admiration had it been performed upon anybody else. After rummaging the room, and clearing my dressing-table of my watch, with its fashionable sporting chain, representing a boar hunt, in gold and oxydised silver, the very latest Paris invention; of half-a-dozen *brioche*s (I think they call them) which were attached to it; of my purse, containing a twenty pound note, some twenty-two sovereigns, and odd money; of my ivory-mounted hair-brushes, and silver-handled shaving-brush; and of the identical keys which they sought; besides possessing themselves of as many of my garments as they could load themselves with; they finally left the apartment, my gruff-voiced friend specially enjoining me, in no very friendly tone, to “lie still and be d—d.”

There was no difficulty in lying still, for the fellow who had knotted the towels round my limbs had taken the most effectual means to prevent my moving; and thus, unable to shout, unable to stir, I lay like Richard Cœur de Lion in Front de Bœuf’s castle, or the Haré and many friends, while the work of devastation went on below. To compensate, however,

for the loss of motion and utterance, my sense of hearing became doubly acute—painfully so, indeed—as I could distinctly hear the splitting sound of a drawer or cupboard being forced open, accompanied by a half-suppressed oath consigning some refractory key to perdition; if I was not deceived, I also heard the occasional jingle of a bottle and the rattle of knives and plates. It was true, then, what the Consul-General had told me, and the Secret Society of United Housebreakers were actually gutting the villa. I tortured myself with a thousand questions as to how the burglars could have effected their entrance, having “Chubbs” upon every door, besides which the invaluable Pinker had, without doubt, drawn every bolt. But it was useless to conjecture. There they were, and there, like a wounded Paladin, lay the helpless Jolly Green. At length all was still, as if, their object being accomplished, the burglars had retired. Prudence, however, counselled me to remain quiet for a time, lest this unnatural silence should form part of a scheme against my life. But after the lapse of half an hour, the idea that they were really gone inspired me with unusual energy, and I once more struggled with my bonds. Had any one been looking on at the time, the scene must forcibly have recalled the throes of the infant Hercules strangling the Laocœon in his cradle, or Samson in the toils of the Philistines. But I was not so successful as either Hercules or Samson—the towels still held me fast. Ingenuity, however, as the copy-book observes, is the mother of invention, and a bright idea suddenly struck me. I had read how the native Indians approach their unsuspecting foes beneath the shadow of the midnight-wigwam, and by imparting an eel-like movement to my frame, and forcing myself along the floor by means of my heels and elbows, I was enabled to crawl on my back towards the door. It took me some time to do this, and by the time I had reached the landing-place, the icy chill in which my limbs had been locked began to give way to a preternatural glow, with some very sensible abrasions also on the more prominent portions of my cosmogony. But this I heeded not in my desire to get free, and I renewed my exertions with increased zeal. Unfortunately I had forgotten the point to which I had crawled, and making one or two digs more vehement than their predecessors, I tipped over a flight of steep stairs, and went rolling down head foremost to the bottom. I was terribly bruised, as may be supposed, but my presence of mind did not forsake me; and what, perhaps, was nearly as lucky, the nightcap, which the ruffians had stuffed into my mouth, fell out, and I was ungagged!

It was then that I made use of my voice, and this time it was not with a barren result. The servants at last were roused, and came hurrying down stairs, rubbing their eyes, and yawning wide, as if still under the influence of a powerful lethargy. But Pinker was not amongst them!

Directing the housemaids to retire, I desired the coachman, when he had removed my manacles, to bring me some of his garments, my own having disappeared in the *mêlée*, and, attired rather oddly, I went down stairs, attended by him and my page, to search for the body of the murdered Pinker, for I made no doubt the faithful fellow had sold his life in my defence. My prognostications seemed true, as we found him lying, to all appearance dead, at the dining-room door; his coat was torn right up the middle of his back, and his left arm was in a sling. He

breathed, however, and though he had evidently made a noble fight of it, there were no traces of blood. After a considerable interval, during which my household had fully assembled, and were endeavouring to ascertain the extent of my loss, while the coachman went in search of the police, Pinker began to exhibit signs of returning consciousness. He opened his eyes, raised himself partially, and passed one hand wildly across his brow, gazing fixedly all the time at the empty row of coat-pegs in the hall. At length he uttered the words—

“My poor master!”

It was not without a good deal of trouble that I succeeded in convincing him that, except the few bruises and abrasions which I have mentioned, I was perfectly safe. He then briefly, and almost inarticulately, described to me the events of that dreadful night; how he had been awakened, about a quarter to twelve o'clock, by the noise of the burglars attempting the lower premises; how he had stationed himself in the scullery with a poker in each hand; how the housebreakers had somehow effected an entrance in a way unknown to him; how he had battled with them till his senses failed him; and how he remembered nothing more.

At this juncture two policemen arrived, and with the alacrity which distinguishes that body, began immediately to hunt for the robbers, in the coal-cellar, the dustbin, and amongst the fallen leaves in the garden; they even searched the water-butt, though it was full to the brim. But it was quite in vain; the burglars had escaped, and taken with them the plate-chest, the money and valuables I have named, with various other costly articles, and a large quantity of wearing apparel. The mystery of the bottle and glasses became also apparent, for in my own dining-room the villains had finished the job by emptying the cellaret and demolishing a fresh pigeon-pie, which Mrs. Brushwood had placed on the sideboard ready for my breakfast.

All the servants were in a state of consternation; but Pinker was inconsolable, though, had every one been on the alert like him, the misfortune could not have happened.

I asked the elder of the two policemen what he thought of the affair, and whether it was likely he could obtain any clue to the robbers. He shook his head and screwed up his mouth, and then said he couldn't say till he saw more of it.

“In my opinion, sir,” he added, with a mysterious wink of his left eye, “it's a *put-up thing*; but Sergeant Lynx, of the Detectives, will tell you more about that.”

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October 16, 8 A.M.

Sergeant Lynx has been here, and, though he was scarcely ten minutes on the premises, has taken my faithful valet Pinker into custody!

## SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

## CHAPTER LVII.

## THE TRIGGER.

GUSTAVUS JAMES'S internal qualms being at length appeased, Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey returned to bed, but not to sleep—sleep there was none for him. He was full of indignation and jealousy, and felt suspicious of the very bolster itself. He had been insulted—grossly insulted. Three such names—the “Woolpack,” “Old Guts,” and “Bellows-to-mend”—no gentleman, surely, ever was called before by a guest, in his own house. Called, too, before his own servant. What veneration, what respect, could a servant feel for a master who he heard called “Old Bellows-to-mend?” It damaged the respect inspired by the chairmanship of the Stir-it-stiff Union, to say nothing of the trusteeship of the Sloppyhocks, Tolpuddle, and other turnpike-roads. It annihilated everything. So he fumed, and fretted, and snorted, and snored. Worst of all, he had no one to whom he could unburden his grievance. He durst not make the partner of his bosom a partner in his woes, because—and he bounced about so that he almost shot the clothes off the bed, at the thoughts of “why.”

Thus he lay, tumbling and tossing, and fuming and wheezing and puffing, now vowing vengeance against Leather, who he recollected had called him the “Woolpack,” and determining to have him turned off in the morning for his impudence—now devising schemes for getting rid of Mr. Sponge and him together. Oh, could he but see them off! could he but see the portmanteau and carpet-bag again standing in the passage, he would gladly lend his phaeton to carry them anywhere. He would drive it himself for the pleasure of knowing and feeling he was clear of them. He wouldn't haggle about the pikes; nay, he would even give him a gibby, any he liked—the pick of the whole—Napoleon Bonaparte, Wellington, a crowned head, even though it would damage the set. So he lay, rolling and restless, hearing every clock strike; now trying to divert his thoughts, by making a rough calculation what all his gibbics put together were worth; now considering whether he had forgotten to go for any he had marked in the course of his peregrinations; now wishing he had laid one about old Leather, when he fell on his knees after calling him the “Woolpack;” and then wondering whether he would have had him before the County Court for damages, or taken him before Justice Slowcoach for the assault. As morning advanced, his thoughts again turned upon the best mode of getting rid of his most unwelcome guests, and he arose and dressed, with the full determination of trying what he could do. •

Having tried the effects of an up-stairs shout the morning before, he decided to see what a down one would do; accordingly, he mounted the stairs and climbed the sort of companion-ladder that led to the servants' attics, where he kept a stock of gibbics in the rafters. Having reached this, he cleared his throat, laid his head over the banisters, and putting an open hand on each side of his mouth to direct the sound, exclaimed, with a loud and audible voice,

"BARTHOLO—*m—e—w*!"

"BAR—THO—LO—*m—e—w*!" repeated he, after a pause, with a full separation of the syllables and a prolonged intonation of the *m—e—w*. No Bartholomew answered.

"MURRY ANN!" then halloed Jog, in a sharper, quicker key.

"MURRY ANN!" repeated he, still louder, after a pause.

"Yes, sir! here, sir!" exclaimed that invaluable servant, tidying her pink-ribboned cap as she hurried into the passage below. Looking up, she caught sight of her master's great sallow chaps hanging like a fitch of bacon over the garret banister.

"Oh, Murry Ann," bellowed Mr. Jog at the top of his voice, still holding his hands to his mouth, as soon as he saw her, "oh, Murry Ann, you'd better get the (puff) breakfast ready; I think the (gasp) Mr. Sponge will be (wheezing) away to-day."

"Yes, sir," replied Mary Ann.

"And tell Bartholomew to get his washin' bills in."

"He harn't had no washin' done," replied Mary Ann, raising her voice to correspond with that of her master.

"Then his bill for postage," replied Mr. Jog, in the same tone.

"He harn't had no letters neither," replied Mary Ann.

"Oh, then, just get the breakfast ready," rejoined Jog; adding, "he'll be (wheezing) away as soon as he gets it, I rather think, I (puff) expect."

"*Will he,*" said Mr. Sponge to himself, as, with throbbing head, he lay tumbling about in bed, alleviating the recollections of the previous day's debauch with an occasional dive into his old friend "Mogg." Corporally, he was in bed at Puddingpote Bower, but, mentally, he was at the door of the Goose and Gridiron, in St. Paul's Churchyard, waiting for the three o'clock buss, coming from the Bank to take him to Isleworth Gate.

"Jog's bellow to Bartholo—*m—e—w*" interrupted the journey, just as in imagination Mr. Sponge was putting his foot on the wheel and halloaing to the driver to hand him the strap to help him into the box.

"*Will he,*" said Mr. Sponge to himself, as he heard Jog's reiterated assertion that he would be wheezing away that day. "Wish you may get it, old boy," added he, tucking the now backless Mogg under his pillow, and turning over for a snooze.

When Mr. Sponge came down he found Jog in a very roomy, bright, green-plush shooting jacket, with pockets innumerable, and a whistle suspended to a button-hole. His nether man was encased in a pair of most dilapidated white moleskin that had been degraded from hunting into shooting ones, and whose cracks and darns showed the perils to which their wearer had been exposed. Below these were drab, horn-buttoned gaiters, and hob-nailed shoes.

"Going a-gunning, are you?" asked Mr. Sponge, after the morning salutation, which Jog returned most gruffly.

"I'll go with you," said Mr. Sponge, at once dispelling the delusion of his wheezing away.

"Only going to frighten the (puff) rooks off the (gasp) wheat," replied Jog, carelessly, not wishing to let Sponge see what a numb hand he was with a gun.

"I thought you told me you were going to get me a hare," observed Mrs. Jog; adding, "I'm sure shooting is a much more rational amuse-

ment than tearing your clothes going after the hounds;" eyeing the much dilapidated moleskins as she spoke.

Ladies, housekeeping ones at least, generally give the preference to shooting over hunting. It is more useful.

"Oh, if a (puff) hare comes in my (gasp) way I'll turn her over," replied Jog, carelessly, as if turning them over was quite a matter of course with him; "but I'm not (wheezing) out for the express purpose of shootin' one."

"Ah, well," observed Mr. Sponge, "I'll go with you all the same."

"But I've only got one gun," gasped Jog, determined not to have him, if he could help it.

"Then we'll shoot turn and turn about," replied Sponge, making an arm for his tea, the party having at length got set down to breakfast. "But where's my little friend, John James?" asked he, seeing his tormentor was not in his high chair by the side of mamma.

"Oh, *Gustavus* James," replied Mrs. Jog, with an emphasis on *Gustavus*; "*Gustavus* James is not very well this morning; had a little indigestion during the night."

"Poor little hound," observed Mr. Sponge, filling his mouth with hot kidney, glad to be rid for a time of the prodigy. "I thought I heard a row when I came home, which was rather late for an early man like me; but the fact was, nothing would serve Sir Harry but I should go with him to get some refreshment at a tenant's of his; and we got on, talking first about one thing, and then about another, and the time slipt away so quickly, that day was gone before I knew where I was; and though Sir Harry was most anxious—indeed, would hardly take a refusal—for me to go home with him, I felt that, being a guest here, I couldn't do it,—at least, not then; so I got my horse, and tried to find my way with such directions as the farmer gave me, and soon lost my way, for the moon was uncertain, and the country all strange both to me and my horse."

"What farmer was it?" asked Jog, with the butter streaming down his chin from a mouthful of thick toast.

"Farmer—farmer—farmer,—let me see, what farmer it was?" replied Mr. Sponge, again attacking the kidneys. Oh, Farmer Beanstraw, I should say."

"*Peastraw*, p'raps?" suggested Jog, colouring up, and staring intently at Mr. Sponge.

"*Peastraw*—*Peastraw* was the name," replied Mr. Sponge.

"I know him," said Jog; "*Peastraw*, of Stoke."

"Ah, he said he knew you," replied Mr. Sponge.

"Did he?" asked Jog, eagerly. "What did he say?"

"Say—let me see what he said," replied he, pretending to recollect. "He said I'd to make his compliments to you, and to say that there were some nice young ash saplings on his farm that you were welcome to cut."

"Did he?" exclaimed Jog; "I'm sure that's very (puff) polite of him. I'll (wheeze) over there the first opportunity."

"And what did you make of Sir Harry?" asked Mrs. Jog.

"Did you (puff) say you were going to (wheeze) over to him?" asked Jog, eagerly.

"I told him I'd go to him before I left the country," replied Mr. Sponge, carelessly; adding, "Sir Harry is rather too fast a man for me."

"Too fast for himself, I should think," observed Mrs. Jog.

"Fine (puff—wheeze) young man," growled Jog into the bottom of his cup.

"Have you known him long?" asked Mrs. Jogglebury.

"Oh, we foxhunters all know each other," replied Mr. Sponge, evasively.

"Well, now that's what I tell Mr. Jogglebury," exclaimed she. "Mr. Jog is so shy, that there's no getting him to do what he ought," added the lady.

"Ought (puff)—ought (wheeze)," retorted Jog, puffing furiously into his capacious shirt-frill. "It's one (puff) thing to know (puff) people out with the (wheeze) hounds, and another to go calling upon them at their (gasp) houses."

"Well, but my dear, that's the way people make acquaintance," replied his wife. "Isn't it, Mr. Sponge?" continued she, appealing to our friend.

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Sponge, "certainly; all men are equal out hunting."

"So I say," exclaimed Mrs. Jogglebury; "and yet I can't get Jog to call on Sir George Stiff, though he meets him frequently out hunting."

"Well, but then I can't (puff) upon him out hunting (wheeze), and then we're not all equal (gasp) when we go home."

So saying, our friend rose from his chair, and after giving each leg its usual shake, and banging his pockets behind to feel that he had his keys safe, he strutted consequentially up to the window to see how the day looked.

Mr. Sponge, not being desirous of continuing the "calling" controversy, especially as it might lead to inquiries relative to his acquaintance with Sir Harry, finished the contents of his plate quickly, drank up his tea, and was presently alongside of his host, renewing the overtures of his agreeable society.

Jog did his best to dissuade Mr. Sponge from accompanying him, observing that the birds were (puff) scarce and (wheeze) wild, and the (gasp) hares much troubled with the Tinkler Hatch poachers; but Mr. Sponge wanted to walk off his headache, and had also a fancy for seeing old Jog handle his gun.

Having cut himself some extremely substantial sandwiches, and filled his "monkey" full of sherry, our friend Jog slipped out the back way to loosen old Ponto, who acted the triple part of pointer, house-dog, and horse to Gustavus James. He was a great, fat, black-and-white brute, with a head like a hat-box, a tail like a clothes-peg, and a back as broad as a well-fed sheep. The old brute was so frantic at the sight of his master in his green coat, and wide-awake hat to match, that he jumped, and bounced, and barked, and rattled his chain, and set up such yells, that his row sounded all over the house, and soon brought Mr. Sponge to the scene of action, where stood our friend, loading his gun, and looking as consequential as possible. He had been debating in Mr. Sponge's absence whether it was better to leave him behind with Mrs. Jog, or incur the risk of his ridicule by having him; with him and he had about made up his mind that the latter would be best, when Mr. Sponge made his appearance.

"I shall only just take a (puff) stroll over moy (wheeze) ter-ri-to-ry," observed Jog, as Mr. Sponge emerged at the back door.

Jog's pace was about two miles and a half an hour, stoppages included, and he thought it advisable to prepare Mr. Sponge for the trial. He then shouldered his gun and waddled away, first over the stile into Farmer Stiffland's stubble, round which Ponto ranged in the most riotous, independent way, regardless of Jog's whistles and rates and the crack of his little knotty whip. Jog then crossed the old pasture into Mr. Lowland's turnips, into which Ponto dashed in the same energetic way, but these impediments to travelling soon told on his great buttermilk carcass, and brought him to a more subdued pace; still the dog had a good deal more energy than his master. Round he went, sniffing and hunting, then dashing right through the middle of the field, as if he was out on his own account alone, and had nothing whatever to do with a master.

"Why, your dog 'ill spring all the birds out of shot," observed Mr. Sponge; and, just as he spoke, *whirr!* rose a covey of partridges, eleven in number, quite at an impossible distance, but Jog fired all the same.

"Orl rot it, man, if you'd only held your something tongue," growled Jog, as he shaded the sun from his eyes to mark them down, "I'd have (wheezed) half of them over."

"Nonsense, man!" replied Mr. Sponge, "they were a mile out of shot."

"I think I should know my (puff) gun better than (wheeze) you," replied Jog, bringing it down to load.

"They're down!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, who, having watched them till they began to skim in their flight, saw them stop, flap their wings, and drop among some straggling gorse on the hill before them. "Let's break the covey; we shall bag them better singly."

"Take time (puff)," replied Jog, snorting into his frill, and measuring out his powder most leisurely. "Take time (wheeze)," repeated he; "they're just on the bounds of moy ter-ri-to-ry."

Jog had had many a game at romps with these birds, and knew their haunts and habits to a nicety. The covey consisted of thirteen at first, but by repeated blazings into the "brown of 'em," he had succeeded in knocking down two. Jog was not one of your concealed shots, who never fired but when he was sure of killing; on the contrary, he always let drive far or near; and even if he shot a hare, which he sometimes did, with the first barrel, he always popped the second into her, to make sure. The chairman's shooting afforded amusement to the neighbourhood. On one occasion a party of reapers, having watched him miss twelve shots in succession, gave him three cheers on coming to the thirteenth. But to our day. Jog had now got his gun reloaded with mischief, the cap put on, and all ready for a fresh start. Ponto, meanwhile, had been ranging, Jog thinking it better to let him take the edge off his ardour than conform to the rules of lying down or coming to heel.

"Now, let's on," cried Mr. Sponge, stepping out quickly.

"Take time (puff), take time (wheeze)," gasped Jog, waddling along; "better let 'em settle a little (puff). Better let 'em settle a little (gasp)," added he, labouring on.

"Oh no, keep them moving," replied Mr. Sponge—"keep them moving. Only get at 'em on the hill, and drive 'em into the fields below, and we shall have rare fun."



"But the (puff) fields below are not mine," gasped Jog.

"Whose are they?" asked Mr. Sponge.

"Oh (puff), Mrs. Moses's," gasped Jog. "My stoopid old uncle," continued he, stopping, and laying hold of Mr. Sponge's arm, as if to illustrate his position, but in reality to get breath—"my stoopid old uncle (puff) missed buying that (wheeze) land when old Harry Griper-ton died. I only wanted that to make moy (wheeze) ter-ri-to-ry extend all the (gasp) way up to Cockwhistle Park there," continued he, climbing on to a stile they now approached, and setting aside the top stone. "That's Cockwhistle Park, up there—just where you see the (puff) windmill—then (puff) moy (wheeze) ter-ri-to-ry comes up to the (wheeze) fallow you see all yellow with runch; and if my old (puff) uncle (wheeze) Crowdey had had the sense of a (gasp) goose, he'd have (wheezed) that when it was sold. Moy (puff) name was (wheeze) Jogglebury," added he, "before my (gasp) uncle died."

"Well, never mind about that," replied Mr. Sponge; "let us get on after these birds."

"Oh, we'll (puff) up to them presently," observed Jog, labouring away, with half a ton of clay at each foot, the sun having dispelled the frost where it struck, and made the land carry.

"*Presently!*" retorted Mr. Sponge. "But you should make haste, man."

"Well, but let me go my own (puff) pace," snapped Jog, labouring away.

"Pace!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge; "your own crawl, you should say."

"Indeed!" growled Jog, with an angry snort.

They now got through a well-established cattle-gap into a very rushy, squashy, gorse-grown pasture, at the bottom of the rising ground on which Mr. Sponge had marked the birds. Ponto, whose energetic exertions had been gradually relaxing, until he had settled down to a leisurely hunting-dog, suddenly stood transfixed, with the right foot up, and his gaze settled on a rushy tuft.

"*P-o-o-n-to!*" ejaculated Jog, expecting every minute to see him dash at it. "*P-o-o-n-to!*" repeated he, raising his hand.

Mr. Sponge stood on the tip-toe of expectation; Jog raised his wide-awake hat from his eyes, and advanced cautiously with the engine of destruction cocked. Up started a great hare; *bang!* went the gun with the hare none the worse. *Bang!* went the other barrel, which the hare acknowledged by two or three stotting bounds and an increase of pace.

"*Well missed!*" exclaimed Mr. Sponge.

Away went Ponto in pursuit.

"*P-o-o-n-to!*" shrieked Jog, stamping with rage.

"I could have wiped your nose," exclaimed Mr. Sponge, covering the hare with a hedge stake placed to his shoulder like a gun.

"Could you?" growled Jog; "'spose you wipe your own," our friend not understanding the meaning of the term.

Meanwhile, old Ponto went rolling away most energetically, the farther he went the farther he was left behind, till the hare having scuttled out of sight, he wheeled about and came leisurely back, as if he was doing all right.

Jog was very wrath, and vented his anger on the dog, who, he declared, had caused him to miss, vowing, as he rammed away at the charge, that

he never missed such a shot before. Mr. Sponge stood eyeing him with a look of incredulity, thinking that a man who could miss such a shot could miss anything. They were now all ready for a fresh start, and Ponto, having pocketed his objurgation, dashed forward again up the rising ground over which the covey had dropped.

Jog's thick wind was a serious impediment to the expeditious mounting of the hill, and the dog seemed aware of his infirmity, and to take pleasure in aggravating him.

"*P-o-o-n-to!*" gasped Jog, as he slipped and scrambled and toiled, sorely impeded by the incumbrance of his gun.

But *P-o-o-n-to* heeded him not. He knew his master couldn't catch him, and if he did, that he durstn't flog him.

"*P-o-o-n-to!*" gasped Jog again, still louder, catching at a bush to prevent his slipping back. "*T-o-o-o-h-o-o-o!* *P-o-o-n-to!*" wheezed he, but the dog just rolled his great stern, and bustled about more actively than ever.

"Haug ye! but I'd cut you in two if I had you!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, eyeing his independent proceedings.

"He's not a bad dog (puff)," observed Jog, mopping the perspiration from his brow.

"He's not a good 'un," retorted Mr. Sponge.

"D'ye think not (wheeze)?" asked Jog.

"I'm *sure* of it," replied Sponge.

"Serves me," growled Jog, labouring up the hill.

"Easy served," replied Mr. Sponge, whistling, and eyeing the independent animal.

"*T-o-o-h-o-o!* *P-o-o-n-to!*" gasped Jog, as he dashed forward on reaching level ground more eagerly than ever.

"*P-o-o-n-to!* *T-o-o-h-o-o!*" repeated he, in a still louder tone, with the same success.

"You'd better get up to him," observed Mr. Sponge, "or he'll spring all the birds."

Jog, however, blundered on at his own pace, growling—

"Most (puff) haste, least (wheeze) speed."

The dog was now fast drawing upon where the birds lit; and Mr. Sponge and Jog having reached the top of the hill, Mr. Sponge stood still to watch the result.

Up whirred four birds out of a patch of gorse behind the dog, all presenting most beautiful shots. Jog blazed a barrel at them without touching a feather, and the report of the gun immediately raised three brace more, into the thick of which he fired with similar success. They all skimmed away unhurt.

"Well missed!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge again. "You're what they call a good shooter but a bad hitter."

"You're what they call a (wheeze) fellow," growled Jog.

He meant to say "saucy," but the word wouldn't rise. He then commenced re-loading his gun, and lecturing *P-o-o-n-to*, who still continued his exertions, and inwardly anathematising Mr. Sponge. He wished he had left him at home. Then recollecting Mrs. Jog, he thought, perhaps, he was as well where he was. Still his presence made him shoot worse than usual, and there was no occasion for him to do that.

"Let *me* have a shot," said Mr. Sponge.

"Shot (puff)—shot (wheeze); well, take a shot if you choose," replied he.

Just as Mr. Sponge got the gun, up rose the eleventh bird, and he knocked it over.

"*That's* the way to do it!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, as the bird fell dead before Ponto.

The excited dog, unused to such descents, snatched it up and ran off. Just as he was getting out of shot, Mr. Sponge fired the other barrel at him, causing him to drop the bird and run yelping and howling away. Jog was furious. He stamped, and gasped, and fumed, and wheezed, and seemed like to burst with anger and indignation. Though the dog ran away as hard as he could lick, Jog insisted that he was mortally wounded, and would die. "He never saw so (wheeze) a thing done. He wouldn't have taken twenty pounds for the dog. No, he wouldn't have taken thirty. Forty wouldn't have bought him. He was worth fifty of anybody's money," and so he went on, fuming and advancing his value as he spoke.

Mr. Sponge stole away to where the dog had dropped the bird; and Mr. Jog, availing himself of his absence, retraced his steps down the hill, and struck off home at a much faster pace than he came. Arrived there, he found the dog in the kitchen, somewhat sore from the visitation of the shot, but not sufficiently injured to prevent his enjoying a most liberal plate of stick-jaw, supplied by a general contribution of the servants. Jog's wrath was then turned in another direction, and he blew up for the waste and extravagance of the act, hinting pretty freely that he knew who it was that had set them against it. Altogether he was full of troubles, vexations, and annoyances; and, after spending a most disagreeable evening with our friend Sponge, went to bed more determined than ever to get rid of him.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

### NONSUCH HOUSE AGAIN.

JOG slept badly again, and arose next morning full of projects for getting rid of his impudent, unceremonious, free-and-easy guest.

Having tried both an up and a down-stairs shout, he now planted himself immediately under Mr. Sponge's bedroom window, and, clearing his voice, commenced his usual vociferations.

"Bartholo—*m—e—w!*" whined he. "*Bartholo—m—e—w!*" repeated he, somewhat louder. "BAR—THOLO—*m—e—w!*" roared he, in a voice of thunder.

Bartholomew did not answer.

"Murry Ann!" exclaimed he, after a pause. "*Murry Ann!*" repeated he, still louder. "MURRY ANN!" roared he, at the top of his voice.

"Comin', sir! comin'!" exclaimed Mary Ann, peeping down upon him from the garret-window.

"Oh, Murry Ann," cried Mr. Jog, looking up, and catching the ends of her blue ribbons streaming past the window-frame, as she changed her nightcap for a day one,—"*Oh, Murry Ann, you'd better be (wheeze)in' forward with the (gasp) breakfast; Mr. Sponge will most likely be (wheeze)in' away to-day.*"

"Yes, sir," replied Murry Ann, adjusting the cap becomingly.

"You're wrong there, old buck," growled Leather, who was now busily engaged eating cold ham to his coffee and eggs in the cow-house, that "awful mean man," Mr. Jogglebury, having positively refused to let him have fried ham to breakfast, and so constrained him to help himself to half a ham, and boil it in the saddle-room pot, the deficiency being so skilfully hidden as to make the missing part appear to be concealed behind another ham, as some half-dozen of them hung against the back-kitchen wall,—“you be wrong there, old buck,” growled Leather, as he heard the foregoing; “he's half way to Sir 'Arry's by this time.”

And, sure enough, Mr. Sponge was, as none knew better than Leather, who had got him his horse, the hack being indisposed,—that is to say, having been out all night with Mr. Leather on a drinking excursion, Leather had just got home in time to receive the purple-coated, barefooted runner of Nonsuch House, who dropped in, *en passant*, to see if there was anything to stow away in his roomy corduroy trouser-pockets, and leave word that Sir Harry was going to hunt, and would meet before the house.

Leather, though somewhat muzzy, was sufficiently sober to be able to deliver this message, and acquaint Mr. Sponge with the impossibility of his “ridin' the 'ack.” Indeed, he truly said, that he had “been hup with him all night, and at one time thought it was all hover with him,” the all-overishness consisting of Mr. Leather being nearly all over the hack's head, in consequence of the animal shying at another drunken man lying across the road.

Mr. Sponge listened to the recital with the indifference of a man who rides hack horses, and coolly observed that Leather must take on the chestnut, and he would ride the brown to cover.

“Couldn't, sir, *couldn't*,” replied Leather, with a shake of the head and a twinkle of his roguish, watery grey eyes.

“Why not?” asked Mr. Sponge, who never saw any difficulty.

“Oh, sur,” replied Leather, in a tone of despondency, “it would be quite impossible. Consider wot a day the last one was; why, he didn't get to rest till three o'clock yesterday mornin'.”

“It'll only be walking exercise,” observed Mr. Sponge; “do him good.”

“Better valk the chestnut,” replied Mr. Leather; “Multum in l'avo hasn't 'ad a good day this I don't know wen, and will be all the better of a bucketin'.”

“But I hate crawling to cover on my horse,” replied Mr. Sponge, who liked cantering along with a flourish.

“You'll 'ave to crawl if you ride Erceles,” observed Leather, “if not walk. Bless you! I've been a nussin' of him and the 'ack most the 'ole night.”

“Indeed!” replied Mr. Sponge, who began to be alarmed lest his hunting might be brought to an abrupt termination.

“True, as I'm 'ere,” rejoined Leather. “He's just as much off his grub as he vos when he come'd in; never see'd an 'oss more reg'larly obfuscated—more completely dished—more——”

“Well, well,” said Mr. Sponge, interrupting the catalogue of grievances; “I s'pose I must do as you say—I s'pose I must do as you say; what sort of a day is it?”

"Vy, the day's not a bad day; at least, that's to say, it's not a werry hagggrivatin' day. I've seen a betterer day, in course; but I've also seen many a much worse day, and days at this time of year, you know, are apt to change,—sometimes, in course, for the better,—sometimes, in course, for the worser."

"*Is it a frost?*" snapped Mr. Sponge, tired of his loquacity.

"Is it a frost?" repeated Mr. Leather, thoughtfully; "is it a frost? Vy, no; I should say it *isn't* a frost,—at least, not a frost to 'urt; there may be a little rind on the ground and a little rawness in the hair, but the general concatenation——"

"*Hout tout!*" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, "let's have none of your dictionary words."

Mr. Leather stood silent, twisting his hat about.

The consequence of all this palaverment was that Mr. Sponge determined to ride over to Nonsuch House to breakfast, which would give his horse half an hour in the stable to eat a feed of corn. Accordingly, he desired Leather to bring him his shaving-water, and have the horse ready in the stable in half an hour, whither, in due time, Mr. Sponge emerged by the back door, without encountering any of the family. The ambling piebald looked so crest-fallen and woebegone in all the swaddling clothes in which Leather had got him enveloped, that Mr. Sponge did not care to look at the gallant Hercules, who occupied a temporary loose box at the far end of the dark stable, lest he should look worse. He, therefore, just mounted Multum in Pavo as Leather led him out at the door, and set off without a word.

"Well, hang me but you are a good judge of weather," exclaimed he to himself, as he got into the field at the back of the house, and found the horse made little impression on the grass. "*No frost!*" repeated he, breathing into the air; "why, it's freezing now, out of the sun."

On getting into Manyfold-lane our friend drew rein and was for turning back, but the resolute chestnut took the bit between his teeth and shook his head, as if determined to go on.

"Oh you *brute!*" growled Mr. Sponge, letting the spurs into his sides with a hearty good-will, which caused the animal to kick, as if he meant to stand on his head. "Ah, you *will*, will ye?" exclaimed Mr. Sponge, letting the spurs in again as the animal replaced his legs on the ground. Up they went again, if possible higher than before.

The brute was clearly full of mischief, and even if the hounds did not throw off, which there was little prospect of their doing from the appearance of the weather, Mr. Sponge felt that it would be well to get some of the nonsense taken out of him; and, moreover, going to Nonsuch House would give him a chance of establishing a billet there—a chance that he had been deprived of by the abundance of the potatoes and the abruptness of Sir Harry Scattercash's departure from Farmer Peastraw's on the former occasion. So saying, our friend gathered his horse together, and settling himself in his saddle, made his sound hoofs ring along the hard road.

"He *may* hunt," thought Mr. Sponge, as he rattled along; "such a rum beggar as Sir Harry may think it fun to go out in a frost. It's hard, too," said he, as he saw the poor turnip pullers, enveloped in their thick shawls, and watched them thumping their arms against their sides to drive the cold from their fingers' ends.

Multum in Pavo was a good sound constitutioned horse, hard and firm as a cricket-ball, a horse that would not turn a hair for a trifle even on a hunting morning, let alone on such a thorough chiller as this one was; and Mr. Sponge, after going along at a good round pace, and getting over the ground much quicker than he did when the road was all new to him, and he had to ask his way, at length drew rein to see what o'clock it was. It was only half-past nine, and already in the distance he saw the shining water and encircling woods of Nonsuch House.

"Shall be early," said Mr. Sponge, returning his watch to his waistcoat pocket, and diving into his cutty coat-pocket for the cigar-case. Having struck a light on the pommel of the saddle, he now laid the rein on the horse's neck and proceeded leisurely along, the animal stepping gaily and throwing its head about as if he was the quietest, most trustworthy nag in the world. If he got there at half-past ten, Mr. Sponge calculated he would have plenty of time to see after his horse, get his own breakfast, and see how the land lay for a billet.

It would be impossible to hunt before twelve; so he went smoking and sauntering along, now wondering whether he would be able to establish a billet, now thinking how he would like to sell Sir Harry a horse, then considering whether he would be likely to pay for him, and enlivening the general reflections by ringing his spurs against his stirrup-irons.

Having passed the lodges at the end of the avenue leading up to Nonsuch House, Mr. Sponge cocked his hat, twiddled his hair, felt his tie, and arranged for a becoming appearance. A sudden turn of the road brought him full upon the house. How changed the scene! Instead of scarlet-coated youths thronging the gravelled ring, ringing their spurs and flourishing their scented handkerchiefs and hunting-whips—instead of buxom Abigails and handsome mistresses hanging out of the windows, flirting and chatting and ogling, the door was shut, the blinds were down, the shutters closed, and the whole house had the appearance of mourning.

Mr. Sponge reined up involuntarily, startled at the change of scene. What could have happened! Could Sir Harry be dead? Could my lady have eloped? "Oh, that horrid Bugles!" thought he; "he looked like a gay deceiver." And Mr. Sponge felt as if he had sustained a personal injury.

Just as these thoughts were passing in his mind, a drowsy, slatternly charwoman, in an old black straw bonnet and grey bedgown, opened one of the shutters, and threw up the sash of the window by where Mr. Sponge sat, disclosing the contents of the apartment. The last wax-light was just dying out in the centre of a splendid candelabra on the middle of a table scattered about with claret-jugs, glasses, decanters, pine-apple tops, grape-dishes, cakes, anchovy-toast plates, devilled biscuit-racks—all the concomitants of a sumptuous entertainment.

"Sir Harry at home?" asked Mr. Sponge, making the woman sensible of his presence, by cracking his whip close to her ear.

"No," replied the dame, gruffly, at the same time commencing an assault upon the nearest chair with a duster.

"Where is he?" asked our friend.

"Bed, to be sure," replied the woman, in the same tone.

"Bed, to be sure," repeated Mr. Sponge. "I don't think there's any 'sure' in the case. Do you know what o'clock it is?" asked he.

"No," replied the woman, flopping away at another chair, and arranging the crimson curtains on the holders.

Mr. Sponge was rather nonplussed. His red coat did not command the respect that a red coat generally does. The fact was, they had such queer fellows in red coats at Nonsuch House, that a red coat was rather an object of suspicion than otherwise.

"Well, but my good woman," continued Mr. Sponge, softening his tone, "can you tell me where I shall find anybody who can tell me anything about the hounds?"

"No," growled the woman, still flopping, and whisking, and knocking the furniture about.

"I'll remember you for your trouble," observed Mr. Sponge, diving his right hand into his breeches' pocket.

"Mr. Bottleends be gone to bed," observed the woman, now ceasing her evolutions, and parting her grisly, disordered tresses, as she advanced and stood staring, with her arms akimbo, at the window. She was the under-housemaid's deputy or devil; all the servants at Nonsuch House doing the rough of their work by deputy. Lady Scattercash was a *real* lady, and liked to have the credit of the house maintained, which of course can only be done by letting the upper servants do nothing. "Mr. Bottleends be gone to bed," observed the woman.

"Mr. Bottleends!" repeated Mr. Sponge; "who's he?"

"The butler, to be sure," replied she, astonished that any person should have to ask who such an important personage was.

"Can't you call him?" asked Mr. Sponge, still fiddling in his pocket.

"Couldn't, if it was ever so," replied the dame, smoothing her dirty blue-checked apron with her still dirtier hand.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Sponge.

"*Why not?*" repeated the woman; "why, because Mr. Bottleends won't be disturbed by no one. He said when he went to bed that he hadn't to be called till to-morrow."

"Not called till to-morrow!" exclaimed Mr. Sponge; "then is Sir Harry from home?"

"From home, no; what should put that i' your head?"

"Why, if the butler's in bed, one may suppose the master's away."

"*Hout!*" snapped the woman. "Sir Harry's i' bed—Captin Seedeey-buck's i' bed—Captin Quod's i' bed—Captin Spangle's i' bed—Captin Bouncey's i' bed—Captin Cutitfat's i' bed—they're all i' bed 'cept me, and I've got the house to clean and right, and high time it was cleaned and righted, for they've not been i' bed these three nights any on 'em." So saying, she flourished her duster as if about to set-to again.

"Well, but tell me," exclaimed Mr. Sponge, "can I see the footman, or the huntsman, or the groom, or a helper, or anybody?"

"Deary knows," replied the woman, thoughtfully, resting her chin on her hand. "I dare say they'll be all i' bed too."

"But they are going to hunt, arn't they?" asked our friend.

"*Hunt!*" exclaimed the woman, "what should put that i' your head."

"Why, they sent me word they were."

"It'll be i' bed then," observed she, again giving symptoms of a desire to return to her dusting.

Mr. Sponge, who still kept his hand in his pocket, after the manner of

our esteemed friend Mr. Benjamin Buckram, sat on his horse in a state of stupid bewilderment. He had never seen a case of this sort before—a house shut up, and a master of hounds in bed when the hounds were to meet before the door. It couldn't be the case: the woman must be dreaming, or drunk, or daft, or all three.

"Well, but my good woman," exclaimed he, as the woman gave a punishing cut at the chair, as if to make up for lost time, "well, but my good woman, I wish you would try and find somebody who can tell me something about the hounds. I'm sure they must be going to hunt. I'll remember you for your trouble, if you will," added he, diving his hand up to the wrist in his pocket.

"I tell you," replied the woman slowly and deliberately, "there'll be no huntin' to-day. Huntu'!" exclaimed she; "how can they hunt when they've all had to be carried to bed."

"Carried to bed! had they?" exclaimed Mr. Sponge; "what, they were drunk, were they?"

"Drunk! ay, to be sure. What would you have them be?" replied the crone, who thought that drinking was a necessary concomitant of hunting.

"Well, but I can see the footman or somebody, surely," observed Mr. Sponge, fearing that his chance was out for a billet, and recollecting all Jog's "*Bartholo-m-e-ws!*" and "*Murry Anns!*" and intimations for him to start.

"'Deed you can't," replied the dame—"ye can see nobody but me," added she, fixing her twinkling eyes intently upon him as she spoke.

"Well, that's a pretty go," observed Mr. Sponge aloud to himself, as he dangled his spurs against his stirrup-irons.

"Pretty go or ugly go," snapped the woman, thinking it was a reflection on herself, "it's all you'll get;" and thereupon she gave the back of the chair a hearty bastinadoing as if in exemplification of the way she would like to serve Mr. Sponge out for the observation.

"I came here thinking to get some breakfast," observed Mr. Sponge, casting an eye upon the disordered table, and reconnoitring the bottles and the remains of the dessert.

"Did you," said the woman; "I wish you may get it."

"I wish I may," replied he. "If you would manage that for me, just some coffee and a mutton chop or two, I'd remember you," said he, still tantalising her with the sound of the silver in his pocket.

"Me manish it!" exclaimed the woman, her hopes again rising at the sound, "me manish it! how d'ye think I'm to manish sich things?" asked she.

"Why, get at the cook or the housekeeper or somebody," replied Mr. Sponge.

"Cook or housekeeper!" exclaimed she. "There'll be no cook or housekeeper astir here these many hours yet; I question," added she, "they get up to-day."

"What, they've been put to bed too, have they?" asked he.

"W-h-y no—not exactly that," drawled the woman; "but when sarvants are kept up three nights out of four, they must make up for lost time when they can."

"Well," mused Mr. Sponge, "this is a bother, at all events; get no breakfast, lose my hunt, and perhaps a billet into the bargain. Well,



there's sixpence for you, my good woman," said he at length, drawing his hand out of his pocket and handing her the contents through the window; adding, "don't make a beast of yourself with it."

"It's nabbut *fourpence*," observed the woman, holding it out on the palm of her hand.

"Ah, well, you're welcome to it whatever it is," replied our friend, turning his horse to go away. A thought then struck him. "Could you get me a pen and ink, think you?" asked he; "I want to write a line to Sir Harry."

"Pen and ink!" replied the woman, who had pocketed the groat and resumed her dusting, "I don't know where they keep no such things as pen and inks."

"Most likely in the drawing-room or the sitting-room, or perhaps in the butler's pantry," observed Mr. Sponge.

"Well, you can come in and see," replied the woman, thinking there was no occasion to give herself any more trouble for the fourpenny-piece.

#### THE TRACK OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

HAVING kept our readers *au fait* to the progress of Arctic research and discovery, and to the still more heart-stirring researches now being made after our long-lost countrymen, it behoves us to give some account of the traces that have been met with of Sir John Franklin's expedition, and the deductions to be founded upon this discovery. One of the vessels engaged in this most exciting of all hunts—her Majesty's ship *North Star*, Commander J. Sauanders—which went out in May, 1849, it is to be first observed, returned to Portsmouth September 28, 1850, after wintering in a small bay up Wolstenholme Sound, the farthest point to the north at which a British ship ever wintered before, without any tidings beyond rumours, little worthy of credit, of the missing expedition.

The *Prince Albert*, Commander Forsyth, which left Aberdeen on the 5th of June last, arrived at Aberdeen on the 1st of October, bringing, however, the intelligence of traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition having been discovered at Cape Riley at the entrance of Wellington Channel. These traces, it appears from a paper found by the *Prince Albert*, had been first discovered on the 23d of August, 1850, by Captain Ommanney and officers of her Majesty's ships *Assistance* and *Intrepid*, and who, it appears, "collected the remains of materials which evidently prove that some party belonging to her Majesty's ships had been detained at that spot, and that Beechey Island had also been examined, where traces were found of the same party." It is to be observed here, that the relics alluded to by Captain Ommanney have not reached this country, nor have any notices of the traces said to have been found by the same party in Beechey Island. It is also to be observed that Captain Ommanney, who had been detached from the squadron under Captain Austin, off Wolstenholme, on the 15th of August, was so far satisfied as to the indications afforded by the traces found at Cape Riley and Beechey Island, that he had, according to the notice found by Commander Forsyth

at the first-mentioned place, borne off at once to Cape Hotham and Cape Walker, to use his own words, "in search for further traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition."

Captain Forsyth had advanced as far as Cape Spencer at Wellington Channel, where he was met with impenetrable barriers of ice, and finding further search in that direction impossible, Mr. Snow, the second officer in command, was sent to examine Cape Riley. Here Mr. Snow found the notice of Captain Ommanney having been to the same spot, and he observed five places where tents had been pitched, or stones placed, as if they had been used for keeping the lower part of the tents down; also quantities of beef, pork, and birds' bones, and a piece of rope with what was then supposed to be the Woolwich mark upon it.

This piece of rope, brought home by Captain Forsyth, was forwarded by the Secretary at the Admiralty to the Captain Superintendent of the Chatham yard, who reported that the yellow worsted mark, the distinguishing mark of the Chatham and not the Woolwich yard, fixed the date of manufacture subsequent to 1824, and further, that supplies of rope of many sizes were sent to Woolwich in 1844 and 1845, and the latter year a supply of Arctic stores was sent from Chatham to Woolwich expressly for the *Erebus* and *Terror*. The master ropemaker and master attendant also reported that the piece of rope found at Cape Riley was manufactured from Hungarian hemp, and that such hemp was not used before 1841.

Captain Sir William Parry, reporting upon the same relics, as also upon a bit of canvas which it appears was also brought home by Captain Forsyth, says that Lieutenants Beechey and Hoppner landed at Cape Riley upon the first discovery of the coast on the 22nd August, 1819, by the expedition under Captain Sir William Parry, but they only remained on shore a few minutes, having been recalled in consequence of a fair wind springing up. The date of the manufacture of the rope is also subsequent to the year 1841. It could not, therefore, have been a relic of the expedition of 1819, nor a fragment of the stores of the *Fury* lost, in Prince Regent's Inlet, in 1825, and carried to Cape Riley by the Esquimaux, in the course of their peregrinations.

The party sent out by Sir James Ross to the northward from Port Leopold in 1848, did not land quite so far westward as Cape Hurd, and never approached Cape Riley within thirty miles.

"The above facts," says Sir William Parry, "appear to me to lead to the inevitable conclusion that the rope was left at Cape Riley by Sir John Franklin's expedition, and in all probability the canvas likewise, as that also bears the Queen's mark."

Sir John Richardson and Dr. A. Clark reported upon the bones and wood brought home from the same spot by Captain Forsyth, and it appears from that report that the bones were of beef, pig, and mutton; that they still contained animal matter, although they had been worn by attrition—that they none of them bore marks of teeth, which they would unquestionably have done had the place been visited by Esquimaux with dogs since they were deposited there, and that the said bones do not date more than four or five years back.

Other bones were found at the same spot belonging to walruses, seals, and reindeer, but which were imbedded in soil, and which may have lain there for a half or a whole century, or even longer.

"The whole evidence," says Sir John Richardson, "points to the de-

posit of the first-mentioned bones subsequent to Captain Beechey's visit, and prior to Sir James Ross's wintering at Cape Leopold, and therefore indicates that they were left by parties from Sir John Franklin's ships in the first year of his voyage, when the ships probably were detained waiting for an opening in the ice, and officers had landed from them to make observations."

Upon this latter point Colonel Sabine, who had the superintendence of the magnetical department, reported that Sir John Franklin's expedition would require more tents than any previous or any subsequent expedition. There were three magnetical instruments, each of which would require a separate tent, and besides these three, there would be required a fourth tent for miscellaneous observations, and a fifth for the protection of the observers. Some difficulty presented itself to Sir William Parry, in the size of the stone circles round the tents, stated by Mr. Snow to be twelve feet in diameter, but, as Sir William himself remarks, this may be explained by the stones being thrown from the centre, and the circle thus considerably enlarged when striking the tents. Some stones were also found placed so as to rest a kettle upon. It is a remarkable fact that the piece of rope, the most important relic of all, was accidentally found on a rock terrace six feet above the tents, or twenty feet above the water. It had thus been overlooked by Captain Ommanney, and remained as a talisman providentially to bring to this country satisfactory evidence, which might otherwise have remained with the officers of Captain Austin's expedition until next autumn.

There being little or no doubt, then, that a party from the missing expedition, under Sir John Franklin, landed at Cape Riley, it remains to consider what indications are afforded by these traces. It has been ingeniously suggested by a correspondent to the *Daily News*, that the ships of that ill-fated expedition are blocked up by the ice in Wellington Channel, and that the discovered relics are those of parties sent to Cape Riley during the brief summer season to look out for assistance. But if so, why was not the same party there in the summer of 1850? The answer would be of the most gloomy description. The relics being found at the entrance of Wellington Channel, would certainly seem to suggest that the expedition had gone up that channel; and Colonel Sabine himself admits that the quantity of remains of provisions found appear to be more than are likely to have been consumed by an observing party during the very short time that the instruments would have been put up at a temporary station. But traces were also found at Beechey Island. These may have been relics of a magnetic station, like that of Cape Riley, for the details of these observations would, it appears, have required a similar display of resources from the one ship as well as the other—the *Erebus* as the *Terror*; and they would have established their observations at some little distance apart from each other, because it would contribute to convey a character of independence to each.

Sir William Parry, we have seen, looks upon the station as having been occupied on the first year of the voyage, when the ships were probably detained waiting for an opening in the ice, and officers had landed from them to make observations. Sir John Richardson repeats almost the same words. Colonel Sabine is alone inclined to look upon the relics as the remains of a winter station; but he adds—"It is quite possible, however, to suppose that the ships may have been stopped during

the season of navigation, and, without any immediate prospect of getting on, the tents may have been established, and the instruments landed for observation."

Be this as it may, these relics attest, in the first place, that Sir John Franklin's expedition was not lost, as some have supposed, in Baffin's Bay, but that it had reached, on the first year of its adventurous voyage, as far as most subsequent expeditions have been able to go at any later season. That the expedition did not, arrived at this point, proceed up Wellington Channel, we think is satisfactorily determined by Captain Ommanney, who must be in possession of the best evidence, having, by the latest intelligence, sailed onwards in the direction of Cape Hotham and Cape Walker—the direction to which our hopes have always been directed.

The only further statement that it remains for us to make is that by the last advices, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* must this summer have reached the Arctic Seas by Behring's Straits. On the 25th of August the *Assistance* was within Cape Hotham, but the ice was reported as very heavy, extending all around, from Prince Leopold's Island to Cape Farewell, to the westward, so as to prevent any of the vessels getting to Cape Walker. Captain Penny, with the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, was pushing his way up Wellington Channel, but it was feared that the ice would ultimately be too strong for him, and that he would have to return home, leaving Captain Austin's squadron only to winter in the ice. The *Felix* was to make for Admiralty Inlet, and Sir John Ross intended to return to England. The American brigantine *Advance* was off Cape Riley; the American brig *Rescue* was close beset with ice near Cape Bowen. At the time of the departure of the *Prince Albert*, that vessel was unable to get into either Port Bowen or Port Leopold, where Sir John Ross wintered. Wellington Channel, and the channel beyond Leopold Island, appear also to have been completely blocked up with heavy ice. Under these circumstances, although, by some remote possibility, Captain Penny's or Sir John Ross's expeditions may bring some additional news, it is much to be feared that very little can be done until next season, when Captain Austin's expedition will be in an advanced and favourable position to commence operations. Of what avail the *Investigator* and *Enterprise* may have been on their side, it would be impossible to conjecture. To what efficient purposes ice-parties, balloons, and the other resources of the expeditions wintering in the Arctic seas may further be put to, it would be equally vain to speculate upon. Hope itself grows pale at the idea of our starving countrymen, if still alive, lingering in their icy prison for one more winter of cold, and darkness, and want! There is a Providence that watches over all: it may still restore the lost mariners, whose track has at length been struck, to their friends and country. But the very flicker of expectation raised by this discovery is almost at once extinguished by the lateness of the period at which that discovery was made, when the channels of the Icy Archipelago were closed with adamantine gates, and a long, dark winter had already once more settled down upon their unknown, undiscovered prison-house.

## LITERATURE.

## MR. FOLKESTONE WILLIAMS'S "LUTTRELLS."\*

THIS is a deeply interesting, heart-harrowing romance. Young Luttrell, the only son and heir of a widowed, wealthy, landed proprietor, is, by his father's neglect, allowed to acquire unchecked habits and passions, which can only end in mischief. A first manifestation of these is a secret marriage with Lucy, the fair daughter of a rough farming tenant, Giles Howles. Sorrow soon succeeds to this unbridled indulgence of the passions. Young Luttrell has to return to Eton, and in his absence the father—Major Luttrell—falls in love with pretty Lucy. Giles Howles is ignorant of his daughter's clandestine marriage, his affairs are in irretrievable confusion, and he forces upon his daughter a marriage of duty with his wealthy landlord. Lucy, however, softens the father with her tears and entreaties; induces him to listen to her story, and to forgive. At this conjuncture, young Luttrell arrives from a tour on the Continent, finds his Lucy about to become a mother, and upbraids her with so much violence that the father interferes and expels his son from the house. Soon afterwards the major dies by the hand of an assassin, and Walter leaves the country under the stigma of a parricide, and under the impression that his wife has been faithless to her nuptial vows,—and that, too, with a father!

The scene now changes. Walter is a private soldier, doing duty as a sentry before one of the palatial edifices of Calcutta, when, by one of those coincidences permissible in romance, he is recognised by a brother Etonian. This procures an amelioration to his sad lot; he studies the native languages, obtains a commission, and so distinguishes himself, that he is employed on a secret and arduous task of visiting a hostile city—Koondiah—governed by a Rancee, or native queen, of great renown. The adventures which befall our hero in this Hindoo stronghold, are exposed to the objection of an almost super-Orientalism. At home, the father robs the son of his wife; here, Walter falls in love with the daughter, and the mother becomes the rival. This is mere dalliance with the same idea under two different aspects. But the jealousy of the proud vindictive Rancee knows no bounds. The English spy is seized, cast into a dungeon, and loaded with chains, only to be drawn forth and exposed to wild beasts, to be torn to pieces. A hero of modern Hindoo romance possesses, however, all the qualifications of a Paladin of old. The wild beasts are triumphed over, the prison walls are reft, and the hero, Walter, set at liberty, to return at the head of an Anglo-Indian army to obtain revenge in the overthrow of the fortress and the slaughter of Koondians innumerable. But his beautiful Hindoo princess is not destined for him. The Rancee manages, as a last act of supreme jealousy, to effect her destruction just as Walter is revelling in the joy of having gained the long-wished-for prize.

Again the scene changes. Walter Luttrell is a somewhat aged officer, experienced in service, and high in command, when an Ensign Luttrell arrives to join.

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\* The Luttrells; or the Two Marriages. By Folkestone Williams, Esq. Author of "Shakspeare and his Friends," "Maids of Honour," &c. Henry Colburn.

"I suppose," said the now Colonel Luttrell, indifferently, "you are one of the Luttrells of Dunster Castle?"

"Oh, no, colonel!" was the answer. "I am one of the Luttrells of Dorrington. I am the only son of Major Luttrell, of Mount Conyers, in ———shire. Pray shall I call your servant? You seem ill."

"No, no!" I exclaimed, inarticulately, and I waved him away. I could not speak, and sank back gasping in my seat as he left the room. He was my brother!

A long letter from the unfortunate Lucy Luttrell, which occupies no small portion of the third volume, first informs the colonel of the true state of things; that she, Lucy, never had been a wife to Major Luttrell, his father; and that the young ensign is his, Colonel Walter Luttrell's, son. It is strange, when a leading idea has taken possession of the mind, how it will sometimes cling to it, and torture it, till it is torn to tatters. Colonel Luttrell, previous to this discovery, induces the youth to believe by accidental circumstances that he is his rival in the affections of a detestable Anglo-Indian flirt, as Colonel Luttrell's father had been to him, the colonel. A duel follows, in which the colonel and father is wounded by the son. The latter, dismayed at thus wounding his commanding-officer, flies the service, and is not discovered till he is found heading a contingent, or auxiliary native force, in the Sikh campaign. At length a general reconciliation takes place. Colonel Luttrell is restored—it is to be hoped, not much the worse for long wear in an Indian climate and a little singeing from Hindoo love—to his Lucy, now full of womanly grace and dignity; while Walter, jun., is made the happy husband of a dear little *protégée* of the colonel's, a young girl orphaned by the loss of her parents in India.

#### THE DEVIL IN TURKEY.\*

THIS story purports to be written by one Stefanos Xenos, a Greek of the Levant, and not of the peninsula, and is probably correctly affiliated. The scene opens in Smyrna with a chapter of vanities. A sorry aping of European life in the *coulisses*, and at Mills's, the *restaurateur's*, which, to those intimate with what such things are at Constantinople and Smyrna, will be appreciated at its full value. Nor are the portraits of the hero Leonidas, or of his friend Alexander, calculated to win favour at the onset. They were both, as the boxkeeper, with Levantine familiarity, justly designated them to be, *archontopoula*, arch-chickens; or, to speak more politely, "princes of bantams." The introduction of a more genuine character, the runaway convict and coiner, and accomplice of the Grand Vizir Dai Vassos, and a midnight fight with the Turkish guard, at once relieve the foppishness of the first few pages, and give promise of stirring scenes and incidents to follow.

The scene changes to the Valley of Sweet Waters near Constantinople, where Sultan Mahmoud is holding a festival. The games are interrupted by the arrival of a mysterious stranger—yelept Daniel Coccoalos; but who subsequently turns out to be the Hospodar Calimachi, escaped from the dungeons of Adrianople, by proceedings

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\* The Devil in Turkey; or, Scenes in Constantinople. By Stefanos Xenos. Translated from the Author's unpublished Greek Manuscript, by Henry Corps, Member of the College of Preceptors. 3 vols. Effingham Wilson.

which bear a close analogy to those of the prisoner of If, and whose especial mission it is to disclose to the sultan the lamentations of his people, the abuses of those in power, the tyranny of subordinates, and, above all, the villainies of the Grand Vizir Dalbatan Pasha. These disclosures are made in part by the Devil, who visits the Padishah in a dream, and partly by the Hospodar himself, in sober conversation.

Again the scene changes to a house in Tataula, one of the most extensive quarters of Constantinople, wherein dwell a Greek family, the portraiture of whose crimes and evil practices, and whose moral hideousness and foul language, leave any similar descriptions, penned from European precedents, far in the background. Yet are these the widow and daughters of a Greek once rich and high in repute, but murdered for his wealth by the grand vizir. One fair girl, Malamatema by name, has lived untainted in this den of vice and infamy. Unfortunately, she has also a fair Armenian friend, who has married an English lord, and who, having the misfortune to pay her a visit, is first offered as a victim to the vizir, and, then murdered for her jewels by the Greek she-furies of the establishment.

Another person who plays a prominent part in this history is the young Smyrniote, Karaboudharas, who has been educated as a physician at Pisa, and who, by his acquaintance with chemistry, animal magnetism, &c., induces the ignorant Turks to believe that he is Satan himself. By these arts he rescues an unfortunate father from prison and torture, elopes with the grand vizir's wife, secures a mysterious chaplet, and ultimately aids powerfully in bringing about poetical justice—happiness for the innocent, punishment for the wicked.

It would be utterly impossible, however, to attempt to give an idea of the startling incidents with which this work is rife. Sultan Mahmoud is made to wander about in disguise, like the renowned Khalif Harun al Rashid. The calumnies against the Jews—at least, against one sect of the Jews—of making human sacrifices at Passover, are upheld; and scenes of horror and infamy are described as being enacted by the Vizir Dalbatan such as could only have been dreamt of, even in Constantinople, in times, it is to be hoped, now gone by for ever.

The present work is only one of a series. The author contemplates publishing a second series of "Scenes in Constantinople," in which, he says, the character of the Turk will appear to far greater advantage than it does in the present one. We are glad to hear this. The author is well qualified to make English readers intimate with both private and public life in the Levant; and, after feasting us with the horrors of Turkish misrule and violence, it will be a relief to peruse anything that in more recent times can assist in effacing the memory of such acts of a gloomy, insatiate tyranny.

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# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## MEMOIR OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL.

BY THE DEAN OF YORK.

[We are truly gratified in being enabled to lay before our readers the following Memoir of Sir Robert Peel, which exhibits the illustrious Statesman in a new and eminently pleasing light. "The public," says his biographer, "know how devoted he was to the service of his country and his sovereign; but they do not know how much more devoted he was to the service of his God. This they can only learn from those who watched him in private life, for there was no ostentation in his piety." It is with the view of affording such information that the Dean of York has undertaken the Memoir. He has shown us Sir Robert Peel, not only as a great man, but as a very good man—"as a true conscientious disciple of Jesus Christ;" and we fully agree in the opinion, that "great must be the value of such an example."—*Ed. N. M. M.*]

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens  
Uxor. HOR.

### CHAPTER I.

Infancy of Peel—Effects of Early Training—Instances of Firmness of Character when a Youth—Peel enters Parliament—Becomes Secretary for Ireland—Is elected for Oxford—Quarrels with O'Connell—Hostile Meeting prevented.

THE political career of the late Sir Robert Peel is so well known, and has been so often brought before the public eye, that it would be almost impertinent to offer any further illustration of it.

There are many anecdotes, however, of a domestic nature which more clearly show the real character of so distinguished a person, and with which an intimacy of nearly fifty years will enable me to gratify general curiosity at this moment of deep sympathy for his fate.

Soon after Peel was born, his father, the first baronet, finding himself rising daily in wealth and consequence, and believing that money in those peculiar days could always command a seat in parliament, determined to bring up his son expressly for the House of Commons. When that son was quite a child, Sir Robert would frequently set him on the table, and say, "Now, Robin, make a speech, and I will give you this cherry." What few words the little fellow produced were applauded, and applause stimulating exertion, produced such effects that, before Robin was ten years old, he could really address the company with some degree of eloquence.

As he grew up, his father constantly took him every Sunday into his private room, and made him repeat, as well as he could, the sermon



which had been preached. Little progress in effecting this was made, and little was expected, *at first*; but by steady perseverance the habit of attention grew powerful, and the sermon was repeated almost *verbatim*.

When at a very distant day the senator, remembering accurately the speech of an opponent, answered his arguments in correct succession, it was little known that the power of so doing was originally acquired in Drayton church.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Peel when he was a boy at school; but he evinced at that early age the greatest desire for distinction. He was attentive to his studies, and anxious to realise his father's expectations. The most remarkable feature, however, of his character was a certain firmness of nerves which prevented him from ever being frightened or excited by anything.

I went with him and his father to look at an estate in Herefordshire, called Hampton Court, which Sir Robert thought of purchasing. We slept at the inn in Leominster. It was full of company, and only two bedrooms could be obtained. Young Peel was obliged to sleep on a sofa-bed, in a kind of cupboard attached to the principal room. Soon after he got to sleep, he was awakened by a light, and saw a man standing by his couch with a drawn sword. The man being questioned, bid him not to be alarmed, for that he would not hurt him, but that a freemason's meeting was being held in the next room, and that he was placed there to prevent any intruders from breaking in upon their ceremonies. Mr. Peel turned round and went instantly to sleep again. I asked him if he had not been frightened? He said, "No—that he was surprised at first, but did not suppose the man would do him any harm."

On inquiry from the waiter in the morning, we learnt that the armed man had remained three hours in the room where the fearless youth was soundly and calmly sleeping.

On another occasion, I went with him and a party of relations to visit the Lakes. We crossed from Lancaster over the dangerous sands to Ulverstone. Some accident had delayed us at starting, and when we got about half-way over, it was evident that the tide was returning. All the party were much and reasonably alarmed except young Peel, who sat upon the box with me. After looking about some time with much coolness, he remarked to the drivers, that the nearer they went to the shore the more loose and deep was the sand, and the greater the difficulty of proceeding to the horses; but that if they would go boldly a little way into the sea, where the sand was hard and firm, we should proceed with greater speed. By following this judicious advice from the youngest of the party, we escaped a considerable danger.

This self-command, or imperturbability, which showed itself in many other instances in the boy, became a peculiar characteristic of the man.

I never knew him to be in the least excited by anything but once, and that was at the death of Mr. Percival. He (Mr. Peel) had assisted to secure the murderer; he had supported the head of his dying friend, whom he greatly admired and loved; and when he came out of the House of Commons his face was certainly flushed, and some emotion shown; but less than would probably have been shown by any other person under such powerful excitement.

Soon after Mr. Peel was of age he came into parliament as member for an Irish borough (I think for Tralee). Mr. Quintin Dick, who had

an all-powerful interest in that borough, had, by some irregularity, become incapacitated from representing an Irish constituency, but was seeking to come into parliament for some English borough. Sir Robert gave him great assistance—possibly with his purse—and in return Mr. Dick contrived so to influence the free and independent electors of Tralee, that they elected Mr. Peel to be their representative.

While sitting as member for that borough, Mr. Peel made his first much-admired speech in seconding the address, which speech his father heard from the gallery, with tears, not certainly excited by grief.

Mr. Peel went over shortly afterwards as secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and while there the parliament was dissolved, and with it his connexion with Tralee.

We looked for some other seat, and a gentleman, whose name I forget, offered to sell Sir Robert a number of houses in Chippenham, to the tenants of which the right of voting for members of parliament was by burgage-tenure confined.

The bargain was, that the property should be conveyed to Sir Robert for a large sum, but that if at the end of six months he should be dissatisfied with his purchase, the seller should repurchase it for a smaller sum.

All of which was luckily done, for soon afterwards the Reform Bill made the old houses valueless.

In consequence of this arrangement, Mr. Peel was under no necessity of coming from Ireland; but I went as his deputy to Chippenham, heard him elected without opposition, and gave a dinner to his faithful friends, and when parliament met Mr. Peel took his seat accordingly.

Thus did he sit in parliament during two sessions for places which he never saw in his life. and the inhabitants of which never saw him.

Such things are, I suppose, impossible in the present age of purity.

Before the connexion between Mr. Peel and Chippenham was at an end, a vacancy occurred in the representation of Oxford University. Mr. Canning had long fixed his eye upon that seat in parliament, and had been often flattered with the hope of being agreeable to the electors; but his noble and self-sacrificing vote in favour of the Roman Catholics had alienated from him many of his first supporters. At a fortunate moment, the members of Christ Church, being assembled to determine what candidate they should espouse, Mr. Lloyd, who had been Peel's private tutor, pressed upon them the dangers to the Protestant religion which would ensue, if a body of clergymen should elect a favourer of Roman Catholics. The electors of Christ Church, who are supposed almost to command the return of one member, were moved by the reasoning of Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Peel was invited to offer himself as member for the university, being assured of the support of the influential college of Christ Church.

I well remember the glee with which Mr. Peel came to my house early one morning to show me the letter which he had received by express, announcing the welcome news, and ensuring to him a prize which was then the object of his highest hope.

We went together to his father, who was as much delighted as his son, and promised to supply money to any amount which might be wanted in completing the triumph. We soon found, however, that money was the last thing needed.

Whatever may be the case, or may have been the case elsewhere, the members for either university are really chosen for their talents and acquirements and not for their wealth. They are chosen (how great the honour) by a body of gentlemen whom all the gold of California would not influence.

Peel, at the moment of his election, though a rising character, was of less political weight than his distinguished opponent. His election was plainly disinterested—how much more disinterested his subsequent rejection—which must always confer the highest honour on the university. When leader of the House of Commons, with powerful influence in the disposal of mitres, deaneries, and livings, a body of clergymen, not blind to his power of serving them, yet refused to support him any longer, because they thought that he had endangered the Church, in defence of which all private views were overlooked.

After his first election for Oxford, Peel went again to Ireland, and when there he had a political quarrel with the famous Mr. O'Connell, which ended in a challenge. But as Mr. O'Connell was already bound to keep the peace in Ireland, it was settled that the hostile party should meet in France. Peel got immediately into a small vessel and sailed for the Continent. He had a narrow escape of being lost in the Channel, having been exposed in a small and ill-appointed ship to a severe gale of wind. Mr. O'Connell, in the mean time, was again interrupted by the interference of the police, and prevented following to France. He was bound over to keep the peace for one year against all his Majesty's subjects everywhere. So that, after waiting ten or twelve days in no very pleasing suspense, Peel, and his friend Col. Browne, came to Drayton, and the affair was forgotten. Long afterwards, Sir Robert and I went with our families to Brighton; while there, Sir Robert received an anonymous letter, which I have preserved. It appears to have been written by a female hand, and was as follows:—

“Dublin, May 24, 1817.

“SIR,—Mr. O'Connell is now in England; he is to appear in the Court of King's Bench the first day of next term, and move to be discharged from his recognizance. If he shall succeed in his motion, he will proceed to the Continent; and when he has arrived there, your son will receive an intimation that he will wait for him to give him the satisfaction he formerly demanded.

“There is every reason to be assured that this statement is perfectly correct. It is communicated to you by one who admires the conduct of your son in the transaction, and who would shield him from harm, with a view to prevent a meeting which can scarcely fail to prove fatal to one or both the parties if it shall take place; by one who is excluded from the chief benefits of the constitution, by

“A CATHOLIC GENTLEMAN.

“Sir Robert Peel, Bart.,” &c. &c.

Upon receipt of this letter, Sir Robert insisted that we should instantly set off for London; and by his desire I went to Sir John Becket, then under-secretary of state for the home department, and pressed him to have both the combatants again interrupted.

The next day Peel was arrested and taken before the chief justice of the King's Bench at Westminster Hall, where I was sent for to become his bail. Mr. O'Connell was also arrested, and once more bound over to keep the peace. The friends of both parties now interfering, the quarrel was declared to be at an end.

I do not think that Peel ever knew that his father was the cause of his detention.

## CHAPTER II.

Upright Character of Peel exhibited in his Letters to the Dean of York.

WHILE Peel was secretary for Ireland, I asked him to give a very trifling situation, nominally in his gift, to a worthy person for whom I felt an interest. He wrote me word that he was really anxious to oblige me in this matter, but that a nobleman of much parliamentary interest, who supported the government, insisted upon his right to dispose of all patronage in his own neighbourhood. So anxious was Peel to show his good-will towards me, that he prevailed upon the Lord-Lieutenant to ask as a favour from the aforesaid nobleman that the situation might be given to my nominee; but the marquis replied, that the situation was of no value, yet, to prevent a dangerous precedent, he must refuse the application.

In times long after, when Sir Robert Peel became prime minister, I asked him often in the course of many years for situations for my sons, which situations were vacant and in his immediate gift. I subjoin three letters which I received from him on these subjects; they were written after long intervals and at different periods, but they all speak the same language:—

“Whitchall, December 20 (no date of year).

“MY DEAR DEAN OF YORK,—I thank you for your consideration of what you deem the unrequited sacrifice which I make in the public service. But I beg to say, that my chief consolation and reward is the *consciousness* that my exertions are disinterested—that I have considered official patronage as a public trust, to be applied to the reward and encouragement of public service, or to the less praiseworthy, but still necessary, purpose of promoting the general interests of the government. That patronage is so wholly inadequate to meet the fair claims of a public nature that are daily presented for my consideration, and that constitutes the chief torment of office, that I can only overcome the difficulties connected with the distribution by the utmost forbearance as to deriving any personal advantage from it. If I had absolute control over the appointment to which you refer, I should apply it to the satisfaction of one or other of the engagements into which I entered when I formed the government, and which (from the absolute want of means) remain unfulfilled. But I have informed the numerous parties who have applied to me on the subject of that appointment, that I feel it to be my duty, on account of the present condition of the board and the functions they have to perform, to select for it some experienced man of business connected with the naval profession, or some man distinguished in that profession.

“Believe me, my dear Dean, affectionately yours,

“ROBERT PEEL.”

I applied again for another place of less importance; the answer was much as before.

"Whitehall, April 5, 1843.

"MY DEAR DEAN OF YORK,—I must dispose of the appointment to which you refer upon the same principle on which I have uniformly disposed of every appointment of a similar nature.

"I do not consider patronage of this kind (and, indeed, I may truly say it of all patronage) as the means of gratifying private wishes of any one. Those who have made locally great sacrifices and great exertions for the maintenance of the political cause which they espouse, have always been considered fairly entitled to be consulted in respect to the disposal of local patronage, and would justly complain if, in order to promote the interests of a relative of my own, I were to disregard their recommendations. It would subject me to great personal embarrassment, and be a complete departure from the rule to which I have always adhered.

• "All patronage of all descriptions, so far from being of the least advantage personally to a minister, involves him in nothing but embarrassment.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"ROBERT PEEL."

I publish one more letter of the same kind, because all these letters exhibit the character of the writer, and contain matters of some public interest. The distributor of stamps died in the very place where my son was resident, and where he and I had exerted considerable interest in assisting the government members. I thought that now, perhaps, an exception might be made to the general rule, and I confidently recommended my eldest son for the vacancy. The following was the answer :—

"Whitehall, May 1.

"MY DEAR DEAN,—Whatever arrangements may be made with respect to the office of distributor of stamps, lately held by Mr. —, I do not feel myself justified in appropriating to myself any share of the local patronage of a county with which I have not the remotest connexion by property, or any other local tie.

"There are three members for the county of — who support the government; and, in addition to the applications which I shall no doubt have from them, I have already received recommendations from the Duke of — and Earl —, each having certainly better claims than I have personally for local appointments in the county of —.

"I feel it quite impossible to make so complete a departure from the principles on which I have invariably acted, and which I feel to be nothing more than consistent with common justice, as to take —shire offices for my own private purposes.

"Very faithfully yours,

"ROBERT PEEL."

These letters show the noble principle on which Sir Robert's public life was founded. I am quite sure that he had a great regard for my sons. He invited them to his shooting quarters, was pleased to find them amusement, and made them many handsome presents; but he steadily refused to enrich them out of the public purse merely because they were his nephews. Many prime ministers have not been so scrupulous.

## CHAPTER III.

Owen of Lanark, and his Visit to Drayton—Peel an Example of True Piety.

WHILE Peel was also in Ireland, we received many visits at Drayton from the somewhat notorious Mr. Owen, of Lanark. Sir Robert had brought a bill into parliament for shortening the hours of labour in the cotton factories. (This was the first legislative interference between masters and their workmen, which has since led to so many long debates.) Mr. Owen, expressing great anxiety for the further progress of this measure, came frequently to Drayton, and remained there many days.

Peel, hearing of the circumstance, wrote to his father, saying that he had cause to believe that Mr. Owen had strange opinions concerning religion, and was not an eligible companion for Sir Robert's children. The baronet hereupon asked Owen to tell him truly if he were a Christian. The answer which he received induced him to point out to Mr. Owen that his services could be no longer useful in furthering the parliamentary object, and that he would not detain him any longer at Drayton. A second letter came from Peel, stating that he had been told that Owen's great object, like Voltaire's, was to overturn the Christian religion, to which he pretended to ascribe the unhappiness of mankind; that he (Peel) humbly, but earnestly, pressed upon his father, that by giving so much countenance to such a man, he might be assisting in the unhallowed scheme, and fostering infidelity.

Owen, however, was gone, and no more thought about him for some time. But, a few days afterwards, just as we were sitting down to dinner, a carriage was seen approaching, and in it the well-known face of the pseudo-philosopher.

Sir Robert, however, coinciding in opinion entirely with his son, from whom he had received a third remonstrance, rose from table, desired the servant to keep Mr. Owen's carriage at the door, met his visitor in the drawing-room, and expressing sorrow that Drayton House was full of company, declined the honour of receiving Mr. Owen. The renovator of human happiness was obliged to depart *impransus* and little pleased.

We saw no more of him.

This gentleman, as is well known, established many societies, in which men were taught to live together having all things in common, and in which human nature was to be perfected by its natural virtues—where there should be no thought of any God, and no need of any religion. These societies, formed only by a vain man's purse, were soon dissolved when that purse refused a further supply. I know not if Mr. Owen be still alive, but if he is, and should see this memoir, he may possibly remember that I told him more than thirty years ago that all his schemes would end in disappointment; that to establish a permanent society without any religion was impracticable, since no such society ever did, or ever will, exist. Various have been the modes in which various bodies of men have thought fit to worship the Invisible God, but a common belief in some power superior to man is the necessary cement of every permanent association. I told him that without such cement he would find, as he has found, that all societies soon fall to pieces.

Now, in direct contrast to Mr. Owen and all his empty sophisms, how striking, how refreshing is the example of Mr. Peel. •His letters show his

zeal for religion, and his confident faith in revelation. These letters, too, are written with so much warmth as to prove that his heart was in the cause.

The public know how devoted he was to the service of his country and of his sovereign, but they do not know how much more devoted he was to the service of his God. This they can only learn from those who watched him attentively in private life, for there was no ostentation in his piety.

It is principally for the purpose of spreading a knowledge of the fact that the late Sir Robert Peel was really a true conscientious disciple of Jesus Christ, that this Memoir is published—for great may be the value of such an example. We know, from the highest authority, that it is difficult for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven; but we learn from the present instance that it is not impossible. We see around us numbers of young men born to wealth and honours, yet slaves to vice, and banishing all thoughts of hereafter from their minds. But this man was so early convinced, from the first dawn of intelligence, of the paramount importance of religion, that the fear of God was really the beginning of his wisdom. That first impression of piety engraven by his excellent parents on the infant heart was never eradicated by the seductions of prosperity, dissipation, or ambition. Hence let the young and ardent learn that there is something more worthy of pursuit than wealth or fame—hence let all parents learn the value of early instruction, when the heart is most susceptible and the memory most retentive.

No one was more conscious than the late Sir Robert Peel of the high ground on which he stood, or of the peculiar advantages under which he had come into the world; but his constant thoughts were fixed on Him who had given him so many blessings.

When the strangers came to visit Hezekiah, he showed them the house of his precious things, his silver, and his gold, and all that was found in his house. He took delight in showing these fine things, but he thought not of the God who gave him all. He rendered not again to God (says the sacred penman, with dignified simplicity) according to the benefit done unto him, for his heart was puffed up.

Sir Robert also showed the house of his precious things, and his splendour and his fine taste in the arts, to the many who came to admire them; but far from forgetting his mighty benefactor, he led every Sabbath day his numerous visitors to the parish church, and had no pleasure so great as in expressing gratitude to God.

Such an example of true piety did the life of the late Sir Robert Peel afford. How awful the lesson taught by his death!

He fell like a flash of lightning before us, by which the eye could not help being attracted, on which our thoughts could not help being fixed. What useless cruelty, says the worldly sceptic, did the Supreme Governor exhibit in taking so excellent a man from the enjoyment of every luxury and of every gratification! How kind, says the humble Christian, in the Omnipotent, who, after trying what was in the heart of his worshipper, and finding that he was pure and holy and grateful, and fitted for immortality, removed him to a higher and more enduring state of bliss.

How kind, also, to make his death so conspicuous and universally exciting that it might interfere with the excesses of thoughtless revelry, arrest the career of vice, and contribute, probably, to the salvation of many human souls. Oh the depth of the riches of the wisdom of God! Of Him and through Him are all things—to Him be glory for ever. Amen!

CHAPTER IV.

Peel takes Lutworth Castle—Judicious Treatment of a Poacher—Peel's Fondness for Shooting—Dissuades his Father from asking for a Peerage—Letter from the Bishop of Oxford to Peel.

IN the year 1822 Mr. Peel was the tenant of Lutworth Castle, in Dorsetshire. It had been taken by Mr. Baring on a lease from Mr. Weld; but Mr. Baring, going out to sea one evening, to enjoy the pleasure of swimming in the vast ocean, was seized with cramp, and sank to rise no more. His widow fled from the ill-fated place, and Mr. Peel took the lease off her hands. Here he spent all his leisure time, enjoying the extraordinary beauty of the situation, and the abundance of field sports. I went out shooting with him one day in the wildest part of the domain. A partridge flying rather high, was shot; but ere it reached the ground, a hawk from behind our heads darted upon the bird, and carried it off before our eyes. We saw it with its prey at an immense distance, and very high in the air, showing the great power of its wings. I had heard of hawks in similar manner attending upon sportsmen, with the expectation of sharing in the sport, but never saw it exemplified before.

Lord Eldon lived near Lutworth, and had accepted an invitation to come and shoot with us on a given day. We anticipated great pleasure in having as a brother sportsman in familiar intercourse so distinguished a character; but, *diis uliter*—the day was rainy, and an excuse came instead of the chancellor, to our great disappointment.

The gamekeeper reported one morning that he had tracked a poacher into a neighbouring cottage, and thought that he could bring home the offence to him. Peel told him to leave the matter to him, and soon afterwards rode to the cottage, when he asked the supposed culprit if Mr. Weld had not been extremely kind to him, helping him in illness, and supporting his wife and children when in distress. The culprit answered, "Yes." "Now," said Peel, "you must know that the abundance of game on the estate is the circumstance which enables Mr. Weld always to obtain a tenant for his house at a large rent. The diminution of the game might occasion to him a serious loss. I hope, therefore, that you and all the many poor men around, to whom he has been a constant and active friend, will, in return for his many charities, do your best to prevent all poaching, which is, in fact, the only way in which you can show your gratitude." The man confessed that he had been sometimes engaged in such evil pursuits, but promised to abstain in future. *Credat Judæus!*

It was wise in Peel to avoid all hostile proceedings. Mr. Weld, being a Roman Catholic, had surrounded his hereditary mansion with persons of similar faith, and any trifling subject of irritation might have excited in that neighbourhood a considerable animosity to the well-known opponent of the Roman Catholic claims.

Peel afterwards took a house and manor in Norfolk, where he had capital sport. To the amusement of shooting he was always very partial from his boyish days, and the strong exercise which he took every autumn in pursuit of grouse, partridges, and pheasants, enabled him to bear the unhealthy atmosphere of the House of Commons through many a session.

About this time there was a rumour that the first Sir Robert Peel was



likely to be made a Peer. It was hinted to him that his long support of Lord Liverpool's government, and his position in the kingdom, authorised him to ask for a peerage, and insured the request being granted.

His eldest son strongly and ardently opposed this project; he had (as one of the newspapers lately said) planted himself in the House of Commons and desired there, and only there, to flourish. Nothing would have given him greater pain than to have seen his aged father elevated to the House of Lords, where he would have been obliged shortly to follow.

In consequence of this determined opposition, Sir Robert Peel gave up all thoughts of asking for a peerage—which appeared to me the only unjust act, or rather omission, of which he was ever guilty. He sacrificed to the ambition of one child the interests of the other eight. If he had been made a peer, the younger children would all have been raised in the ranks of society by the title of “honourables,”—an empty sound, it may be said, but as much valued as any other vanity which men pursue.

During the year 1827 there was a great complaint made in and about York of the want of a university, where the sons of the northern gentry might be educated without the long journeys which they were now obliged to undertake, and without the heavy expenses attendant on a college life in Oxford or Cambridge. The dean and chapter, listening to this complaint, meditated to establish the much-desired university at York, and Mr. Brougham having some trust-money to dispose of for any public purpose, proposed to make some grant of money to assist in carrying out the plan. As our funds, however, were not very ample, I wrote to Mr. Peel to inquire if the government would be inclined to aid the projected establishment by granting salaries to professors of various denominations—in short, would approve and patronise the scheme. Peel referred the plan to his constituents at Oxford, and afterwards sent me the report made by his friend the bishop.

The letter, still preserved, was as follows:—

“MY DEAR PEEL,—You may remember a correspondence I had with you some time ago on the subject of the alleged want of room in our universities. I stated to you at that time the inconvenience which would, in my opinion, ensue if the generality of the colleges in Oxford were to enlarge their precincts in consequence of what appeared to me to be merely a temporary demand; and I remember adding, that if there were really such a want of accommodation, and that want likely to be permanent, I thought, after all, that a third university would be a better remedy than the other. But I do not believe that the demand exceeds the supply; that is, I do not believe that any individual who has been anxious to give his son an academical education has been prevented from so doing by the impossibility of being admitted. Supposing, therefore, that the remedy is not absolutely necessary (for such necessity would preclude all argument), I think that there are many very solid objections against a third university. An academical education does not, after all, consist in the quantity of Greek and Latin, mathematics, or the sciences there acquired. These may be gained as well in York as in Oxford. But that communication of ideas which results from the union of large masses of men, united together in the same studies, and in the same place—that knowledge of life and of men which is the result of the union of men

drawn from every class of society, and from every portion of the British empire, will be much diminished, if not lost by the increase of the number of our universities. What advantage will the men of the north get by herding together at York, compared with the advantages which the same men would derive at Oxford or Cambridge, from a more enlarged society?

"The Bishop of St. David's has just opened the College of Lampeter for the Welsh clergy. The College of St. Bees, in the north, educates a large part of the clergy of the dioceses of York, Chester, and Carlisle, and the result is, that all those clergy will be men full of nothing but local habits and prejudices, little fitted for life, if they should be called by circumstances into a more remote sphere of action:

"I pass on now to the plan you sent me. . . . York is to have the power of granting degrees on the same footing with ours, so that a B.A. of York is to be admitted M.A. at Oxford with the same facility as a B.A. of Cambridge or Dublin. . . . Now, whether the opinion of Oxford men generally would be as strong as mine on the subject of a third university, I really cannot pretend to say; but I think I may venture to say, boldly, that neither Oxford, Cambridge, nor Dublin would consent at once to grant to a new university the same privileges which they have conferred upon each other. . . .

"Believe me, my dear Peel,

"Most sincerely yours,

"C. O.

"Cuddesdon, Oct. 5, 1827."

In consequence of this very sensible letter, Peel declined to lay the subject before the cabinet, and the scheme was given up. It was soon afterwards, however, adopted by our richer brethren at Durham, whose experience has, I think, shown the justice of the bishop's remarks. The establishment at Durham is a college, and not a university. I hope that it may grow into greater importance.

## CHAPTER V.

Retirement of Peel from Office—Declines to join the Canning Administration—Letters from Peel on the Catholic Question to the Dean of York and the Bishop of Limerick.

WHEN Lord Liverpool's administration came to an end, Mr. Canning was selected by George IV. to form a new one, as prime minister. I called at Whitehall on the day when Peel had announced to Canning his determination to retire from office, and not to be a member of the new cabinet. Peel explained to me his reasons for this step, which were principally the opposite views between him and Canning as to the Roman Catholics. "We could not sit," he said, "in the same cabinet without continual jarring upon that important subject—he anxious to bring forward the measure, and I to prevent it. It is better for Canning at once to form an administration of persons who agree with him, and to leave out those who conscientiously differ from him."

Soon after this conversation, I met an intimate friend and colleague of Mr. Canning, who lamented to me that Peel could not be prevailed on to join that gentleman. I told him what Peel had said to me respecting the

Catholic question. "But," said he, "if that be the only difficulty, I know that Canning has determined not to bring forward any bill for the relief of the Catholics. He has pledged himself to let the matter sleep for the present."

Pleased with this account, I returned to Whitehall. Unhappily, Peel had gone out. I pursued him to the Duke of Wellington's. He had been there, but was gone. I sought anxiously, but could not find him. I returned to his house, and waited till I was obliged to return home to fulfil an engagement of my own. I left, however, a note (as it appeared) ill expressed, saying, "I have a communication to make to you from Canning relative to your joining him. I will call in the evening."

Shortly after I got home, a special messenger brought me a somewhat angry answer, stating, "that Peel much regretted that I had interfered between him and Canning; that it was impossible for me to know his exact feelings, and that he was fearful of my compromising him in some way or other. He begged that I would break off all negotiation—that he was going out, and should not be at home in the evening."

Peel was always, as in the present instance, extremely sensitive about any one, even his best and warmest friend, giving him advice, or interfering in any way in his affairs. His plans and intentions were buried in his own breast, and never communicated to any one before their execution. He had such confidence in his own judgment, and such reliance upon the official information which he collected, that he thought it useless for any one to offer him counsel.

Peel told me afterwards that if he had known, what I subsequently assured him of, that Canning would have engaged to *cushion* the Catholic question,—

"If I had been assured of this," said he, "before Canning connected himself with men with whom I cannot act, I should probably have joined him; for the Catholic question was, in fact, the only thing which kept us asunder."

Now, let the reader pause to consider what great events often follow from little causes.

If I had found Peel at home on that important day, it is probable—I do not say certain—but it is probable that the long-ruling Tory party might have been again united, and consolidated with impregnable strength; the Whigs might never have gained a footing in the government; the Reform Bill might never have passed; and all other supposable differences, from what has happened, might have happened.

Let us rest satisfied, however, always, that whatever is, is best.

But after all this, must it not be thought surprising that Peel himself brought in the bill for emancipating the Catholics?

Canning, who was through life their champion, and who suffered so much for speaking in their behalf, attempted to do them no active service; while Peel, their constant adversary, and who had benefited so much by opposing them, granted them all they asked for.

It was certainly strange; but still, not without reasonable cause. On this point, however, I will let Peel speak for himself.

Well knowing that his father always disapproved of any concessions being made to the Roman Catholics, and that he had constantly encouraged him in his opposition to them, as soon as he had determined upon

taking the decisive step, he wrote to me to explain the reasons which had influenced him, and to endeavour to reconcile his father to the proposal. His letter, with its enclosure (containing a copy of what he had previously written to the Bishop of Limerick), lies before me, and was as follows:—

“Whitehall, Feb. 22, 1829.

“MY DEAR COCKBURN,—However deeply convinced I am that the course which I have taken is the only course which I could have taken either with safety to this country or to myself, as a responsible minister of the crown, I need not say how painful it is to me to find my views so opposed to those of my father.

“A minister of the crown may have information which others have not, and which he cannot with safety disclose; and I must say for myself that I have been acting under a very decided, though no doubt a very painful, conviction that I could not honestly advise the king—either to let matters remain in the disgraceful state in which they have been for the last ten years—or to re-establish the penal laws. There is no other course if the Catholic question is not to be settled.

“I enclose a letter, which some days since I wrote to the Bishop of Limerick. Surely the facts noticed in that letter are facts which responsible ministers must reflect upon. Surely we must calculate on the consequences of war. We must look to the example of other times.

“In 1792 the Irish Catholic petition was absolutely rejected with scorn by the English government and the Irish House of Commons. The Irish House of Commons refused to let the petition of the Catholics lie on the table.

“In 1793, Mr. Pitt being at the head of the government, and in the height of his power, war is declared by France.

“What were the results? Why, that same House of Commons which treated a petition with scorn in 1792, passed in the very next session, on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt—that hasty, ill-considered measure, by which the Irish Catholics got everything they now possess.

“How different is the state of circumstances now? Four different Houses of Commons, elected in four successive parliaments, have decided in favour of the Catholic claims. Suppose England were involved in foreign difficulties, is there a chance that permanent resistance to their claims could be offered?

“I sent my letter to the Bishop of Limerick, to a clergyman who was opposed to my views, and I have this morning got his answer.

“Ever most affectionately yours,

“ROBERT PEEL.”

“*Mr. Peel to the Bishop of Limerick.*

(Copy.)

“Whitehall, February 8, 1829.

“MY DEAR LORD,—I beg to assure you, with perfect sincerity, that no opinions that you can express to me, and no course of public conduct that you may feel yourself called on to take, can diminish the gratification which I shall have in hearing your sentiments, and still less my unaffected respect for your unblemished name and great acquirements.

“I am the last person to express surprise that you apprehend danger from concession to the Roman Catholics, but I entreat you dispassionately

to consider the facts I am about to recal to your notice—the prospect which there is of being enabled to maintain permanent resistance to concession, and the danger that concession may be forced upon us under circumstances much more unfavourable than the present. In the first place, there has been a division between the House of Lords and the House of Commons on this subject, that has now endured sixteen years. Secondly, it has been found necessary, in carrying on the government of the country for the last twenty-five years, not to exclude from the counsels of the king such men as Mr. Pitt, the late Lord Melville, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning. Their exclusion from the government in times of pressing difficulty was impossible. Their admission into it produced disunion in the cabinet, and tended to advance Roman Catholic interests. Their inability immediately to carry their views into effect, made them probably more decided in their language as to the necessity of ultimately adopting those views.

“Thirdly. The opinions of the young men who are now entering into public life, and who are likely to distinguish themselves, are, with scarcely an exception, if with one, in favour of an adjustment of the question.

“Fourthly. In the course of the last six months, England being at peace with the whole world, we had five-sixths of the infantry force of the United Kingdom occupied in maintaining the peace and police duties in Ireland. I consider the state of things which requires such an application of military force, much worse than open rebellion.

“Fifthly. There has been established an intimate union between the Roman Catholic laity and the Roman Catholic priesthood. In consequence of that union the representation of the counties of Waterford, Monaghan, Clare, and Louth have been wrested from the hands of the natural aristocracy of those counties; and if the present state of things is to continue, if parties in parliament are to remain so nicely balanced that each can paralyse the other—that one can prevent concession—the other can prevent, restrain, and control, we must make up our minds to see sixty or seventy Radicals sent from Ireland when a general election shall take place.

“Sixthly. The state of society in Ireland will soon become perfectly incompatible with trial by jury in any political cases. The Roman Catholics have discovered their strength in respect to the elective franchise. Let us beware that we do not teach them how easy it will be to paralyse the government and the law, unless we are prepared to substitute some other system of criminal jurisprudence for the present system. If this be the state of things at present, let me implore you to consider what would be the condition of England in the event of war. Would an English parliament tolerate for one moment a state of things in Ireland which would compel the appropriation of half her military force to protect, or rather to control, that exposed part of the empire? Can we forget, in reviewing the history of Ireland, what happened in 1782?—what happened in 1783? It is easy to blame the concessions which were then made, but they were not made without an intimate conviction of their absolute necessity, in order to prevent greater dangers.

“My firm impression is, that unless an united government takes the whole condition of Ireland into its consideration, and attempts to settle the Catholic question, we must be prepared for the necessity of settling it at some future period, in a manner neither safe to Protestant esta-

ishments, nor consistent with the dignity of the crown of England.

"Remove the differences as to civil disabilities, and, I think, the Protestant mind will be united against Popery in a ten times greater degree than it is at present. Excuse the haste in which I am obliged to write on a subject of such vast importance.

"Believe me, my dear lord,

"Very faithfully yours,

"The Lord Bishop of Limerick."

"ROBERT PEELE."

The bill in favour of the Catholics having passed, Peel came to Drayton, and his father told him that the reasons assigned in the letter to the Bishop of Limerick had satisfied him that the measure was necessary; "but," he added, "Robert, the bill should never have been brought in by you—you certainly should have resigned."

Peel answered, that as soon as he had recommended the measure to the king, he had tendered his own resignation of office, but that the king refused to accept it.

I afterwards heard that the king saw, that since Peel had thought fit officially to press so important a change upon him, Peel ought himself publicly to justify the step. The minister is said to have pressed upon the king, that it would hurt his feelings to stand up in opposition to so many old friends, and to propose a concession to which his whole political life had been opposed.

"You can estimate," his majesty is reputed to have answered, "your own feelings, but you seem to have little consideration for mine. I am advised, and almost forced to give my sanction to a law of which my father, my brother York, and myself have conscientiously disapproved; and after pressing this step upon me, will you throw the responsibility upon others? No!" the king might certainly have said, "I will not consent to the measure being brought forward at all, unless you, who have advised it, shall manfully defend the advice you have given."

If this conversation really took place, Peel could have found no good answer to make to the king, and must have been fairly driven to take that honourable course which we know he did take in manfully bringing forward the measure himself, and sacrificing his private feelings to a sense of public duty.

Thus, then, by a strange combination of circumstances, was a measure carried in both houses of parliament through the influence of Peel with the party opposing, which, perhaps, no other minister could have accomplished; and after 300 years of struggles, persecutions, imprisonments, and deaths, the Roman Catholics were restored to all those civil rights which they possessed when Henry VIII. was defender of their faith.

Many good consequences and many evil consequences were predicted to follow this measure—neither of which have taken place. It has produced but little effect for good or for evil. Upon the whole, perhaps, it has strengthened the Church of England, because it has removed a reasonable complaint, and furnished arguments against further concessions.

## THE REVOLT OF NAPLES IN 1647.

ONE of the most violent political tempests that ever astounded Europe, burst forth in the middle of the seventeenth century. Portugal had cast off Spanish dominion, and re-established the house of Braganza; Catalonia had risen up to defend its privileges, and given itself to France; England, at the mercy of the Independents, was sending Charles I. to the scaffold; the republican storm of the Fronde was gathering in the old saloons of the Palais. The fire of civil dissensions was only smothered under the threatening calm of the Milanais. The subjugation of Flanders was exhausting more and more the Spanish treasury, and the war which France had declared against Spain on the subject of Mantua, was carried on with vigour in the Low Countries, in Roussillon, and upon the western and northern coasts of Italy, when a most remarkable insurrection occurred at Naples.

The glorious campaigns of the great Captain Gonzalvo de Cordova had scarcely assured the possession of Naples to the united crowns of Castille and Aragon, when symptoms of hostility to the dominion of the Spaniards (who were, however, preferred to the French) began to manifest themselves. Even in the lifetime of Ferdinand the Catholic, heavy taxation and dearth of living excited riots, which recurred at intervals under almost every succeeding viceroy. These repeated disasters ought to have made the Spanish government aware that a change of system was necessary; but the Catholic kings, or rather their favourites whom they sent to Naples, persevered in the old system; disseminating mistrust and hatred among the different classes, more particularly between the people and the nobility, while at the same time they wrested from them every source of prosperity.

Thus it was that, when Don Rodrigo Ponce de Leon, Duke of Arcos, was appointed to the viceroyalty in 1646, with the exception of his predecessor, the Duke of Medina, who had resigned because he *would not see the beautiful crystal that had been intrusted to his care break in his hands*, little remained save the ruin and discontent that had accumulated under a long line of extortionate and tyrannical rulers.

The kingdom of Naples was indeed on the verge of destruction. The hand of power was only felt there to oppress or to extort. Public security had entirely disappeared. The coasts were continually exposed to the descent of pirates. Troops of bandits encamped in the mountains, and carried their devastations even into the bosom of towns. Population was sensibly diminishing under the combined influence of misery, and the continual levies for Flanders, Lombardy, and Catalonia. Agriculture was perishing for want of hands, from insecurity, and over-taxation. Industry, crippled and ruined, was stifled in its very cradle; commerce, terrified by endless wars and troubles, and by excessive customs and tariffs, had fled from a country from which Spain had withdrawn during the last twenty years 50,000 men, and 80,000,000 of ducats by excise duties, tolls, and extraordinary taxation.

The Duke of Arcos, who arrived at Naples on the 11th of February, 1646, was soon made sensible how ripe the Neapolitans were, under all these adverse circumstances, for insurrection. The worship paid by the city of Naples, from the most ancient times, to its patron Saint

Januarius, and the annual liquefaction of the martyr's blood, are well known. An ancient custom, which obtains to the present day, regulates the transfer of the silver effigy of the saint, and the cup containing the precious liquid, from the treasury of the cathedral, where they usually lie, to the church at which the first sunday in May is to be celebrated. This translation always takes place on the eve of the festival; it is effected with great pomp, and invariably attracts a great crowd of persons. At the epoch in question, each district took its turn to conduct the procession, and, besides defraying all expenses, caused an altar to be erected in the principal square belonging to it, at which the procession made a lengthened halt. In the year 1646 it was the turn of the district of Capuano, and the nobility had raised up a magnificent place of repose; but when the delegates presented themselves at the cathedral to bear away the silver statue and the miraculous cup, the treasurer intimated very dryly that he could not give up either the one or the other without a written order from the archbishop. The deputation, annoyed at this unexpected difficulty, insisted upon the established usages being complied with, and refused to yield to a demand which was without precedent.

The dispute waxed warmer and warmer, and the delay in the procession began to produce a commotion, when the viceroy commissioned the regent of the vicariate to request the archbishop to allow things to take their usual course; but the prelate remained inflexible; and all that could be obtained, even by the intervention of the vice-queen herself, was that he would himself transfer the sacred objects.

At the epoch in question, Cardinal Ascanio de Filomarino, subsequently the friend and counsellor of Masaniello, was Archbishop of Naples. He was a person of great sagacity, but proud and obstinate. Of noble origin on his father's side, he was plebeian by maternal descent—a circumstance which entailed upon him the contempt of certain lords, whose blood was unmixed. He resented their arrogance; and some of his chief opponents being among those who had organised the festivity upon this occasion, he took this method of mortifying them. Repairing to the cathedral, he extemporized a procession, placed himself at its head, clothed in his pontifical robes, and, followed by a numerous clergy, led it by different streets to those which had been determined upon. It was with difficulty that the indignant nobility were refrained from outrage at the affront; but they contented themselves with intercepting the procession, accompanied by Paolo Milano, the notary of the quarter, who protested, in the name of the city, against the proceeding. The archbishop, however, refused to hear them, and, carried away by anger, declaimed in no measured terms at their want of respect. The Duke de Maddaloni, and several other persons of high distinction, arrived at this crisis, and succeeded in pacifying the prelate to a certain extent. The procession accordingly tarried on a moment, but the notary beginning immediately to read with a loud voice the written protestation, the archbishop, in a transport of anger, snatched it from out of his hands, and tearing it to pieces, exclaimed, "That the image, and the relics were his property and that of his church, and that Rome alone had the power to question that right." The nobility, no less irritated, rudely contradicted the archbishop. These violent recriminations, repeated by a thousand tongues, increased the excitement to such a pitch of violence,



that the clergy were glad to flee, and deposit the cup and image at the Palace Montecorvino; the archbishop taking refuge in the house of Cæsar de Bologna, where, disembarassing himself of his robes, he regained his palace at night.

These events were only a slight prelude to more serious commotions and more lasting troubles, brought about by the new imposts levied upon the people, to provide against the threatened war with France.

Cardinal Mazarin, irritated against the new Pope, who had refused a hat to one of his nephews, originated these new troubles. In May, 1646, a French fleet, commanded by the young Admiral Duke de Brézé, disembarked eight thousand men in the marshes of Sienna, under the orders of Prince Thomas of Savoy, who, at once taking possession of Telamon and the fortresses of Salinas and St. Stephen, laid siege to the more important fortress of Orbitello, defended by the gallant Carlo de la Gatta, a Neapolitan gentleman, to whom the place had been intrusted only a few days previously. The check which the French received at this place enabled the Duke of Arcos to assemble such a force that they were obliged to raise the siege and ultimately quit the coasts.

Mazarin, however, who was not the man to be easily discouraged, despatched another expedition, against Piombino and the Isle of Elba. At the same time that these two places fell into the power of the French, the Pope was also withdrawing all further aid from Naples on account of differences with the nuncio. Thus pressed on all sides, the viceroy was compelled to tax the country's strength and resources to the utmost. The militia would not act out of the country, and he was therefore obliged to raise an auxiliary corps of eight thousand Germans, who took advantage of existing circumstances to demand very high pay.

Instead of applying to the parliament, which had ceased to meet for some time, for assistance in this extremity, the viceroy demanded from the different quarters of the city of Naples a voluntary contribution of a million of crowns, which being refused, a tax upon fruit, always the most unpopular of all imposts with the Neapolitans, was resolved upon. Scarcely had the new tax been publicly announced, on the 1st of January, 1647, than general discontent was manifested. One morning the mob surrounded the carriage of the Duke of Arcos, shouting for the abolition of a tax which threatened them with starvation. A short time afterwards a wooden house, erected in the centre of the market-place for the tax-collectors, was burnt down without the incendiary being discovered.

Amidst these intestine discords the French fleet appeared on the 1st of April in the Gulf of Naples, and captured several fishing-boats within sight of the city. A few days after their departure, a vessel with 400 men on board surreptitiously took its departure with the public treasury and the moneys of various individuals, who, foreseeing great calamities, were anxious to transfer them to a place of safety.

The season had come round at which the new tax was most severely felt, and popular discontent had attained its zenith. Entreaties had succeeded threats; and threats promised to be followed by deeds of violence. Under these circumstances the viceroy consulted Cornelio Spinola, a Genoese merchant of old standing in Naples, and Father Stephen Pépé, a very popular confessor; and by their advice the collateral council was summoned to take off the obnoxious tax, and discover some other method of meeting the exigencies of the state.

Unfortunately much valuable time was lost in pompous harangues and useless discussion. Popular irritation was increased by the delay, and symptoms of a crisis became so evident, that the viceroy was obliged to issue an ordinance that the festival of St. John the Baptist, usually attended by great crowds of persons, should not be held that year.

As if to confirm the notion that a popular insurrection was the only possible solution of the question, news came that an insurrection in Sicily had obliged the viceroy, the Marquis De Velez, to accede to a complete abolition of taxes, while an amnesty was granted to the insurrectionists. This intelligence was received in Naples with enthusiasm.

The materials for combustion were ready; the spark alone was wanting. It was produced by a commonplace and unexpected incident, and a leader was supplied from a quarter where no one would have expected to find him.

Among those who re-echoed popular discontent with the greatest vehemence, was a young man belonging to the dregs of the populace, who gained a miserable livelihood by hawking about the streets fish which had been intrusted to him by dealers, or which had been purchased by himself at an exceedingly low price. Such was the obscure being destined to become the idol of the city of Naples, with a power surpassing that of an absolute sovereign.

Tommaso Aniello d'Amalfi, commonly called Masaniello, was at this time twenty-seven years of age. He was born at Naples, in 1620, as proved by his baptismal register in the quarter of Lavinaro; but this does not show that his family may not have come originally from the old and celebrated town of Amalfi. His appearance was prepossessing; his eye dark, his expression melancholy, his skin bronzed, his features of remarkable regularity, and his light hair fell in ringlets on his shoulders. His garb, which was that of a common mariner, was clean and picturesquely arranged. He was of middle height, remarkably quick, fluent in speech notwithstanding his extreme ignorance, generous and high-minded.

Masaniello had wedded a beautiful young girl of Puzzuoli, to whom he was passionately attached, although irreproachable conduct on her part did not entitle her to his affection. A few months previously, having attempted to smuggle into the city a small quantity of flour, wrapped into a bundle like an infant, the fraud was discovered, and this fair but frail young woman was not only ill-treated by the guards, but consigned to prison till a heavy fine should be paid. Masaniello sold his last piece of furniture, and with the produce, increased by the assistance rendered him by his friends, he paid the fine and liberated his wife, but not without many an oath of vengeance against the tyrannical toll-collectors.

According to ancient custom, at the festival of the Virgin of Carmel, a wooden fortress was erected before the church, which was defended by a number of youths attired as Turks, against the assaults of another party representing Neapolitans. This spectacle afforded the populace much amusement. In the latter part of June, these youths gathered together to elect their chiefs, discipline themselves, and parade the town. This year (1647) one of the parties elected as their chief a certain Il Pione, noted for his vigour, while Masaniello was chosen as leader on the other side. No sooner did the fisherman find himself at the head of a party, than he increased its numbers by the addition of all the urchins of his quarter, whom he armed with sticks, and trained to shout, "Down with the

*gabelle!* Long live the king! Welcome plenty!" And, waving a flag of coloured paper, he led his noisy followers through the most populous quarters of the city, without any one interfering to check a proceeding apparently only calculated to inspire ridicule and contempt. He even led his little band past the palace, and the viceroy, disturbed by the noise, appeared at the balcony, but, seeing nothing but a ragged mob, he disdained to notice them further.

Masaniello was thus enabled to continue his noisy preparations with impunity. One evening, returning alone from an exhibition of the kind, as he was passing the porch of Our Lady of Carmel, two men who were waiting in ambuscade stopped him, and asked him what he intended to do.

"To be hanged, or bring back plenty to the city," he answered.

"A famous fellow to arrange the affairs of Naples!" exclaimed the others, derisively.

"If I could only find three or four with as much resolution as myself, and who would heartily second me, you should see what I could do for the good of the people."

The tone with which this was spoken had a magical effect upon the hearers, who swore to follow him, whatever might be the danger or the difficulty of his enterprise. ●

These mysterious auxiliaries were Domenico Perrone, a runaway convict, formerly captain of banditti, and since then a famous smuggler, and Giuseppe Palumbo; like his comrade, once a leader of brigands, and afterwards a chief of *sbirri*. Giuseppe had been many times arrested and convicted of various crimes; and both were bold, reckless characters, fond of disorder, and high in esteem with the worst part of the populace.

The experience of these worthies was of great use to Masaniello; but he was still more influenced by the counsels of Giulio Genovino, at that time a prisoner at the Vicariate. This man had been a leader in the insurrections against Cardinal Borghia. He had subsequently adopted the clerical garb, but only to enable him to indulge his evil practices with greater impunity; and now, at eighty years of age, he gloated on the idea of what might be accomplished by the force of circumstances and the intrepidity of Masaniello.

He was not long kept in suspense. The market had almost been deserted by the country-people, whose produce was so heavily taxed that it was scarcely worth while taking it thither, when one Sunday (7th July, 1647), as a gloomy, menacing crowd stood watching the empty stalls, some market-gardeners, among whom (probably by pre-arrangement) was a brother-in-law of Masaniello, arrived with figs, and other fruit. When the officials claimed the usual toll, the gardeners disputed the amount, and the populace siding with them, became so excited, that Naclerio, the people's elect, and agent to the viceroy, was sent to appease them. As, however, the deputy decided the dispute in favour of the toll-collectors, Masaniello's brother-in-law, who had been a leader in the dispute, upset his baskets, and, casting the produce among the crowd, exclaimed, "God gives us abundance, and a wicked government robs us of it. Since I can gain nothing by my toil, let the poor, at all events, profit by my loss, rather than those who wish to plunder me."

Many threw themselves upon the fruit that rolled in every direction, the *gabellieri*, or toll-collectors, endeavouring to prevent them; and, in the midst of the tumult, Masaniello arrived with his band, and

set the crowd an immediate example of open resistance. Picking up a large stone, he hurled it at Naclerio, and hit him on the chest. This blow, with the shower of stones that followed it, accompanied by the unanimous shout of "*Down with the gabelles!*" obliged the officials to take speedy flight. With great difficulty Naclerio was led away to the convent of Carmel, on the market-place, whence he hastened to the viceroy.

Perceiving the market-place thus suddenly cleared of officials, the populace were for a moment terrified; but Masaniello gave them no time for hesitation. At the head of his little band, he committed the offices and papers of the *gabellieri* to the flames, and, mounting upon a bench, over which the flames and smoke formed a kind of canopy, he shouted out, in a clear, sonorous voice, "Blessed be God! Long live the Virgin of Carmel! Long live the Pope! Long live the King of Spain! Welcome abundance! Death to bad governments! Down with the *gabelles!*" These exclamations were re-echoed by a thousand voices. A common impulse influenced the crowd, which was momentarily increased by arrivals from different parts of the town, which the rumour of tumults had already reached. The agitators took possession at once of the Tower of Carmel, and the bells proclaimed in loud peals the birth of the insurrection.

"To the palace!—the palace!" was vociferated, and the crowd, already too great for the market-place, hurried thither by different streets, burning another tollhouse on the way, and summoning the Prince of Bisignano to place himself at their head. Meanwhile, the Duke of Arcos, instead of collecting his Spanish and German troops, and taking measures of defence, contented himself with sending his wife and family to Castelnuovo, and quietly awaited the insurrectionists in his palace. He was eating a biscuit soaked in wine when the terrible noise of an aroused and infuriated populace was heard at the doors. The few soldiers on duty were swept away by the flood, and in a moment yards, passages, and vestibules were filled with a turbulent mob. The insurrectionists rushed up the great staircase, overthrew the guard, snatching the halberds from their hands, and the arrival of the Prince of Bisignano alone prevented them from forcing their way into the presence of the viceroy, who had taken refuge in a cabinet with Padre Giovanni, General of the Franciscans, the Prince of Satriano, and a few other distinguished persons. The Prince of Bisignano had great difficulty in so far moderating the impetuosity of the rioters as to prevail upon them to let him represent them before the viceroy.

The moment the prince presented himself, the duke said to him, "I was going this very moment to send for you."

"I have anticipated your excellency's intentions, then," replied the prince. "I am come to beseech you, in the name of Heaven, to revoke, without delay, the tax which weighs so heavily upon the people. You may thus bring back tranquillity, and ward off the disasters which threaten us."

"If the collateral council could be assembled," replied the duke, in his usual evasive manner, "we might occupy ourselves with that question."

But while the other lords and prelates were hastening to explain to the viceroy that there was no longer time to temporize, the mob, growing impatient, broke open the door of the cabinet, and burst in, filling

the room with their furious shout of "Down with the *gabelles*!—death to bad governors!"

Pale and trembling, when he thus saw himself driven into a corner, the viceroy exclaimed, with a loud voice, but visibly affected, "Si, hijos mios, todo se hará luego."—"Yes, my children, everything shall be done immediately."

To yield in time, if the demand is just, insures gratitude, but whatever weakness yields to violence only serves to increase audacity. This is seen in the history of every insurrection. The viceroy at once wrote and signed an ordinance wholly abolishing the duty on fruit, and reducing that on flour by one-half. But when the mob were informed of the concessions made, they were not satisfied; they declared they would have the repeal of all tolls whatsoever; and they further insisted upon the viceroy coming among them to ratify these demands himself. The Duke of Arcos attempted to avoid compliance by a speedy flight, but the draw-bridges were raised, and the whole palace was invested by insurrectionists. Making a virtue of necessity, he accordingly descended to the chief entrance, where he became for a while the object of gross insults from some, and of equally contemptible adulations from others. At length, pressed on all sides by the crowd, whose shouts put all explanations out of the question, the viceroy, as a last resource, jumped into a carriage, and ordered it to be driven to the church of St. Louis, opposite the palace. It was impossible for a time to make a way through the dense mob, who insulted the duke in every possible manner, even so far as to pull his moustaches, till, by throwing handfuls of gold, to engage the attention of those nearest to the carriage, and seconded by a few Spanish soldiers and other well-intentioned persons, he ultimately reached the asylum, the gates of which were at once barricaded.

Meantime, a shot, fired from the palace, killed one of the people. The body of the unknown was placed upon a chair, raised upon the shoulders of bearers, and paraded about, to the cry of "To arms!—to arms!" From that moment the insurrection could no longer be quelled. It was the same great point in the drama of insurrection which, from the times of the bloody robes of Cæsar, to the first shot near the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris, has never failed to produce the desired effect. To take possession of the palace, massacre the Spanish guard, and cast the broken furniture out of the windows, was the affair of a moment.

Luckily for the viceroy, Cardinal Filomarino arrived at this conjuncture, and the respect of the people for the archbishop enabled him to save the church of St. Louis from similar devastation. Having next procured, through the medium of a messenger, a written repeal of the odious taxes, the archbishop displayed it at the window of his carriage, and leading away a large proportion of the crowd to the market-place, he thus gave time to the duke to escape by the convent of Pizzo Falcone to the castle of St. Elmo. The latter fortress was not attained without difficulty, for the viceroy was very corpulent, and he had to ascend on foot, and under a burning sun, the steep rock on which the castle is built.

The flight of the viceroy only increased the fury of the insurrectionists. They killed every Spaniard or German they met with, opened the prisons, and even ventured upon attacking San Lorenzo; but the Spanish

soldiery who held the position opposed an effectual resistance to them. The Prince of Bisignano addressed the multitude from the altar, armed with a crucifix, and then, riding among them, attempted to pacify them ; but in vain. The Jesuits and other reverend bodies, also, went forth in procession, with crosses and wax-candles, to assuage the tumult; but the mob said to them, " Go away, fathers ; retire to your convents. You did not issue from them to prevent our being crushed by taxation, do not come forth to-day to put an obstacle to our deliverance !" And the holy men were glad to regain their sanctuaries with impunity.

Then followed a succession of scenes of anarchy and riot. ' The viceroy had fled from St. Elmo to Castelnuovo, where he was joined the same night by Prince Bisignano. Naples presented a frightful aspect. A great portion of the mob was, by this time, armed, and paraded the streets by the light of incendiary fires, and to the sound of frequent discharges of arquebusses. The upper classes were flying in every direction. The market-place was still the centre of insurrection. Here Masaniello, who had exhibited prodigious activity and an almost superhuman audacity during the leading events of the day, was stationed with his band. At the approach of midnight, four persons in masks and hoods made their appearance, and one of them, removing his vizard, exhibited the countenance of the octogenarian Giulio Genovino. The aged conspirator harangued the multitude, exhorted them not to lay down their arms till their grievances were completely redressed, and urged the necessity of appointing a chief who would ensure success to the insurrection. The flight of Prince Bisignano had by this time become generally known; the name of Masaniello was in every one's mouth. Palumbo, Perrone, and others, seconded the nomination, because they thought that his courage would be serviceable to them, and they could afterwards supersede him from general incapacity. Masaniello was thus unanimously proclaimed the sole and all-powerful chief of the insurgent populace ; and the bells of the Carmel and other belfries, the shouts of the people, and the firing of guns, formed a characteristic accompaniment to the scene.

Whilst these events occurred, the viceroy was enabled to send a body of troops to take possession of the palace, which was united by a bridge to the fortress; as also to obtain military possession of Pizzo Falcone, an important point. With the dawn of day nothing was heard but the sound of drums and trumpets, the clinking of arms, and the shouts of the multitude, considerably increased by the arrival of bands of country-people, who had converted their implements into weapons of war. The early part of the day was spent in the search for arms, in which they were tolerably successful ; but great was their exasperation on finding that the viceroy's instructions to damp the powder in the magazines had been carried into effect, and the audacity of some of the more truculent also received a severe check from the blowing up of some eighty of their number, who had penetrated too hastily and incautiously into a powder magazine in the suburb of Mandaracho.

Prince Bisignano, accompanied by Prince Satriano, were deputed by the viceroy to offer the insurrectionists a total repeal of the taxes on fruit and flour. But the offers came too late. They were rejected by Masaniello and the other chiefs, who, prompted by Giulio Genovino, insisted upon the abolition of all the extraordinary taxes imposed by the

viceroys, and the restoration of the original privileges granted to the city by Charles V. Masaniello and his co-conspirators did not very clearly understand the nature of these privileges, but they were satisfied with what the veteran insurrectionist told them; and when the Prior of Roccella was deputed upon a second mission, after the failure of the first, they received him with the same cries. He answered by averring that the document was buried among the archives of San Lorenzo. The Duke of Maddaloni, a favourite of the populace, who was next sent in deputation by the viceroy, was also obliged to feign a pretence of seeking for the document so clamorously demanded, as a means of getting away in safety.

Masaniello, it is to be observed, manifested at the onset an aptitude for command which was little expected of him. He appointed Domenico Perrone and Giuseppe Palumbo, his lieutenants; Genovino, his councillor; and a turbulent youth, Marco Vibale, his secretary. He then began to organise his forces, which now amounted to upwards of fifty thousand men, dividing them into quarters and suburbs, and assigning as chiefs over each section those who had shown most zeal and boldness in the riot.

According to the Duke de Rivas, the insurrectionists were in open hostility with the ministry and the measures of the Spanish government, but were not personally opposed to the viceroy, or his soldiers or adherents—a state of things difficult to conceive. That, instead of combating Spaniards and Germans, they should proceed to devote sixty houses to the flames, is easily accounted for by the check they received at the first attack upon San Lorenzo, and their evident distaste to measure their strength against trained soldiers, guns, and fortresses. All this time the viceroy, who wanted to use the jealousy entertained against one another by the Neapolitan nobility and populace to his own purpose, had the guns of Saint Elmo ready pointed, to pour forth destruction on the city at a given signal.

Masaniello, however, now chief of the insurrectionists, sought to glut the revenge he had harboured against the toll-collectors ever since his wife's imprisonment and ill-treatment. The house of Geronimo Letizia, one of those concerned in the outrage, was the first that was condemned. Here, as elsewhere, the most splendid furniture, magnificent tapestries, valuable works of art, and precious jewels, were consigned to the flames. One after another, the houses and palaces of the richest inhabitants, more especially such as had amassed wealth by unjust taxation, were sacrificed. Even night did not put a stop to devastation.

In the midst of these scenes of anarchy, no robbery, strange to say, was permitted. Any one found guilty of appropriating to himself the most trifling object, was led away to the inflexible Masaniello, who sentenced one fellow to receive fifty blows, for having secreted the bit of a bridle; and had two others hanged, one for having stolen a silver cup, the other a little frame, also of silver. The portraits of the king were also carefully preserved from destruction, which certainly shows that there really did exist among the Neapolitans a feeling of allegiance, which had grown up amidst years of misrule, for their foreign yoke.

Don Angel de Saavedra, Duc de Rivas, to whose industry, while ambassador from the court of Spain at that of Naples, we are indebted for a

first complete detailed and authentic history of Masaniello,\* passed his youth in the wars of Spanish independence. Soldier, publicist, dramatic author, deputy in the Cortès, orator, minister, and diplomatist, he filled all these successive functions with brilliant success. While ambassador at Naples, he ransacked all the documents, scattered in a hundred different places, relating to this most extraordinary insurrection; he consulted manuscripts innumerable, buried in the archives of monasteries, and the result has been a work, in which the graceful simplicity of the historian is never sacrificed to the inspiration of the poet, nor the feelings either of nationality or of party allowed to influence the just sympathies for whatever is noble in the poor or the titled, or equally well-merited contempt for whatever is pusillanimous, base, or perfidious in high or low.

Failing to discover the much-desired charter of Charles V., the Duke of Arcos had a document, which purported to be the one in question, drawn up for the nonce, and he sent the Duke de Maddaloni, the third day of the insurrection, to the market-place to read it to the assembled multitude. The populace, however, saw through the imposture, and cried out, "Treachery! Treachery!" Masaniello dragged the duke from his horse, and then, to save him from the violence of the mob, sent him off under charge of Perrone to the convent of Carmel. The duke took advantage of the circumstance to win over to his side the bandit chief, who had once been a *protégé* of his own, and a plan of action was at once decided upon, which led to important ulterior consequences.

Pillage and incendiarism still constituted the chief occupation of the populace. Masaniello had permanently established his head-quarters on the market-place, and had published an edict condemning all those who deserted the popular cause, or did not join it in twenty-four hours, to death. To enumerate the number of palaces and houses destroyed, and the quantity of valuables sacrificed by these frenzied bands, would be utterly impossible. The whole city was dotted with great fires, into which all belonging to the rich or the noble was pitilessly thrown. The blind fury of the incendiaries verged so closely upon madness, that they cast valuable horses, mules, and even dogs and poultry into the flames.

San Lorenzo remained, however, in the heart of the city, in the possession of the Spaniards. It was resolved once more to attempt its reduction.

Masaniello put himself with this view at the head of 10,000 men. The convent was taken by assault; but the tower, defended by forty Spanish soldiers, commanded by the intrepid Neapolitan, Captain Biaggio de Fiusco, presented serious difficulties. Numbers of the assailants were killed—a ladder was formed of dead bodies—the gates were blown up with bags of powder—and after three hours gallant fighting on both sides, the place was captured, the commander killed, and the surviving soldiers not ceasing to struggle till their lives were ensured to them.

The success of Masaniello was now almost at its *apogée*. The royal standard was hoisted in the tower, and beneath it that of the city of Naples; the great bell, called *La Citta*, was tolled, and the triumph was only interrupted by news of the approach of 1500 Germans and of several

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\* Insurrection de Naples en 1647. Etude Historique de Don Angel de Saavedra, Duc de Rivas, Ambassadeur d'Espagne, près S. M. le roi des Deux Siciles. Ouvrage traduit de l'Espagnol, et précédé d'une introduction par le Baron Léon d'Hervey de Saint-Denys. 2 tomes.



companies of the Spanish garrison of Capua. Masaniello went out, however, at once to meet them with a superior force, and compelled them to retrace their steps.

A request for provisions made personally to Masaniello by the viceroy was answered by an attack upon a body of Spaniards who had taken refuge in a convent, and they were all made prisoners. Still the viceroy did not despair. He caused it to be bruited abroad that certain monks had discovered the charter of Charles V., and the archbishop was appointed to read it in the market-place. Masaniello vindicated the authenticity of the document, and in this he was seconded by Genovino, already bought over to the cause of the viceroy. A general pardon in the name of the viceroy to those who had taken part in the rebellion, lighted up for a moment all the passions of the multitude, who considered themselves insulted by it; but this feeling was pacified by the combined efforts of the archbishop, Masaniello, and Genovino.

Masaniello had organised the masses into companies of 15,000 to 16,000 men (he had passed in review, the fourth day of insurrection, 122,000 men), and to each company he assigned a particular station. All available horses had been seized to form a cavalry corps, and guns were hoisted for service in carts. He, himself, held his head-quarters on the market-place, with a guard of 7000 or 8000 men. He had caused a kind of platform to be erected, covered with a canopy, where, dressed in a coarse blouse, with a girth of coloured linen, the red cap of a fisherman on his head, his chest exposed, and feet bare, and assisted by Genovino and his lieutenants, Perrone and Palumbo, he administered justice, issued decrees, listened to complaints, organised his forces, published ordinances of police, and decided upon all public matters generally.

The archbishop, encouraged by his success at Our Lady of Carmel, engaged Masaniello to assemble the people in the market-place, to ratify the clauses of a capitulation with the viceroy. It was half-past two o'clock, and the vast space was covered with an anxious and impatient crowd, awaiting the *dénouement* of this terrible drama, when suddenly three hundred brigands, mounted and armed to the teeth, rode in from the country. This unexpected apparition took Masaniello by surprise. Domenico Perrone endeavoured to reassure him, by asserting that the strangers had come as auxiliaries, and were worthy of confidence. The explanation was little satisfactory to the plebeian chief; but Perrone making them dismount, renewed his assurances so warmly, that they were permitted to fraternise with the people, and some of them penetrated into the church of Carmel, under the pretext of praying to the Virgin.

Masaniello had gone thither a few moments before to inform the archbishop that the people awaited him with impatience. He was standing conversing with the prelate at the door of the sacristy, when Perrone made signs to him from a distance, calling him to the side of the sanctuary, as if to give him urgent advice. Masaniello complied with the signs of his friend and lieutenant. Suddenly the vaults of the temple resounded with the discharge of an arquebuss, and a ball whistled past his ears. "Treachery! treachery!" cried out the popular chief. Five more shots answered him, but without success. Perrone had disappeared. The tumult caused by this event communicated itself at once from the interior of the church to the extremities of the square, and the indigna-

tion of the multitude turned with fury upon the bandits, who attempted to defend themselves for a time, but were soon overpowered by numbers and butchered. In vain these wretches sought for an asylum: neither the inviolability of the place, nor the sanctity of the altar, nor the venerated image of the Virgin, were allowed to be a refuge to them. More than thirty were put to death on the steps of the sanctuary. Three were strangled in the sacristy; one under the archbishop's chair, although covered with the pontifical robes. Fifty bodies lay in the market-place. Perrone was discovered in a cell, and put to death by repeated blows, although protected by the robe of a Carmelite monk. His brother fell pierced by two balls. The archbishop and the monks made assiduous, but vain attempts, to save the conspirators from the popular frenzy. Antonio Grasso, before dying, confessed that the conspiracy had been got up by the Duke de Maddaloni and Caraffa, who had engaged Perrone to slay Masaniello, and to seize upon the town, and that other troops of brigands were awaiting without the city for the coming on of night. Grasso's head went with the others to adorn the market-place, round which Masaniello had them all stuck upon pikes.

A horrible feeling of revenge, and an insatiable thirst for blood, was aroused by this incident. There was now neither reason nor pity to be met with from Masaniello or his associates. New heads were constantly added to those already in the market-place. The slightest suspicion sufficed for putting a person to death. Above all, possession of the Duke de Maddaloni was coveted. He had escaped in a monk's dress.

His brother, Caraffa, was less successful. Hunted at first to a convent, he was even obliged to fly from it, and, being captured in a house of bad reputation, he was dragged to the square called *Del Ceriglio*, where he was put to death in the most savage manner.

- Popular frenzy was at its zenith. Groups of insurrectionists, among whom were even women and children, paraded the town, to gratify a thousand personal feelings of revenge, under pretext of exterminating bandits and reactionaries. The cries of death were heard on all sides; decapitated bodies encumbered the streets; blood stained the hands of all; the walls were spotted with it, the churches defiled by it; nothing could escape the fury of the assassins. Even Masaniello's life was not safe: two balls whistled close past him, without the offenders being discovered.

At length the captain-general became himself alarmed at the atrocious excesses of the populace, and he resolved to subdue the terrible state of anarchy at any cost. Throwing himself in the midst of the mob, with only a few followers, he ordered the city to be illuminated, ditches to be digged, and barricades erected; great fires to be lit up in the squares; all palaces to be invested; while the priesthood were forbidden, under pain of death, to wear long robes, and even the women were obliged to diminish their dresses to one-half the customary length.

Tranquillity being to a certain degree restored, the archbishop exerted himself to bring about the arrangement which had been so unluckily interrupted by the Perrone conspiracy. A certain Fatturoso was sent as representative of the people, to conclude the terms of capitulation with the viceroy. The promulgation of these terms was then publicly made at the church of Carmel, and the viceroy returned to his palace;

whence he deputed a captain of guards, Don Diego Carrillo, to express his gratification to the people, and induce Masaniello to come and receive in person the rewards intended for him. The proposal alarmed the fisherman in no slight degree. He demanded from the cardinal if the rewards intended for him were not chains or a scaffold. But being reassured upon that point, another difficulty remained, which was to induce him to cast off his sordid attire and put on habits suitable to a captain-general of the people. The cardinal threatened him with excommunication to induce compliance; and when at last the plebeian chief was clothed in his robes, every one was struck with the extraordinary attenuation produced by five days' total want of sleep, disregard of food, and prenatal excitement. "He appeared," Giraffi relates, "like an animated skeleton, and so extremely thin was he, that he could scarcely move or hold himself upright." Well might the fever of delirium seize upon a frame thus abandoned to its ravages.

Febrile excitement displayed itself as he rode to the palace. The archbishop was in his carriage; Masaniello, on horseback, on the one side; Arpaja, the people's elect, on the other; Genovino behind, in a sedan-chair. A herald preceded the procession, crying out, "Long live the king!—Long live the faithful people!" but having extemporized "Long live Masaniello!" the plebeian chief, forgetful of his dignity, sprang from his horse, seized him by the hair, and was only prevented by those around from exterminating him on the spot.

Masaniello evidently looked upon his visit to the viceroy as an act of self-immolation. As a last resource, he addressed the populace, enjoining them, if he did not re-appear the next day, to put the palace and all in it to fire and sword. In the presence of the viceroy, according to some, he fainted away; but, according to Giraffi, an eye-witness worthy of credit, he threw himself at the viceroy's feet, and the latter, raising him, had the shameless duplicity to embrace him, and assure him of his high esteem and consideration. The interview was interrupted by the mob, who soon became impatient as to the safety of their captain-general. The viceroy and archbishop were obliged to unite their persuasions to induce him to show himself: he did so, crying out, "Here I am, well and safe! peace! peace!" and immediately the air rang with congratulatory exclamations. "Oh, shame!" adds the historian, De Rivas, "the Duke of Arcos, seized with a kind of stupor, on witnessing the electric influence of the young man's looks and the magical power of his voice, embraced him, and wiped with an embroidered kerchief the damps from his brow, calling him the liberator of Naples." The plebeian chief, turning towards him, said, "I wish your excellence to see to what extent these people are docile." He then placed a finger on his lips, in token of silence, and not a murmur arose from the living sea. "Under pain of death and of rebellion, I order you to retire!" he added; "let no one remain on this place." Whereupon the crowd retired in the most profound silence, and the whole square was immediately deserted. The duke, the cardinal, and the other spectators of this scene, remained immovable, struck with surprise.

Masaniello, confirmed by the viceroy in his title of captain-general of the people, to which was superadded that of Duke of San Giorgio, of which latter title it does not, however, appear that he ever availed him-

self, repaired to the episcopal palace, and only regained his head-quarters in the market-place at a late hour. The honours conferred upon him, coming more especially from such an unexpected quarter, had the effect of exalting his vanity, and impelling him to further acts of insane despotism. The brief dominion of *This Man of the People*, indeed, proves that which is shown by all history, that Providence may select the most ignoble instrument for its just vengeance upon tyrants, but that such instrument is by its nature never intended to be raised to permanent authority.

The rumour that more bandits were approaching the city sufficed to make the plebeian chief cast off his sumptuous dress, and resume his garb as a fisherman, and re-institute his tribunal in the market-place, no longer, however, on the temporary platform, but at the window of his own house, where he received the petitions and memorials addressed to him at the end of a pike, holding in his hand at the same time an arquebuss, the match of which was ready lighted, while his door was guarded by two thousand armed men. He deputed some of his followers to search the town for bandits, while other and stronger bodies were sent to look to the security of the approaches of the town. The result was, that another hundred heads were sent to decorate the market-place. Nothing could satiate the thirst for blood which had taken possession of his mind. The heads of four brigands were stricken off with the knife of the fishmongers' hall. A baker, who had disobeyed his injunctions in regard to the price of bread, was consumed in his own oven. A colossal gibbet was erected in the Strada di Toledo, and two executioners were in full employment at it. Six sailors and four armed men, taken in a boat coming from Sorrento, were subjected to horrible tortures, and finally decapitated.

Dreaming of nothing but conspiracies against his person, he ordered all priests, or persons wearing the garments of priests, found in the streets, to be brought before him, to see if they were not disguised emissaries. All shops were ordered to be opened, and five men were posted at the corner of each street to preserve order. The greatest crimes that stained this fatal day were, however, committed by the so-called *La Compagnia della morte*, among whom figured in the first rank the celebrated painter Salvator Rosa.\* The Duke de Rivas says, however, that little faith is to be attached to the strange adventures attributed to the renowned artist by the romantic pen of an Irish lady,† who says it is historically recorded of Salvator, that he was *uno dei soldati più fidi di Masaniello*—one of Masaniello's best soldiers.

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\* An almost breathing portrait of Masaniello, exhibiting features full of febrile excitement, and eyes inflamed with lust of blood, and in all respects corresponding with the description in the text, is now in the collection of John Auldjo, Esq., of Noel House, Kensington. It was painted by Salvator Rosa, during the latter days of the revolt. There was another portrait of Masaniello, in the possession of the late Countess of Blessington. Mr. Auldjo, we believe, occupied himself, during his stay in Naples, in gathering together materials for a history of Masaniello, which, we trust, he may yet give to the world.

† "Life and Times of Salvator Rosa," by Lady Morgan, vol. 1, p. 368, et seq. Lady Morgan calls Masaniello, Tommaso Angelo Maya; and she says, that during the reign of Masaniello no *stragi* or carnage of any kind occurred, except that of the bandits who fell victims to their own treason in the church of the Carmelites.

A visible change was gradually taking place in the character of the extraordinary man who had effected this insurrection. He became taciturn and suspicious even of his most intimates. He no longer sought the counsels of Palumbo, Genovino, or Arpaja, and yet tolerated the flattery and obsequiousness of those around him. The fancy struck him to convert his humble abode into a palace, and with that view he knocked down the adjoining houses without consulting the proprietors. He even adopted sumptuous garments, and had his attendants dressed in rich liveries. The Duchess of Arcos had readily effected a similar change upon his wife, to whom she sent presents of jewels and magnificent dresses, with which she did not fail to decorate her person, and thus attired she gave herself absurd airs in the presence of her relatives and friends, all of the very lowest class.

On the evening of the same day, during which upwards of 1500 persons had perished beneath the assassin's dagger, the knife of the executioner, or the fire of incendiaries, the insatiable Masaniello had his sword of captain-general publicly blessed by the archbishop—the last caprice of a man on the verge of insanity, and a fitting conclusion to a day for ever notorious in the annals of Naples!

The seventh day of insurrection (Saturday, 13th July) was ushered in under the same fearful auspices as its predecessor,—perquisitions, arrests, executions. Masaniello named Andrea Polito, an ignorant and brutal wretch, his camp-master, and assigned one suburb to a brother of Palumbo, a man remarkable for his violence, and another to Gennaro Annese, master arquebussier, the latter being destined to play an important part in the history of the insurrection. In the afternoon, a grand festival was held at the cathedral to celebrate the terms of capitulation. The Duke of Arcos experienced more lively apprehensions of personal disaster on this the first time of his appearance in the streets since the insurrection, than even Masaniello himself did upon the occasion of his first interview with the viceroy. The duke was, however, everywhere received with profound marks of respect.

Upon this solemn occasion, Masaniello gave further indications of approaching insanity. Standing upright, with a drawn sword in his hand, he frequently interrupted the reading of the agreement, and during the performance of the *Te Deum* he several times called one of the gentlemen of the archbishop in the most imperious manner, sending him to the viceroy with absurd and insolent messages. At the conclusion of the chant, the unfortunate man made a long incoherent speech, which he concluded, as usual, by saying that he wished to return to his original condition as a fisherman; and he began to rend in pieces his splendid garments, running first to the viceroy, and then to the archbishop, for assistance in getting rid of his robes, and exhibiting at the same time such strange and fearful grimaces, that even the populace, generally inclined to look upon him as inspired from above, felt he must be labouring under an attack of madness. This frenzied scene was followed by the usual reaction, and Masaniello was for some time afterwards in a state of deep dejection, from which it was difficult to rouse him.

The next day, Sunday, the people appeared to be pacifically disposed; the generality considering that the capitulation, so solemnly sworn to, had put an end to the state of insurrection. But not so Masaniello, who

continued to fulminate his tyrannical decrees, and persevered in his sanguinary executions. Several convents were sacked, under pretence of seeking for bandits; and so blindly infuriated had he become in the exercise of authority, that, Cardinal Filomarino having sent to reproach him with an assault committed on the nuns of Santa Croce, he struck off the heads of three of his most zealous followers, simply for having obeyed his orders. His brother-in-law, Pizzicarlo, and his associates, Genovino and Arpaja, were obliged to avoid by flight his violent attacks of madness. During one of these he mounted on horseback, and galloping along the streets struck at every one he met with his sword. The archbishop having interceded to save the lives of three unfortunate peasants, on the plea that, being Sunday, their execution ought to be deferred till next day, Masaniello, full of disgust, sought for recreation in the country; and, with this view, arranged a banquet at Santa Lucia à Mare, at the house of one of his associates, Onofrio Caffiero, a man of the lowest class.

Having eaten and caroused till drunkenness was superadded to insanity, Masaniello resolved upon inviting the viceroy to participate in the evening festivities. He therefore started off to the palace, without hat or sword, his face flushed with intemperance and his chest bare, and disdaining to allow himself to be announced, he hurried into the presence of the duke. The latter, it may be easily imagined, was somewhat perplexed with the apparition and the demands made upon his patience, but he extricated himself from the difficulty by feigning a severe headache, and offering the use of his magnificent gilded feluca to the plebeian chief.

Masaniello accepted the offer with transport, and hastening to his friends, they took abundance of refreshments, and started upon a maritime excursion. On their way, the plebeian chief amused himself by throwing gold into the sea in order to exercise the skill of the divers. When successful, he praised them; when otherwise, he loaded them with abuse; and one of his companions having ventured to differ with him in opinion, he both insulted and struck him. During the absence of the captain-general, his wife had been displaying her plebeian vanity in a visit to the Duchess of Arcos, and an ominous meeting had been held, in which the maniacal proceedings of Masaniello were openly spoken of, as demanding interference on the part even of his own followers.

It was already dark when the latter, heated with wine, scorched by the burning sun of July, and frenzied with excitement upon fatigue, on his return plunged into the water, and, swimming ashore, hastened home, with all the symptoms of his malady so much aggravated, that no wonder there were many ready to credit the story spread abroad, of his having been poisoned by order of the viceroy. But there was quite sufficient in the character of the man, the excesses, mental and bodily, and the fatigues of the last eight days, to account for the cerebral fever which was so rapidly undermining his reason.

The next morning, Monday, the 15th of July, Masaniello presented himself, according to custom, in the market-place, having his bare sword in his hand, which he brandished right and left. So strong was the feeling of discontent aroused by his conduct, that some among the crowd began to pelt him with stones, one of which struck him a severe blow. Astonished at such unaccustomed treatment, he rushed into the church of

the Carmelites, followed by the mob, where, seizing a crucifix, he reproached them with ingratitude, appealing, in vehement language, to his past services in their cause. "Look at me," he exclaimed; "I am dried up to a skeleton. I have nothing but skin on my bones. An inward fire is devouring me. I have emptied two butts of water, without being able to satisfy my thirst." And suiting the action to the word, he began, regardless of the sanctity of the place, to strip himself before the multitude. He concluded, in the same strain of extravagance, by vociferating, "Know, that you will never be in safety till you have made a seaport of the market-place, or till you have built a bridge from Naples to Spain. As to me, I shall be assassinated to-morrow, but my death will be the signal of your ruin. I pardon you—I bless you!"

Issuing from the church, Masaniello once more mounted his horse, and riding furiously about, made a last attempt to fire the dying embers of insurrection. He had several popular leaders decapitated; he personally insulted the Duke de Castel Sangro; and even laid violent hands upon the horses in the royal stables. When the grooms hesitated, without an order from Don Carlo Caracciolo, master of the horse, the captain-general exclaimed, foaming at the mouth, "Who is Don Carlo? Who is master of the horse? Who is king? I am everything here, and I acknowledge no superior." And he seized upon six horses, which, however, he soon afterwards sent back.

At mid-day, Masaniello repaired once more on board the feluca, taking with him plenty of refreshments. The opportunity of his absence was seized to insure his destruction. The Duke de Castel Sangro, irritated at the insult he had received, had been urgent with the viceroy. Genovino and Arpaja were also among the conspirators against the life of their tyrannical and capricious master. Masaniello returned in the evening more exhausted than even on the previous day. He had as before swum ashore, in the vain hope of cooling the fever raging in his blood; and his first act was to secure the persons of Genovino, Arpaja, and some other chiefs, whom he had still reason sufficient left to feel were unfaithful to him. Not meeting, however, with immediate satisfaction, he threw himself, sword in hand, upon the crowd; but he was seized, and shut up out of harm's way in his own house, and a guard placed at the door. There was no rest, however, even there for the miserable man. About midnight he kindled four torches, and calling the crowd to his window, he exclaimed, in a sepulchral voice, "Oh, my people, already I exist no longer. A few hours more, and I die assassinated."

On the morning of the 16th of July, being the festival of Our Lady of Carmel, and a solemn day at Naples, everything proclaimed that some great event was about to take place. The palace was surrounded by German and Spanish soldiers under arms, the different guard-houses were filled with troops; the very populace seemed expectant. Masaniello, at the break of day, escaping from his guard, sought refuge in the church of the Carmelites. There, seizing a crucifix, he once more harangued the multitude in his usual vehement manner. His words, dictated by deep feeling and strong convictions, carried away his listeners for a time, but passing from a lucid interval to one of mania, he mixed up prayer and contrition with such absurd grimaces, that, in pity for the exhibition he was making, he was borne away to a monk's cell, where,

broken down with exhaustion, bathed in sweat, and almost fainting, he threw himself on a couch, and dropped asleep.

Meantime four bandits, hired for the purpose by the viceroy, penetrated into the church, crying out, "Long live the King of Spain! Long live the Duke of Arcos! Death to whoever shall obey Masaniello!"

The people, astonished, held their tongues. Masaniello had roused himself from his troubled slumber, and contemplating for a moment, from the window of his cell, the sea, the scene of his youthful exploits—the sea which had once supplied him with food, he mentally reverted to happy days fled for ever, and peaceful avocations no more to be followed!

His reflections were suddenly interrupted by the sound of arms in the cloisters. He thought the sound proceeded from the people coming once more to fetch him in triumph from his cell, and he rushed forth, exclaiming, "You seek me, noble people; here I am!" In answer, he received four balls of arquebusses, which extended him on the ground. "Ungrateful traitors!" were his last words.

One of the bandits cut off his head, which seemed still to preserve a vestige of life, and carried off the trophy to the viceroy, who received it, the Duke de Rivas relates, "with demonstrations of ferocious joy, equally unbecoming a Christian, a gentleman, and a delegate of royalty."

What a terrible lesson is here afforded to those who put faith in popular applause and gratitude; and who indulge in dreams of the possibility of solid power based on the transient enthusiasm of the masses!

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## E DYING BRIDEGROOM.

BY WILLIAM CHARLES KENT.

THE lattice trembled open,  
And cool the summer air,  
Thro' the woodbine wafting sweetness,  
Stirred the dying student's hair,  
And on evening's purple silence streamed,  
His voice breathed like a prayer :

"Come nearer, Alice, nearer;  
Lay your hand upon my brow :  
I am free from suffering, dearest,  
And my thoughts are calmer now,  
And I love to feel you clinging,  
Like the blossom to the bough.

"Let me clasp your blessed fingers—  
There—I press them to my lips :  
They are thin with all this watching  
How Time's sand too glibly slips :  
Mine were warmer when my fancies  
Felt the fever's dire eclipse!



*The Dying Bridegroom.*

"Nay, shudder not so wildly;  
 It is past—that gloomy strife!  
 All my mind's delirium vanished  
 With this ebbing out of life:  
 I'm a very child in weakness now,  
 My gentle-hearted wife!

"Draw your arm around my shoulders—so  
 And let me lay my head,  
 Weary—weary, love, but loving,  
 On your breast—my sweetest bed;  
 And perhaps sometimes you'll fancy me  
 Still here when I am dead.

"Shall you find it very lonely,  
 When the twilight drawing 'round,  
 You will watch my empty corner  
 On our hearth's beloved ground;  
 And you pause to hear—alas! in vain—  
 My tongue's familiar sound?

"Oh, weep not, Alice, weep not!  
 I cannot bear those tears;  
 I would stanch them with my kisses,  
 And dispel your bitter fears,  
 With our memories of bygone hours,  
 And hopes of happy years.

"How sweet the breezy vesper  
 Spreads abroad its faint perfumes,  
 Fanning thro' the open window  
 Where the honeysuckle blooms:  
 Think you, Alice, there are blossoms  
 Such as those among the tombs?

"Nay, do not shut the lattice,  
 For the mild air sheds a balm  
 O'er my temples. 'Tis not chilling;  
 And the eve is hushed and calm,  
 And its fitful murmur rises  
 With the sadness of a psalm.

"Hark! the village bells are chiming—  
 Do you hear them down the dale?  
 They were joyful once, beloved,  
 When they told our wedding tale;  
 But their merry sounds ring harshly now,  
 With tones of no avail.

"To me their plaintive music,  
 As they vibrate to and fro  
 In the ivied belfry swinging,  
 When the winds of evening blow,  
 Seems like the solemn dirges sung  
 O'er friends gone years ago.

¶ Yet think not idle sorrows  
 Such as these I now can feel;  
 No, my heart's adored treasure!  
 Other griefs around me steal,  
 Thoughts of agonised affection,  
 Broken words but half reveal.

" I am thinking, O my fairest!  
Of those days almost divine,  
When to these poor arms that beauty  
You were willing to resign,  
When your virgin faith you plighted,  
And I found you—Alice—mine.

" Mine, unworthy in my weakness;  
Mine, though humbly, I could own  
Not a rood of fair possessions  
Where the leaves of God are grown:  
Mine, though poorest and obscurest—  
Mine, my Alice, mine alone!

" Brief and golden are the moments  
That have vanished since that morn,  
When hither to our cottage  
From the bridal you were borne;  
Scarce, since then, three moons have ripened  
Milky greenness in the corn.

" It has pleased the God who made us,  
In His wisdom to afford  
But few glimpses of that rapture  
That we dreamt of and adored,  
When you chose me from all others  
For your proud though lowly lord.

" Yet with all my pangs of anguish,  
While I see you by my side,  
Looking down with tender patience  
On the love by death denied,  
I am filled with glad emotions,  
O my glory! O my bride!

" All the fame I yearned to vanquish,  
This frail mind no more can seek.  
Clasp me nearer to thy bosom—  
Let me kiss thy pallid cheek.  
Oh, my Alice, grief is stronger,  
Though my failing voice be weak.

" But the chalice of my sorrows  
God is filling to the brim.  
Kiss my forehead, Alice, quickly,  
For my eyes are growing dim;  
Kiss my lips, love—closer, closer,  
Oh, my senses faint and swim!"

She is bending o'er him fondly,  
Shedding fast the briny rain;  
On his heart her palm she presses,  
And—like madness in her brain—  
Feels, oh God! it beats no longer,  
Knows it ne'er can throb again.

## MR. JOLLY GREEN'S ACCOUNT OF THE LATE PAPAL AGGRESSION.

### I.

HOW MR. GREEN BECAME A PUSEYITE WITHOUT KNOWING IT; AND HOW HE SET OFF ON A MISSION FROM THE DECORATIVE CHRISTIANS.

WHEN I last addressed the British public, I was seated, like Mario, upon the ruins of Covent Garden, or—to express myself less figuratively—was the victim of domestic treachery and external outrage. At another moment, perhaps, I might have resumed the theme, being fully aware of the interest which my countrymen take in my misfortunes; but events have since occurred of such paramount importance to the nation at large, that I consider it my duty to abandon all personal considerations, and address myself to the great question of the day, with which, I am happy to say, my own acts are not unconnected.

I have hitherto preserved silence on the subject of my religious opinions—or, perhaps, I might more expressively say—my ecclesiastical tendencies; but the time has now arrived, when every man, who is a man, is called upon to speak out; and I, therefore, at once break through my self-imposed restraint. In doing so, it will be necessary for me to be slightly retrospective.

I was brought up like Queen Elizabeth—of glorious memory—in the Protestant faith; and though I have not, like her, defeated a Spanish Armada, on horseback, at Tilbury Fort, certain feats of equestrianism which I have performed before an enemy, may, I think, fairly entitle me to occupy a prominent position in my country's annals. But this is not all, for, by a curious coincidence, to which history offers few parallels, the same compliment which was paid to the Virgin Martyr by Pope Hildebrand, when he created her a “Fidei Defensor,” has been repeated in my person by the present illustrious descendant of Saint Peter; in private, it is true, but no less effectually than if it had been fulminated from the brazen throat of a Roman bull! I will not insist upon the fact that personal merits were the cause of this transaction; but I beg distinctly to assure the world that I am *not* indebted for this honour, as certain organs of the press have insinuated, to my relationship to Cardinal *Wiseman*. That distinguished prelate and myself are undoubtedly connected by the ties of consanguinity—indeed, the learned prelate's name betrays our common origin—but, beyond the exercise of mere acts of friendship, I challenge our calumniators to produce a single instance in which the strictest etiquette has not been observed in the various relations which have subsisted between us.

I hinted last month at my having recently extended my travels on the Continent somewhat widely, but I did not then state, as I now explicitly do, that they reached as far as Rome. The reason why I blinked the question arose from my apprehension lest it might have been supposed that the government had employed me, as they did Lord M—n—o, in coquetting with the distinguished personage who, since the time of Pope Joan, has been uniformly known as “The Scarlet Lady.” But I now take the opportunity of stating, that whatever intercourse took place between that

triple functionary—the Cerberus of the Vatican—and myself, was wholly unofficial, as far the g—v—rnn—t is concerned, and that I am prepared, at the risk of a *præmunire*, to take the entire consequences upon myself.

What occurred when I was in the 'tarnal city—as the Americans call it—I shall take occasion, presently, to describe; but, before I enter upon that part of my narrative, I must be permitted to develop the nature of the ecclesiastical tendencies to which I have referred.

My father, who realised in St. Paul's Churchyard the handsome fortune with which he retired from business, had, as a matter of course, the greatest respect for that distinguished Father of the Church, Sir Christopher Wren, and resolved, whenever I should be born, to have me christened in that stupendous edifice, in order that I might be thoroughly imbued from infancy in High Church principles. He had also another motive, which, though irrelevant to the subject on which I am treating (if anything *can* be irrelevant that concerns myself), I may as well mention, viz., that, by adopting this course of proceeding, all future disputes as to the place of my birth might be obviated; or, as he used to say in his own homely phrase (alluding to Pope's Homer), that "when I came upon the parish I might at least know where to go to." It is to this circumstance, I make no doubt, that the elevated bias of my mind may be attributed; and my best thanks are, therefore, due to my venerated parent for his foresight. At the proper age I was sent to school at Harrow, where, as all the world knows, the church stands on a hill, and thus, a second time, was carried out the scheme of my nativity. I shall not pause to speak of the many illustrious men who have been educated at this celebrated seminary, but only observe that my name is cut in the wainscot of the schoolroom, on the side exactly opposite that of Byron—the public will readily appreciate the spirit of generous rivalry in which this act was conceived and accomplished. That I did not finish my educational career at either of our ancient universities, arose partly, I think, from the fact that Oxford and Cambridge both stand on a flat—hence the great encouragement given to Low Church doctrines—and partly from the circumstance that my father wished to associate me, before his death, in the partnership of the house. This would have proved a misfortune to most young men who, immersed like me in dry-salting, might have forgotten their native element; but as I happen never to forget what I have once learnt, it made no difference in my intellectual development; and at this very hour I have only to draw upon my memory for any classical or historical subject, and it stands at once before me in all its picturesque originality. I advert to this peculiarity in my organisation, to account for the fertility of my ideas, and the happy applicability of my illustrations.

I am not at this moment detailing my early biography—though it may some day see the light—and, therefore, I pass over all that happened to me at this period of my life of a merely worldly tendency. It is sufficient for me to say, that when I succeeded to man's estate and my own—by my father's death—and shortly afterwards became only a sleeping partner in the firm, I was considered as orthodox a layman as ever blew a nose during service in the echoing aisle of St. Nicodemus of Peckham, in which parish my hereditary landed property is situated.

The Vicar of St. Nicodemus, the Reverend Dominick Longskirt, had only just been inducted at the time of my coming of age, and one of the

first acts of his ministry was to pay me the flattering compliment of calling upon me, on which occasion he took the opportunity—if I may use his own words—of asking me for a subscription towards the erection of the stained-glass window which now adorns the eastern extremity of the church. He represented, and very justly, that there were few in the parish like myself, and that, for obvious reasons, he reckoned upon my assistance. I could not, therefore, behave otherwise than handsomely; and when he left “The Priory”—as, by his advice, I afterwards called my house—he took with him a check for five hundred pounds.

The Reverend Dominick Longskirt, whose religious tastes had been matured at Clerestory College, Oxon, under the able guidance of Dr. Pew-see, was not one to do things by halves; and, as Nero boasted that he found Rome all marble, and left it all brick, so the vicar felt proud to say he speedily wrought a corresponding change in the interior of St. Nicodemus. It was not only the eastern window which my money assisted in embellishing, but a number of objects soon filled the church, supplying the place of articles of commoner form, and to their acquirement I cheerfully subscribed.

“Attached as you and I are, Mr. Green,” the Reverend Dominick Longskirt would observe—“attached as we are, in common with other enlightened persons, to the institutions of our forefathers, and repelling those innovations which would assimilate the cathedral to the conventicle, what better can we do than sustain the externals of our worship, distinguishing it by that means from the faith of those who would vainly persuade us that religion has no need of agreeable accessories? You, Mr. Green, I am convinced, regard a decorated edifice as an object worthy of admiration, as a thing to which posterity may point and exclaim exultingly,—‘In that Sedilium sat the celebrated Mr. Green, at the time when he endowed the Almonarium at the church-gate; that Frater-house, or Refectory, to which our wardens so willingly repair for the discussion of parochial business, was founded under his auspices; he it was who gave this Reredos, that Dosel, these Brackets, and yonder Aspersorium!’ It is a pleasurable thing, Mr. Green, to be able to reflect on what an exalted mind may do with its money; and yours, I am persuaded, is of the Order of Benefactors!”

It seldom happened, after orations like this—for the Reverend Dominick Longskirt was a perfect Oratorian—that he departed empty-handed; and, I own, I felt proud when I reflected that I *had* done so much towards restoring the Established Church. The consequence of all this was, that, aided by a few more gentlemanly enthusiasts like myself, St. Nicodemus became quite a show; and I will venture to say that not even St. Barabbas of Pimlico could boast of a more brazen Lettern, a more glittering Pax, a gaudier Pix, or Misereres of more elaborate workmanship. Nor were these interesting objects without their uses. To have set them there merely to be looked at would scarcely have satisfied the ardent soul of Dominick Longskirt.

Not only were the candlesticks placed, but the long wax tapers in them (or Serges, as he more correctly called them) were lit, and blazed away during the whole service; not only was water poured into the Lavatory, but the vicar washed his hands and face in it before he went into the Vestiarium to put on the sacerdotal robes. The Faldistory was made to sit on, the Foot-pace to lean against, the eagle-shaped Lettern to bear the

weight of the rich books of purple and gold from which the service was chanted, and to their several uses did the Reverend Dominick Longskirt apply them. Nor did he perform his genuflections or manipulations alone. There was something so novel and captivating in these exhibitions, something that had such a delicious air of private theatricals, where it is not etiquette to hiss the performers, that he speedily mustered a numerous flock of acolytes, and amongst the foremost was enrolled the glowing name of Jolly Green!

This altered state of things at Peckham was not, as may readily be imagined, the work of a single day, but was brought about by a gradual and continuous process. There were periods when I was absent for some months; such as when, for instance, I went on my first memorable expedition to Paris, and lost my heart to Angelique de Vaudet—the remembrance of whom still draws iron tears down the cheek of Plutus; but every time I returned to “The Priory,” the attentive vicar was the first to greet me with a kind welcome, and report the progress he had made in the conversion of St. Nicodemus. I took a deep interest in the question, and to prove my earnestness in the cause, consented to join a select society, at the head of which was the Reverend Dominick Longskirt—the object of the association being the advancement, by all the means in our power, of the worship of Serges and Misereres. In this society we dropped our worldly appellations, and were called by that of some canonised person; out of compliment to Peckham, I adopted that of Brother Nicodemus, and the vicar, who is a fine linguist, and has been a great deal on the Continent, assured me that, if I travelled in France under that name, I should need no further passport. This I afterwards found to be perfectly true; and so much did I impress the natives, when I made myself known by that designation, that they invariably did me the honour of calling me “Le grand Nicodème!”

The vicar had a strong motive in inducing me to become one of the brotherhood of Peckham, for he reckoned upon the force of my eloquence, the grace of my manner, my profound knowledge of mankind, and, above all, upon my personal influence with a certain illustrious personage to accomplish the great object which he and other decorative Christians had in view, but which, until the pear was ripe, he sedulously kept to himself.

At length he disclosed his plan. It was after an excellent *tête-à-tête* dinner which I had given him at his own request in a private room at Grillon's Hotel, where the cookery, I need scarcely say, is first-rate, and the wine superb; it was then, when we had repeatedly pledged each other in some capital Burgundy (of the kind which the French themselves call “capiteux”), that the Reverend Dominick Longskirt unfolded his object. It was proposed, not only by the Peckham Brotherhood, but by the general Confraternity of Decoratives throughout the kingdom, that I should proceed on a secret mission to Rome to negotiate and advise with the V—t—c—n on a matter of the deepest interest which was then under discussion there. I had some difficulty that evening in collecting the whole import of the vicar's communication, for he spoke in semitones of mysterious thickness, which caused a singular whizzing in my own ears; but as sealed instructions were being prepared for me, which I was to open when I arrived at my place of destination, his politic reserve was of less consequence.

I accepted the portfolio, and set out on my mission to Rome.

## II.

MR. GREEN HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH THE WINKING VIRGIN OF RIMINI,  
AND AFTERWARDS PROCEEDS TO ROME.

OF my journey through France I shall say nothing. I had visited that country in various capacities, and on all occasions had rallied popular opinion around my standard, and left an agreeable impression behind me. But now I was travelling, to a certain extent, incognito, under the simple and unostentatious title of Brother Nicodemus, and it was not, therefore, to be expected that I should be received, like the President of the Republic, with regal honours in every town through which I passed. If the inhabitants of Lyons had known that it was Jolly Green who waved his handkerchief to them from the deck of the *Inexplosible*, when we cast off from the wharf for Avignon, I have not the slightest doubt that they would have immediately raised a triumphal vegetable column, *à la Soyer*, to commemorate the event; but I left that peaceable population in ignorance of my *trajet*, and pursued my way without any ovation. Conscious of the distinguished reception which I could at any time command, I was content with the quiet but general testimony in favour of my personal bearing, of which I have already made mention.

Neither shall I dwell upon the hackneyed topic of Italian travel. The route by the *Cornice* was braved by me with a manliness which might well have set an example to the most timorous of couriers, and yet I arrived in perfect safety at Genoa. From thence, by way of Parma, renowned for its cheese (the Parmegiano which Italian painters are so fond of), and Modena, famous for the wooden bucket in which Tasso made his celebrated descent with Dante to the Infernal regions, I journeyed on to Bologna. I must say, that I was rather disappointed at not seeing the Maid of Lodi, who, I had been given to understand, was always to be met with "between the Po and Parma;" but this, perhaps, may be accounted for by the fact that I did not travel in a private conveyance, that consequently it was not in the power of any villains to "seize my coach," and—*ex æquali*, as Euclid says—that it was not necessary for the Maid of Lodi to make her appearance and sing to me by way of consolation for being dragged into a cavern and plundered by robbers. It is very possible, indeed, that as "by labour" she "earns her food," she was engaged in her dairy manufacturing the aforesaid Parmegiano; but I merely throw this out as a hasty conjecture, for the consideration of the able editor of "Notes and Queries."

Being pressed for time, I only remained at Bologna long enough to lay in a supply of sausages for the road, and to make the ascent of the leaning towers, the architecture of which closely resembles the national emblem of the Bolognese, if we can fancy sausages so monstrous as to stand two or three hundred feet high. I did not pay a visit to "The Bolognese School," thinking that unnecessary at my time of life, and remembering, moreover, that I was educated at Harrow, which is a far better school than any in Italy; but after a hasty dinner on *cervellato*, which is a kind of loose "stick-jaw," made of raisins and bitter-almonds, I again pursued my journey. Not direct, however, across the Apennines (once the seat of the Muses) to Florence, but by making a *detour* through Forlì; for I had heard of the Winking Virgin at Rimini, and was desirous of conveying to the P—pe the latest intelligence of her pro-

ceedings. I passed through Faenza, where the plates and dishes, known throughout Europe as "the Willow pattern," are manufactured; through Forlì, which, as it was dark, I could see nothing of; through Cesena, where a governor, called "Badhead" (Malatesta), chained all the books in the library to the desks, because he was himself unable to read (whence his name); and through Savignano, a few miles beyond which latter place, like Pompey, *I crossed the Rubicon*. The story of the exploit of the valiant Greek is well told, I think, by Pontoppidan; but one of these days, when I have leisure, an article of mine on the subject may not prove less interesting. Let it suffice for the present, that when we arrived at this celebrated stream I got out of the diligence and waded through it in the dark, to the astonishment of my fellow passengers, who could not conceive what motive I had for doing so. At Rimini, I put up at the *Posta*, which being admitted by a recent traveller to be "dear and dirty," is therefore called "good;" for my own part, as I prefer what is cheap and clean, I feel inclined to designate the hotel somewhat differently.

After breakfasting on stale bread and coffee, in which "grouts" predominated considerably over every other ingredient, I repaired to the small church of the Poor Clares, where the image of the Virgin is venerated under the title of "The Mother of Mercy;" and as this was the first occasion on which I felt it incumbent on me to appear in appropriate costume, I put on a dress which I had brought with me, assimilating as nearly as possible to that worn by the eminent Provincial of the Passionists, Father Ignatius (heretofore Sp—nc—r), when he made his appearance on a recent occasion in the streets of Thurles. It consisted of a flowing black serge gown, with symbolic emblems of myself in *green*, richly embroidered on the left breast; a girdle of rope was knotted round my waist; I wore a broad-leaved hat, well turned-up at the sides, and had on my feet laced sandals, without stockings, which exhibited my well-formed legs to the greatest advantage. My appearance in the streets of Rimini excited the universal admiration of the simple and devout inhabitants, who readily conducted me to the church where the miracle was performed; it was almost as great a miracle that they understood what I said to them, for they speak such a wretched *patois* that I should be ashamed, if I were they, to call it Italian. It certainly was *not* the dialect with which I strove to familiarise them, from the "Handbook of Travel-talk," which is my constant companion when abroad. However, to enlighten them more particularly, I just warbled, after the manner of Grisi, "Son Vergin vezzosa;" and by this ingenious expedient they at last comprehended that I wanted to see the Winking Lady of Rimini.

I was conducted through several narrow streets, not so clean but that I was obliged to tuck up the tails of my flowing garment, casting them over my arm after the manner of the Italian brigands. I reached the Poor Clares, as much bespattered as if I had gone through Bermondsey on a similarly pious errand; and entering the church, forced my way through a crowd of kneeling adorers, until I reached the side chapel in the aisle where the picture is placed.

As a work of art, I cannot say very much for it, though it ought to be a fine picture, when we remember that it was painted by St. Luke; who, besides his other claims upon our consideration, was the inventor of oil-colours. As a likeness, it may be presumed to be very exact. But what



surprised me very much, though I suppose it is only another miraculous feature in the history of the portrait, the length of time that had elapsed since it was painted had not in the slightest degree affected the colouring, which was as fresh and brilliant as if it had been only just touched up for the occasion, and that with a freedom of handling and breadth of expression which, to my thinking—not that I pretend to be a connoisseur—savoured more of the sign-post than the studio. But I had not come so far out of my way merely to exercise my critical ability. My object was to witness the miracle, and I had not long to wait before I was perfectly satisfied. Having taken up a position in a corner of the chapel where a good light fell upon the picture, I went down upon my knees, and, shading my eyes with my broad-leaved hat, I gazed intently upon it. Being all attention, my sense of hearing was as fully awakened as that of sight, and amidst the deep silence which prevailed I heard a sudden click; almost at the same instant the Virgin's right eye began to wink very rapidly; indeed, if so profane an expression may be permitted, I should be inclined to say that the eyelid went it "like winking." After performing some ten or a dozen nictitations, both eyes were suddenly turned upwards, and to such an extent that the pupils were completely hidden, and the whites alone remained visible. This lasted about two minutes, during the whole of which time I heard a low murmuring sound, resembling the noise which a small clock makes when it is suffered to run down; and when the sound ceased, the eyes were again depressed as I had first beheld them. The miracle then was manifest; I had seen and could attest it! But what was more, I was enabled by my own exquisite faculty of hearing to detect another miracle, which the good people of Rimini had not yet found out. It was evident to me that the sound I have described was only another proof that the picture was vitally endowed; that it was, in short—the ladies will excuse me—that peculiar noise which generally arises from abstinence, and is commonly called "a growling in the stomach."

In order that I might not afterwards suppose myself to have been the victim of an optical delusion, or under the influence of a heated imagination, I remained for several hours in the chapel, and, at an interval of about every twenty minutes, I had the pleasure of hearing the little click and the subsequent growling, and witnessed the same brisk winking, the same uplifting and the same depression of the Madonna's eyelids, *all as regular as clockwork!* The effect of this astounding miracle was very great upon the pious crowd assembled to behold it, but upon none did it produce a greater impression than upon two German officers from the garrison at Ancona, who were kneeling beside me. Their emotions were so violent that they were obliged to hold on by the rails which divided us from the altar-piece, and there was a wildness of expression in their countenances, just as one observes in a person who is intoxicated; indeed, my fancy, when once it is excited, is so lively, that I almost imagined I could detect a smell of beer. But in the midst of their excitement, with a devotional gallantry that was quite touching, and which I should rather have expected from the French than the Austrians, both officers took off their military decorations, and presented them to the officiating priest to hang upon the frame of the Virgin's picture, which, I ought to have observed, was surrounded by a great many *ex votos* of different kinds. They then rose with some difficulty to their legs, being cramped, no doubt, by so much

kneeling, and with a very unsteady step, which showed how strongly they were under the influence of spiritual excitement, retired from the chapel. The priest then turned towards me, as if he expected that I should follow the example of the Austrian officers, but I had nothing to bestow in the way of decoration, except a few cockle-shells that were sewn on my hat. I made a movement to tear them off, but the priest shook his head, and gently patted himself on that part of the person which corresponds with the right-hand breeches-pocket. I was rather at a loss to guess his meaning; but, at the risk of misunderstanding him, I quietly slid my hand beneath my gaberdine, and drawing forth a piece of five *scudi*, offered it to his reverence. He glanced quickly at the coin, and seeing that it was gold, smiled approvingly, and gave me his benediction; on which I also withdrew, more edified by all that I had seen and heard than I can well express.

And, indeed, there was matter for edification; for, besides the encouraging effect which this demonstration on the part of the Madonna must have with the religiously disposed, by alluring them, as it were, into her service, I could not but think that the significant expression which her countenance wore when she winked at me was a token of personal approbation of my visit, as much as if she had said in as many words, "Follow me!"

This subject continued to occupy my thoughts as I returned to Forlì, nor was it even dispelled by the beauty of the mountain scenery which lies between that town and Florence; and though I had resumed my usual travelling-dress, I did not cast off at the same time the feeling which had led me to the feet of the Winking Virgin, but at every wayside cross in the pass between San Benedetto and San Godenzo—and there are plenty of them—I made a reverent genuflection, and repeated an *Ave Maria* from a little book which was given to me before I left England by the Reverend Dominick Longskirt. These wayside crosses, I may observe, afford travellers a gratifying proof of the very high respect for religious observances which exists in the bosoms even of the brigands of the Apennines, for no wandering Englishman is ever robbed and murdered without a cross being erected on the spot, at the expense of the man who killed him!

It was not my fortune to become an illustration of this pious sentiment, though I was given to understand when we stopped to sup at Dicomano, that we had had a narrow escape of being assassinated; for the waiter of the Leone d'Oro assured me in a whisper that the terrible robber-chief, Sanguinaccio, had been seen that very evening prowling about the mountains by one of the goatherds of the village. I thanked the good fellow for his intelligence, and, though the danger was now past, gave him a *zecchino* for his pains, for which he expressed himself very much obliged, and during the time we stayed in the inn continually addressed me as "your excellency." The astute Italian had guessed, with the proverbial quickness of his countrymen, that I was travelling in the quality of an ambassador.

I put up, at Florence, at the Albergo della Gran' Bretagna, though it is a trifle dearer than the other hotels—but my patriotism accompanies me wherever I go—and I was very comfortably off during my stay. It was not long, as I had no time to spare; but before I set out for Rome, I just took a peep at the "poet's corner" in *their* Westminster Abbey

(which they call Santa Croce)—compared the Duomo of their cathedral with our St. Paul's without paying "twopence" for the sight—and paid my respects to the Venus de Medici in the tribune of the Imperial Gallery. "If *she* could only wink her eye at me," said I to myself, "I don't think I should be in any very great hurry to leave Florence!" But as this was not to be, I tore myself away from that attractive city, and, leaping into the diligence, buried myself in a corner, and gave way to my sensations by bursting into a flood of tears!

I could, without difficulty, fill a volume with descriptions, more or less glowing, of the scenery and cities which lie between the Tuscan and the Roman capitals; but, as I have already observed, my object in writing this account is not that which usually impels the pilgrim to the Holy City, to drive a bargain with his publisher, and I purposely refrain from the exhibition of stereotyped ~~ecstasies~~ *ecstasies*. Let me, therefore, at once carry the British public with me to the walls of Rome, which I entered by the Porta del Popolo, the old Flaminian Gate—so called, because in the time of the ancient Romans the flamingoes (or modern storks) used to build their nests in it. The Porta Flaminia is now appropriated to political purposes—not altogether dissimilar, however, from its former uses; for the Papal Bull which conveyed the appointment of Cardinal W—sem—to the see of W—stn—nst—r was driven "out of the Flaminian Gate;" and a cardinal in full dress is as like a flamingo as the severest professor of comparative anatomy could desire. The statues of St. Peter and St. Paul stand over the gateway, where my passport was taken, and a fee demanded of five pauls; my travelling name, as the reader knows, was Nicodemus, but I could not forbear whispering jocosely to an Italian priest who sat next to me in the diligence, as I put up my purse,

"Well, this, I suppose, is what I have often heard of at home—robbing Peter to pay Paul."

Before my companion had recovered from the stunning effect of this joke, the diligence had entered the courtyard of the Hôtel des Iles Britanniques, where I slept that night.

### III.

#### MR. GREEN PERAMBULATES ROME WITH A CICERONE, AND HAS A PRIVATE AUDIENCE OF THE POPE.

My sensations when I awoke the next morning were of no common kind, and it was some time before I could persuade myself that I was actually in Rome. But when I looked out of my bedroom window and saw before me the Piazza del Popolo (a very different thing from the Piazza del Covent Garden), with the obelisk in the middle, called Cleopatra's Needle, which was planted there by Marc Antony, to commemorate his victory over the Egyptian Queen at Actium; when I felt that the Tiber was flowing only a short distance from the spot where I stood—that classical stream which "*Propria quæ Maribus*" had graven indelibly on my memory; when I saw an "omnibusso" go by, with the words "Campo Vaccino" and "Colosseo" inscribed upon it, and heard the "caddo" cry out "Uno grosso tutto lo camino" (or words to that effect,

signifying "threepence all the way"), I felt satisfied I must indeed have arrived in the Seven-hilled City, and thus have added—as Lord Byron says—to its "pride." But what convinced me more than anything else that I had really become what Lord P—lm—rst—n declares every Briton is—a "Civis Romanus," or genuine "S.P.Q.R.," was the fact of a waiter coming into my room, without knocking, and informing me that it was seventeen o'clock in the morning, adding something about a "collection," and pointing to his mouth, which he opened very wide, exhibiting a very fine specimen of the proverbial "bocca Romana," and teeth which decidedly merited the expression of "Tuskana." This made me suppose, at first, that it was the custom in Rome to send round the hat for a subscription the moment a traveller arrives, and being aware that money can accomplish anything in Italy, I shook my purse at him, and said, "Forko?" in an interrogative tone. He shook his head in reply, as much as to say it was *not* necessary for me to fork out, and then grinned at me with all his might; whereupon (having made up my mind while in Rome to do as Rome did) I returned him the compliment, with a breadth and vigour that a Cheshire cat might have envied. This made us excellent friends at once, there being nothing the Roman people delight in so much as pantomime; and I may observe, *en passant*, that perhaps few travellers have practised that art more successfully than myself, or have more frequently made it a substitute for the language of a foreign country. Thanks to my proficiency, we soon came to an understanding, when I discovered, what he might as well have told me before, that he wanted to know if I meant to breakfast in the hotel? As I did not wish to be seen in public before I had presented my credentials, and should have run the risk of being recognised if I had gone over to the Caffé Gréco to discuss my morning meal, I replied, of course, in the affirmative, and breakfast was presently served.

While I was stirring my chocolate and meditating upon the course which it was most advisable to adopt, an elderly person, with a sharp face, large eyes, hollow cheeks, and a snuff-coloured complexion, entered the apartment, and walking straight up to the table where I was sitting, made a magnificent flourish with his hat, and favoured me with a low bow. I rose and saluted him with equal politeness; on which he pulled out a card from his waistcoat pocket, and presented it to me with an exquisite grimace. It bore the following name, titles, and address in English:—

IL CAVALIERE TARQUINO BUGIARDONE,  
Knight Commander of the Pontifical Order of the  
"Oca Sacra;"  
Topographer-General, and Professor of all Languages;  
Interpreter; Cicerone, &c., &c.,  
to all strangers in Rome;  
and,  
to the English in particular,  
Their "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend."  
No. 21, Via de' tre Ladroni.

I stared at the card with some surprise, and my eyes wandered mechanically to the gentleman who had presented it. I should not have imagined from his costume that he was a cavalry officer, or commander of any order of knighthood, notwithstanding the green and yellow ribbon which he wore in his button hole, for his coat and trousers were perfectly thread-bare, and his hat and boots had seen no little service; but there was some-

thing so imposing in his countenance, which was greatly assisted, no doubt, by a real Roman nose, that an involuntary feeling of deference towards a man of such various accomplishments at once crept over me. He saw that he had made a favourable impression, and immediately addressed me in my native language, very correctly, for a foreigner, but with an accent which is not to be expressed by pen and ink.

"Sare," said he, "you have been long expect in Rome; all the world come here soon or late. It is the oldest and handsomest city in the universe, and was builded many thousand years before the Flood. There is not one little spot of ground, not one house, not one bit of ruins, old or new, that I do not know much better as I know myself. I am descended from Tarquin the Superb, the last of the Roman kings, as I could show you by my pedigree, if the papers were not burnt by the Emperor Nero when he set fire to the city. The English are a nation I love with all my heart, an many thousand *scudi* they give me to teach them the fine language of Rome, and show all its wonderful monuments. There are plenty of ignorants in Rome who say the same thing, but they are all liars and pretenders; I am the only man who know all about everything; and my charge is so little! You understand the value of Roman money?"

To this question, which he put very quickly, his eyes having been fixed on my face all the time he spoke, scanning the loftiness of my intelligence, I replied,

"Not exactly; I have not had time yet to go to Torlonia's, where my credit is."

"Ah! Torlonia!" he returned; "the duke is my most intimate friend. I shall introduce you to him and get all your money directly. Nobody shall cheat you here; but it is a sad place. Those other ignorant people who call themselves *ciceroni* would demand of you ten pauls a day. See the difference," he continued, lowering his voice, "I will only ask you a single *Doppia nuova*—one piece of I do not know how many *bajocchi*. But what is a *bajocco*? Not more than half an English penny! Bah! a nothing! But see, I am a true Roman; give me some bread and a little amusement, and what do I care for money? Why is my name Bugiardone?"

If ever disinterestedness could be expressed on a human countenance, to say nothing of the man's words, I saw it, I firmly believe, on that of the Cavaliere Bugiardone; and not to detain the reader with matters foreign to my embassy, though it was necessary I should have a guide in such a place as Rome, I agreed to his terms, and engaged him during my stay.

Under his pilotage I examined everything worthy of note, though at the present moment I can only glance at what I saw in the briefest manner. With him I climbed the Esculent Hill, which derives its name from the market-gardens that have now overgrown the baths of Titus; accompanied by him I entered the Forum, and harangued the Roman people in those very words of Shakspeare for which I once got a prize at Harrow; he led me to the Pantheon, which, unlike our own Pantheon in Oxford-street, is filled with tombs and monuments instead of dress-makers, fancy soaps, and avodavats; he showed me the Coliseum, where the Dying Gladiators fought, and in return I showed him exactly how they did it, having often visited the *poses plastiques* in Leicester-square, and practised the attitudes at home before a *cheval* glass in my dressing-

room ; together we explored the Cloaca Maxima, opposite the Ponte rotto, or rotten bridge, which is thus named because a part of it suddenly gave way some time since, and fell into the river ; and together we visited the antique statue of Pasquin, the original "Roman Punch," which owes its English celebrity to George IV., when Prince Regent. Enough of particulars like these, though they are not to be found in every guide-book ; let me turn to the real object of my visit to Rome !

When my classical enthusiasm was sufficiently calmed down, and the politician and man of business began again to predominate, I shut myself up in my *gabinetto*, and perused the instructions which I had brought with me from England. They were of such a nature as to induce me to delay no longer in putting myself in communication with the H—ly S—e ; and, accordingly, I immediately addressed a letter to my cousin, the Cardinal, requesting him to obtain for me a private audience of the S—v—r—n P—nt—ff. This letter I signed with my official name of Brother Nicodemus, and then despatched it by the Cavaliere Bugiardone, who, besides the other uses to which he lent himself, did not object to perform my errands, black my boots, and execute a hundred other delicate little offices ; for which, of course, I paid him extra.

The answer which I received from his Eminence was as satisfactory as I could desire. He was charmed, he said, to be reminded of our relationship, but still more gratified to find that such a person as myself (so he was pleased to say) had been deputed to represent so enlightened a body as the English Decorative Christians, towards whom he had long felt quite a paternal yearning. He concluded by saying, that he would make arrangements with his H—l—n—ss for an interview at the V—t—c—n on the following evening.

• Although I have been often thrown, diplomatically and casually, in the society of many of the leading personages of Europe, it had never happened to me to make the acquaintance of a P—pe ; and when it is considered that so much depended upon the issue of my mission, and that I was actually about to stand face to face with the Tr—ple T—ra, I may be pardoned for having given way to what the world would call—a slight degree of nervousness. To remove this sensation and, as it were, fortify myself for the interview, I dined with the Cavaliere Bugiardone at Falcone's Tratteria, near the Pantheon, for a reason very obvious to those who are familiar with that celebrated place of refecton. I had no misgivings as to my own ability to converse with the P—pe in my own language, but I prudently considered that etiquette would probably require me to speak in Italian ; and as this would afford the P—nt—ff unlimited scope for the exercise of that diplomatic skill for which the Italians are so famous, I determined to have recourse to artificial aid, to place me upon a level with him. For this reason, then, I resolved to dine at Falcone's,—and I will tell the untravelled public why.

His *Tratteria* is the most celebrated in all Rome for the national dish of "lingua e testicciuole" (in English, "tongue and brains"), which are dressed there in a most admirable manner, the brains being fried to a nicety such as is never met with but in tropical climates. I wisely thought that, by dining chiefly on this *plat* (to which I merely added an "Ariosto," as the Italians call "roast beef," and a few dozens of beccafichi), with a sprinkling of champagne, to loosen the strings of the

tongue, I should be more than a match for the wildest Italian of them all ; and the conclusion of the affair attested the solidity of my judgment.

We dined, therefore, and so well, that when Bugiardone drank success to my mission in the fifth bottle of "Ay mousseux," and I, in return, proposed the health of his illustrious ancestor, Tarquin the Superb, I felt as if I was equal to an interview, not only with the P—pe of Rome, but with the Grand Lama of Thibet, that functionary whose cast-off clothes of gold and silver are so eagerly bought up by the ladies of England to go to court in.

The recollection of those garments reminded me that, to appear in character, it was necessary I should resume the dress which had proved so effective at Rimini ; and, accordingly, I went back to my hotel, where, with the assistance of Bugiardone, who, as I have mentioned, did not disdain to act as my valet, I apparelled myself in the costume of Father Ignatius Sp—nc—r ; and it is not improbable that I cut as remarkable a figure in it as the most violent Passionist of the Order to which he belongs.

The cavaliere accompanied me in a *vettura* to the gates of the V—t—c—n, and I left him in the carriage while I proceeded alone to the audience. A couple of sbirri, or officers of state, who always kindly wait upon strangers in Italy, even before their services are required, accompanied me up the famous staircase called the *Scala Regia*, and conducted me into the Ambassadors' Hall of Audience, where, having sent in my card, I was informed that the P—pe would receive me as soon as he had taken off his stockings. In less than five minutes I heard a bell tingle, and the doors of the adjoining saloon, called the *Sala Ducale*, were thrown open, and I was marshalled, as before, into the presence of his H—l—n—ss.

It was a large and lofty apartment, highly decorated, and in it were two persons only, whom I intuitively guessed were P—s IX. and Cardinal W—sem—n ; the former was seated in a large *fauteuil* of crimson velvet and gold, and the latter stood on his right hand. I paused as soon as I entered the saloon and the sbirri had retired, closing the doors after them, and made as low a bow as my dress would permit, by throwing my left leg well backward and advancing my right ; I then drew myself up to my full height, and remained as motionless as the Apollo Belvidere, to whom I am said to bear a very striking resemblance. Presently I heard a voice say in Italian, "Avvicinatevi !"—but as this left me quite in the dark as to what was expected of me, I did not stir, when another voice, in rather a sharp tone, exclaimed, "Come here !" As I now knew what was wanted, I put, as the saying is, my best leg foremost, and paced the whole length of the saloon in precisely the same manner as I have seen done by eminent tragedians on the British stage when they walk histrionically. It is a simple but striking process, and consists in only advancing one foot at a time, and bringing the other close up to it before the next step is taken ; and I have no doubt that my adoption of it on this occasion produced a highly favourable impression. As I drew near the throne, I could perceive that the P—pe was barefooted, his stockings, which were of purple silk, hanging over one of the arms of the *fauteuil* ; and his shoes, of red velvet richly embroidered, lying on one side. This was a hint perfectly unmistakeable, and therefore, casting myself on my knees, I threw myself forward in the crouching attitude assumed by

Nebuchadnezzar when he first went to grass, and kissed every one of the P—pe's toes on each foot, beginning with the great toe, and ending with the little one, just as one would run down the keys of a piano.

His H—l—n—ss smiled at my politeness, and appeared so much gratified by the manner in which I went through this act of fealty, that I was about to repeat the performance, when he uttered the word "*Basta*," and made a motion for me to rise. I did so; and Cardinal W—sem—n, who had hitherto remained silent, then formally presented me as "*Brother Nicodemus, the Envoy of the Decorative Christians of Peckham.*" The P—pe made a slight inclination of his head, which produced a very musical jingling (for I should have observed that he wore his triple crown, set round with three tiers of small golden bells), but it unluckily prevented me from hearing what his H—l—n—ss said; so that the Cardinal took up the word, and said something to me in a foreign language. As I did not answer him, he inquired, in English, if I understood Italian? and on my replying that, "although it was not my mother's tongue, I could make it out well enough, if spoken slowly, and without any ringing of bells," he cut the matter short, by saying, "Very well, then I will translate for you as we get along." I was rather mortified at his interference, but submitted with as good a grace as I could muster, and proceeded to develop the particulars of the mission with which I was charged. Need I tell the public what that was? Have not recent circumstances already enlightened them? But, lest any should still remain in ignorance, I do not mind saying that I laid before the P—pe the full and complete scheme for the partition of England amongst the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, with which all the world are now familiar. His H—l—n—ss was pleased to say that the conception of it was worthy of a Nicodemus, and having been made aware of my family designation by my eminent relative on his right, added, that the announcement of his intention to act up to the suggestions of the Decorative Christians, could be confided to no one so appropriately as the Cavalier JOLLY GREEN! "But," continued the P—pe, "it is necessary that we should act with promptitude, for the anniversary of the Fifth of November is fast approaching, and I should be glad if something were done on that day, to prepare the minds of the people of England for the approaching change. When can you leave Rome?"

I answered, that, in that matter, my time was entirely at the disposal of his H—l—n—ss; and it was forthwith settled that I should leave the Capitol that night, full latitude being given to me to act on *my own discretion* as soon as I arrived in London. Without waiting, therefore, for the relays of P—p—l Bulls, with which his H—l—n—ss kindly offered to forward me on the road, I once more kissed the P—pe's toes, walked backwards out of the saloon in the way I entered it, got into the *vettura*, related the particulars of my interview to Bugiardone, drove back to the hotel, paid my bill and the cavaliere into the bargain—the last no trifling item—and that very night I took post-horses and was again *en route*.

#### IV.

MR. GREEN MAKES HIS GRAND COUP, GETS INTO THE WRONG BOX, AND HAPPILY OUT OF IT.

• My journey homeward must be passed over in silence, for I was too much absorbed in the profundity of my thoughts to bestow any notice on



external objects. In one short hour I had gained the greenest laurels that ever were won by diplomacy; at the expense, perhaps, of Q—n V—ct—r—a and the Established Ch—rch; but it was not in my power to prevent that, as, really, if persons will not take care of themselves, they must be prepared for what follows.

Before I left England I was, in a manner, pledged to the Decoratives, though I had not actually taken Orders; but now there could be no question as to my allegiance.

The man who has once come in contact with the fingers of the P—pe's feet, must henceforward renounce the pleasure of kissing the Q—n's hand.

Though armed with a "proximate power" (as a bull is privately called) to do whatever seemed most advisable towards reclaiming the majority of my benighted countrymen (that section of them, I mean, who had not become Decoratives—"and something more"), I resolved to turn the question over carefully in my own mind before I made a final demonstration, though that I should be obliged to commit myself sooner or later, I entertained no doubt. The P—pe had himself hinted at the period when he wished me to explode, but he had left the manner in which I was to do so entirely to my own vivid imagination. I pondered deeply on the subject, and was for a long while in a state of great uncertainty about the *modus operandi*. At one time I thought of making the electric telegraph the medium of communication between myself and the undecorated people of England, but, on maturer consideration, I determined that the act should be personal; the *éclat* would not be less—the devotion, assuredly, much greater.

That I had a sufficiently strong stimulus to do something energetic, may be easily supposed when I state that, prior to my taking leave of the P—pe, his H—lin—ss whispered to me, through Cardinal W—sem—n, that if I managed the matter properly, I should immediately be canonised, and that a paragraph announcing the fact should be inserted, not only in the *London Gazette*, but at the beginning of the identical Bull for Romanising Great Britain, which was forthwith to be prepared.

Few saints in embryo have perhaps ever travelled faster in a *chaise de poste* than I did till I reached the railway at Nevers, from whence I came on, by express trains, all the way to Boulogne. Of my landing at Folkestone the reader is already aware, though, in the account which I gave last month of my arrival, I diplomatically concealed the real purpose of my return. The fact is, that, at the time I wrote that account, I had not yet felt the pulse of public opinion, and was, moreover, smarting from the effects of the daring burglary which was committed at my villa in St. John's Wood. After such an adventure, it was no longer pleasant to remain there at this season of the year; and having put the house in the hands of an agent to let, furnished, I removed to "The Priory," at Peckham, which was quickly got ready for my reception.

The Reverend Dominick Longskirt received me with open arms; and when he heard the report of my proceedings, congratulated me in the warmest manner on the result. The Decorative Christians, he said, had made wonderful progress since my departure; they were getting on like a house on fire; not a day passed by without some fresh adhesion to the cause of the Wax-candle Worshipers. At one moment it was the brother of a b——p who suddenly discovered that the only safe doctrine was to be found in "a little book, written by a Jesuit"—"The Catalogue of

Sins,' by Father Bauny"—he believed, but was not quite certain; at another, it was a noble lord, who, before he attained to a "sufficiency of grace," promised to build a Protestant church; but when he took to wax-candlery, and found out that he had been "mistaken all his life," devoted a legacy, intended for his first object, to an entirely opposite purpose, and something very handsome accrued (to his reputation) out of the transaction.

"Well, my friend," I exclaimed. "there need be no half measures any longer. The P—pe has settled the question; his Bull will be here in a few days with gilded horns and a bunch of red ribbons at the end of his tail,—and if he doesn't ride roughshod all over England, my name is not Jolly Green! There need be no more long letters in the papers explaining the inexplicable, for, as everybody must now be of one way of thinking, there will be nothing left to dispute about; Mr. W—— may come back from Brussels and officiate either in London or Oxford, as he pleases; and as for Lord F——, he may go a step further than he has gone already, and not only refuse to build a Protestant church, but pull down as many as he can find co-religionists to encourage him in destroying. Every man now will be absolved from every promise he ever made, and, as a matter of course, all promissory notes will be cancelled,—lucky for those who have given their I O U. Actions for 'breach of promise' will also be out of the question, for the additional reason that, when we have taken the tonsure, there will be no more marriage. A great revolution in dress will also be effected, for when long petticoats are universally worn, the manufacture of trousers and cutaways must cease, and society will inevitably return in secret to a Highlander's view of civilisation. Round hats, also, which have of late years excited so much and such just indignation, will give way to the graceful *tricorne* of the French and Belgian priesthood. In short, my dear friend," I continued, animated by the agreeable prospect, "our outward and visible signs will be wholly changed, and, like the trees, which every spring are clothed anew, we shall, for the time to come, like Ovid when he was metamorphosed, array ourselves in *Jesuits' Bark!*"

The Reverend Dominick Longskirt was naturally gratified to hear me speak in this way of a fashion which he had already done something towards introducing, but I could perceive, from his wandering eye, that he had what the French call a *derrière pensée*.

"But—how—Mr. Green," he said, after a slight hesitation,—“how about preferment? Who is likely to get the vacant Deaneries and Bishoprics? I'm sure I shall have no scruple to declare myself openly when I am positively certain of getting a share in the loaves and fishes; for, to tell you the truth, I have been put to a good deal of expense about St. Nicodemus, and should not be willing to give it up without making sure of something that would at least restore both capital and interest. You are a man of the world, Mr. Green, and must know that it is a principle in human nature—by which even the Decorative Christians are guided,—not to grasp at the shadow, and throw away the substance. What we have we keep—college benefices, snug fellowships, good livings, no matter what—until we are offered an equivalent. Until then we retain our benefices, &c., and also our opinions. By sticking to the first, we make a purse on which we can fall back in case of need; and by adhering to the second, we mature ourselves for the formal avowal when-

ever it may become absolutely necessary. Tell me, then, what do you think I shall get if I resign St. Nicodemus?"

"My excellent friend," I replied, "do not for a moment imagine that I was unmindful of your temporal interests when I prostrated myself before the P—p—l toes. In making my plan known to the H—ly F—th—r, I mentioned that I expected an elevated position myself in the new Hierarchy, and that I had several friends—and one in particular, naming you—whom I was desirous of providing for. As regards myself, the P—pe has been kind enough to say that, as soon as he can find a day to spare in the Gregorian Calendar, I shall be entered on the list of saints, and that, in the mean time, my canonisation, as one of the great guns of the New Church, shall be proclaimed by the approaching Bull. The emoluments of a saint are not, I believe, very considerable, as the officiating priests pocket all the offerings made at the shrines; but the honour of the thing is sufficient for me."

"You include," returned the Reverend Mr. Longskirt, with a sort of sneer, which I could only account for from the circumstance of not having yet told him what he was to get—"you include in the honour, I suppose, the pleasure of wearing sackcloth and ashes, and scourging yourself with a cat-o'-nine-tails every morning before breakfast?"

I was not prepared for this view of the case, which had never entered into my imagination, or I certainly should not so readily have acquiesced in the P—pe's proposition; however, I put a bold face on the matter, and hastened to give a turn to the conversation.

"Of course," I answered, "if I did not consent to give myself a good sound flogging, I should not be Jolly Green. But respecting your preference—a word in your ear. I have it, *sub sigillo confessionis*, or what comes to the same thing, the P—pe himself promised me that you should be Bishop of 'Camberwell-gate,' and that your revenue should be paid out of the tolls received from the Atlas omnibuses. This is a part of the plan to make the existing institutions of this country subservient to the great Hierarchical project. Instead of confiscating Church lands, uprooting lay impropriations, and forcibly resuming, as his H—l—n—ss will resume, all that was wrested from him by King Henry VIII. and his minister, Oliver Cromwell, the P—pe intends by gentle courses to turn the channels of England's wealth into his own coffers. The metropolitan turnpikes will produce a large sum; the railway stations, where inquisitors are to supply the place of directors, will disgorge heavily; and the theatres, where the pay-takers are to be all Jesuits—and thus, without doing violence to their consciences, declare that seats are in plenty when there is no standing room,—the theatres, I say, will add a trifle to the National Debt, out of which all functionaries will be paid."

"May I depend upon this?" asked the Reverend Dominick Longskirt, when I had ceased speaking.

"What motive could the P—pe have in deceiving me?" I replied. "I'll bet you a thousand pounds—I beg your pardon, you don't bet, of course—no, I'll lodge a thousand pounds to your credit at Drummonds' if you are not Bishop of Camberwell-gate by this day fortnight."

"Thank you, my dear Green," said Longskirt, shaking me warmly by the hand; "I am quite satisfied—perfectly so. I shall immediately write to my diocesan, and relinquish the vicarage of St. Nicodemus. By-the-by," he resumed, turning back, "you need not take what I said

about the sackcloth and cat-o'-nine-tails quite *au pied de la lettre*. There are some saints, to be sure, who have done this, but they were not canonised while they lived. Occupying so high a place as you do now, you have the power, as you observed a little while ago, to absolve yourself from all self-imposed obligations; and whether you rub your head with ashes or bear's-grease, comes to much the same thing in the end. Adieu, my dear fellow. Drummonds'; I think you said? The b——p shall have my letter to-morrow morning."

With these words the Vicar of St. Nicodemus departed, and I began immediately to prepare for the great scene which I meditated. That there might be no flaw in its execution, I spared neither coin nor care. Having been amongst the first to encourage the prevailing taste for private theatricals, whether before the foot-lights or the long wax candles, my influence with Mr. N—th—n, the *costumier*, is very great, particularly as I pay ready money. I have signalised myself as a "distinguished amateur" in several striking parts, such as *Simple*, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," *Master Mathew*, in Ben Jonson's well-known comedy, and other characters of the same style and period; so that I was perfectly acquainted with the costume of the time which was necessary for my purpose. I accordingly found no difficulty in selecting from Mr. N's wardrobe a complete suit of habiliments, which, while they fitted me exactly, presented as accurate a portrait of GUY FAWKES as the original, painted by Vandike, which hangs in the Oratory at 22, St. Jacob's-square. Mr. W—ls—n, the *perruquier* in the Strand, who is unquestionably the best "dresser" in existence, paid frequent visits to the Priory, to fit on the wig and harmonise the long black moustaches and beard of the gallant conspirator with the natural delicacy of my complexion. By a few strokes of art, or, in theatrical *parlance*, by dint of cork, carmine, and burnt umber, liberally laid on, no one who had recently seen me in clerical attire would have recognised me for the Nicodemus I really was; and when, on the evening of the 4th ult., I rehearsed the part in full dress before Messrs. N. and W., and my own household, they one and all declared that I was the greatest Guy they had ever seen!

I trusted that it would prove so on the following day, when GUY FAWKES THE SECOND should realise what GUY FAWKES THE FIRST lost his life in endeavouring to accomplish.

Like the middle-aged aspirants for knighthood, I did not go to bed on the vigil of the 5th of November, but passed the night before the looking-glass, watching my new costume. When day broke I felt rather chilly, but a cup of hot tea with a dash of brandy in it soon warmed and invigorated me for the approaching demonstration, and finding the remedy a successful one, I more than once repeated the dose without the tea; but I was too much excited to eat anything. There are times, as the gallant soldier knows who fixes his bayonet in defence of his native sentry-box, when even a red herring sticks in the throat, like Macbeth's "Amen" at Duncan's supper. But the activity which others might have devoted to breakfast I gave to the matter then in hand. It was my care to see that the dark-lantern, the tobacco-pipe, the squibs and crackers, the fagots and the litter, were all in readiness; and when the clock struck twelve, which was the hour on which I had decided to begin the work of reformation, I took my seat on the *brancard*, and, with feelings akin to

those of the Indian Juggernaut when the funeral pile is lighted, I gave the word to throw open the gates of the Priory. At that moment, as the French say, I was *sublime*!

I need scarcely inform anybody that the hamlet of Peckham stands upon a common—for Peckham Common has attained a celebrity which, in point of salubrity, is rivalled only by the Pontine Marshes. The place is well adapted for a display of physical force, a procession, or other grand ceremony—and the Priory being the most conspicuous building around the immense area, whatever movement occurs on that side is calculated to excite more than ordinary attention. Moreover, a rumour had got abroad, by what means I know not, that the attractions of the National Festival were to be heightened by a picturesque addition to be supplied by “the Squire.” I had privately forwarded a large quantity of fireworks to the beadle or verger of St. Nicodemus, which were to be let off as soon as I had re-enacted the part of St. Augustine, but as I gave him strict orders to observe secrecy in distributing them amongst the boys of the Peckham National School, it could not be through any indiscretion on his part that the affair got wind. As it is well known that “coming events cast their shadows before,” I prefer the preternatural solution of the enigma.

Already at the hour of which I have spoken the common was alive with persons of every age and description. Groups of boys, with precocious effort, were already on the move with wheelbarrows and other rude vehicles, containing crudely-stuffed and coarsely-painted effigies of the heroic Guido, while ever, as they went from house to house, they chanted the Canticle which has been set apart for the service of the Fifth of November! In the centre of the common might be seen hundreds busily employed heaping up brushwood and fagots, huge stakes, and heavy logs of wood, to form the evening bonfire.

But when the Priory gates were unclosed, and I myself came forth in the character of Guy Fawkes, seated on a litter, which was borne by four of Barclay and Perkins’s draymen, whom I had hired for the occasion, the stragglers, the groups, the idle and the occupied, gathered together, and, assembling in front of my portal, rent the air with their cheers! I have said that my dress was perfect; I have only to add that, not to falsify tradition in any respect, I put a long clay pipe in my mouth, and immediately began to smoke—a touch of nature which added wonderfully to the effect, and at once convinced the people that I was no sham, but a real Guy! But I was not intoxicated by the applause I received, and calmly sat in my oaken armchair, my right hand supporting my pipe, and in my left a roll of parchment, from which an enormous green seal dangled by a piece of red tape. Everybody will guess at once that this parchment contained my written instructions.

If the reception which I met with at my own gates was a splendid one, what shall I say of that which greeted me as the procession advanced! At every stoppage the numbers increased, and the multitude roared like the waves of the sea. Hats were cast up in the air, squibs were let off, and shouts of rejoicing pealed from every throat. The tumult was too great for me to distinguish what the cries actually were; but from time to time the words “Pope,” and “Cardinal,” and “Bull,” and “Catholics,” saluted my ear, and I felt that the critical moment was arriving; that the minds of the people of England were attuning themselves to welcome the disclosure which I was shortly about to make.

This, however, could not be done till the procession had gone its rounds through Peckham and the adjacent district, and the whole mass had assembled in the centre of the common, where all might distinctly hear. I waited, therefore, with patience, reinforcing my intended speech with a few brilliant images, to give colour and tone to my elocution. Several hours went by in this manner, and just as three o'clock began to chime from the *carillon* of St. Nicodemus, the procession finally halted at the appointed spot. It was then that I rose from my chair, and taking the pipe from my mouth, which I had continued to smoke at intervals all the while, made a sign that I was desirous of addressing the meeting. Silence was not obtained without some difficulty; but when all at length was quiet, I spoke as follows:—

"Peckhamites and fellow-countrymen," I exclaimed, "this is a memorable day! (Loud cheers and hoorays.) A great name was consecrated two hundred and fifty years ago! (Cheers, and some murmurs.) The present day will be much more memorable—(Cheers)—a greater name will be consecrated hereafter! (Hoorays, louder cheers and louder murmurs.) You are met here to bear testimony to the attempt of Guy Fawkes. (Hooray.) You will presently render your adhesion to a bolder and more successful attempt. (Agitation.) Guy Fawkes endeavoured to blow up the parliament. ('Sarve parlyment right,' growled one of my bearers; 'twarn't a hannual parlyment!') I thank you, my friend; parliament *would* have been served right, had it been sent sky-high. ('Halloa,' from the crowd, 'what's he arter?') But such is not the object which *we* have in view. (Immense cheering.) We, fellow-countrymen, mean to blow up everybody and everything. ('What a lark!' cried a voice; 'I'll begin with my wife as soon as I goes home.' Laughter.) But not, my friends, with gunpowder; we intend to use moral force. ('Hooray,' from a group of men with thick sticks.) The Protestant cause——" (Here they *all* fell to shouting so loudly that the final words of the sentence were drowned in the clamour. I was doubly encouraged, and proceeded.) "I have just returned from Rome! (Shouts, groans, and terrific agitation.) The Pope—(I could scarcely hear myself speak)—the Pope has promulgated a Bull—a Bull that reunites this kingdom to the Church of Rome. (Shouts.) As the representative of Guy Fawkes—as the representative of the Pope—('I——both their eyes,' said one of Barclay and Perkins's draymen, with an energy that almost caused me to lose my balance)—as the representative of the Decorative Christians, I have the pleasure of being the bearer of this intelligence."

"The devil you have," interrupted a sturdy fellow at this point of my speech; "vy!" continued he, turning to the crowd, "this ere Guy as we've be'n a promnardin', is a munk in disguise! He's a Pusseyite, or wusser, if wusser can be. Sha'n't we give it him!"

The revulsion of feeling which these few words wrought in the fickle mob was something stupendous. I had fancied all along that they were agreeing to every word I uttered, when, instead of such being the case——but why should I pursue the sad theme to its close?

Yet I must describe a part, at least, of what happened to me. It was no longer the accommodating Guy, at whose expense oceans of beer had been tipped at the various public-houses where we had stopped, but a subtle antagonist of their creed whom they bore upon their shoulders.

"Hustle him!—duck him!—pitch it into him! toss him into the bon-fire! squib the old Guy!" were the cries which assailed my ears. The litter on which I stood waved to and fro, like Lord Marmion's banner at Culloden;—I was obliged to hold on by the armchair for fear of rolling off; missiles flew thick around, some taking effect upon me, others careering in boundless space! One would have thought that all the hens in Peckham had suddenly begun to lay, if my olfactory nerves had not convinced me that the eggs now shattered on my person were decidedly of French origin. To the eggs and cabbage-stalks succeeded a shower of squibs, flying in my face and hissing round my head like a legion of fiery serpents. Cries then arose of "set a light to the fagits!"

I had borne all bravely, but this sound startled me. Unless I made a desperate effort I foresaw my fate. I should be suffocated in smoke, like a Westphalia ham! My pipe had long been broken; I dashed down my lantern, whirled my parchment and seal in the air, and then, with terrific energy, made a leap like Curtius into the midst of the crowd. Several upon whose heads I pitched fell beneath the shock,—others gave way, and an opening was made, through which I rushed as fast as my legs could carry me, the mob—of boys—those everlasting demons—rallying in pursuit. I made for the Priory, followed by the hooting train, but before I could reach the gates a strong body of the A division of police, whom the noise had attracted to the spot, intercepted my progress and made me their prisoner. What further happened I cannot say, for I fainted; and when I again recovered my senses I found myself in the state-house!

The magistrate before whom I was brought up next morning took a most extraordinary view of the case. The law, as he laid it down, admitted of Guy Fawkes as a harmless, popular amusement, provided he were stuffed with straw; but that any living individual should assume the character, he held to be contrary to the statute of 3 James I. Moreover, he said, he could not conceive it possible that any one who was not either mad or drunk should voluntarily place himself in the predicament which I had incurred. He would, however, take a mild view of the case, and sentence me to a fine of five shillings for being intoxicated in the open air, or, as a harder alternative, which he should be sorry to have recourse to, send me to prison for a fortnight.

I was very indignant at this treatment, and said that I preferred the loss of liberty to the sacrifice of fame, and was ordered back to deliberate on the award. While I was making up my mind, Inspector Nous handed me the *Times* newspaper to look at. The first thing that caught my eye was the Papal Bull received that morning by express. I read it eagerly. There was not one syllable in it about my being raised to the dignity of a saint, neither was any mention made of the Bishop of Camberwell-gate! I threw the paper on the floor, and taking out my purse, handed over five shillings to the inspector, who presently reported that I was free. That very day I made use of my freedom by going to the Hanover-square Rooms to hear Dr. C—mm—ng let out against the P—pe.

A word more. The Reverend Dominick Longskirt, who resigned his vicarage, and did not get what he expected, wrote to me for my cheque on Drummonds' for 1000*l*. I returned him for answer, that as he had himself reminded me that "self-imposed obligations" were not binding, I begged to be excused, being no longer a Nicodemus.

He threatens me with an action at law.

## A FRENCHMAN IN CAIRO.\*

HONEST Abdallah, the most accomplished of dragomans, stumbled upon M. de Nerval, an adventurous French traveller, on board the *Leonidas*. Abdallah was in all his glory. A long white tunic set off to great advantage his figure, in which Nubian blood gave colour to a mask, borrowed from the head of the Egyptian sphynx. Large golden rings hung from his ears, and he paraded the deck with the usual indolent, yet grandiose step of a self-complacent Oriental, followed by a suite composed of a dragoman, younger than himself, and a little black carrying his pipe.

"There were no Englishmen on board," says M. de Nerval, with an ingenuousness which does him infinite credit, and the dragoman attached himself to his person "*faute de mieux*;" but "I fear," he added with a sigh, "he is too noble a *serviteur pour un si petit seigneur que moi*."

Disembarking with a retinue so agreeably improvised, further *éclat* was imparted to the transit to the Hôtel d'Angleterre by the additional services of four donkeys and their vociferous drivers. The expenses at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, amounting to sixty piastres a day, with thirty more for first and second dragomans and the dusky pipe-bearer, soon had the effect of subduing our traveller's ambition to live in Egypt *en petit seigneur* so effectually, that when the donkeys were being driven, full trot, to the Hôtel de l'Esbekieh in Cairo, M. de Nerval stopped them in their onward career, declaring that, as the terms were the same as at Alexandria, he would have nothing to do with the hotel.

"You prefer, perhaps, then, going to the Hotel Waghorn, in the Frank quarter?" inquired Abdallah.

"I should prefer an hotel that was not English."

"Well, you have the French Hotel de Domergue."

"Let us go there."

"Excuse me. I have no objection to take you there, but I cannot stay there with you."

"Why so?"

"Because it is an hotel where the charges are only forty piastres a day. I cannot go to it."

"Well, I can, at all events."

"You are unknown. I belong to the town. I attend chiefly upon *Messieurs les Anglais*. I have my position to uphold. There is a way, however, in which matters might be compromised. You can stop two or three days at the Hotel Domergue, where I can go and see you as a friend. In the interval, I will hire a house for you in the city, and I can then remain in your service without loss of dignity."

Nor was our traveller long in getting tired of the Hotel Domergue. The billiard-room, the piano on the first floor, the struggle of art against nature in a country where there is neither beef nor veal to produce *filet*, *fricandeau*, or *bifteck*, became wearisome; besides, it was *Marseilles* over again: M. de Nerval longed for a taste of pure Oriental life. Accordingly, he repaired with Abdallah to see the style of the houses in the Greek and

\* "Scènes de la Vie Orientale, par Gérard de Nerval." 2 tomes. Hippolyte Souverain, à Paris.



Copt quarters, ~~handsome~~ tenements, of several stories, with yard and garden, he found were to be had for about 300 piastres, or little more than three pounds sterling per annum. The saloons were beautifully decorated, the court paved with marble and adorned with a fountain, the hall, staircase, and corridors, were wide as those of the palaces of Genoa or Venice, the yard was surrounded with a colonnade, and the gardens were shaded by rare and exquisite trees and shrubs. It was only requisite to people one of these superb interiors with fair slaves and obsequious mutes, to live the life of a prince of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

With such visionary happiness in perspective, our traveller was not long in selecting one of these cheap Cairo palaces, in which he installed himself with the title of *myrliva*, or general of an imaginary army. Abdallah, and an obliging Jew, Yusuf by name, disinterestedly assisted him in providing such carpets, cushions, and curtains, as constitute nearly the sum total of Oriental furniture. The house was pleasantly situated. Opposite to it was a coffee-house, a study for character; a little further down was a donkey station, which enlivened the neighbourhood; and beyond this, again, a mosque, from whose high minaret the blind muezzin—blind that he might not peer with curious eyes into the habitations below—chanted forth every night, "Oh! you who are going to sleep, recommend your souls to Him who never sleeps!"

Nothing could be more delightful: but, alas! for all human enjoyments, the charms of Oriental life were destined to be interrupted even the morning after taking possession. Long before our traveller was up, the sheikh of the quarter, a venerable old man with a white beard, had been waiting with his secretary and pipe-bearer to be introduced. This effected, his pipe refilled and coffee served, the following conversation took place, Abdallah acting as interpreter:—

"He comes," said the dragoman, "to return you the money which you gave to hire the house."

"For what reason?"

"He says your mode of living is unknown, your manners——"

"Well, has he found them reprehensible?"

"It is not that. He thought you would inhabit the house with a wife."

"Unfortunately, I am not married."

"That does not concern him. He says your neighbours have all wives, and they will be uneasy if you have not one. Besides, it is customary here."

"What does he wish me to do?"

"Either to quit the house, or to find a wife to live in it with you. He says that a gentleman like you ought not to live alone, and that it is always honourable to wed and cherish a female. It is still better, he says, to wed and cherish several when your religion permits it."

The fraternal arguments, and the specious reasoning of the old gentleman, M. de Nerval says, affected him much, but he begged for time to consult his friends before coming to a final decision upon a point which he had not contemplated as a first necessity in the assumption of Oriental life.

Among those who advised with him upon this important occasion was the disinterested Jew, Yusuf.

"I have heard," said the Jew, when he came to take his usual place

in the divan the next morning, "that you want a wife, and I have found a wakil."

"A wakil?"

"Yes, that means an *envoyé*—an ambassador; but, in the present case, it is an honest man who arranges matters with the parents of marriageable daughters. He will bring them to you, or take you to them."

"Oh! indeed! But who are the young ladies?"

"Very honest people. There are no others at Cairo, since his highness has expelled all of a different description to Esneh."

"Well, let the wakil come."

The wakil was a blind man, whom his son, a great robust fellow, led about with an air of the greatest humility. They each mounted a donkey, and our traveller gladdened his imagination by comparing the blind man to Cupid, and his son to Hymen. The Jew, however, indifferent to these mythological conceits, continued to instruct him as they rode along.

"You can be married here in four different ways," he said. "The first is to wed a Copt girl before the Turk."

"What Turk?"

"A holy man, to whom you make a present. He repeats a prayer, takes you before the *cadi*, and fulfils the duties of a priest. Such men are saints in this country, and everything they do is well done. They do not trouble themselves about your religion, if you do not care about theirs; but such a marriage is not customary with very honest girls."

"Good; let us pass on to the next."

"The next is a serious affair. You are a Christian, the Copts are so likewise; there are Coptic priests who will marry you, although schismatic, on condition of a settlement made to the woman, in case you should divorce her afterwards."

"That is but reasonable. But what is the amount of the settlement expected?"

"Oh, that depends on the agreement. Never less than two hundred piastres."

"Fifty francs! Well, I shall marry; it is not so expensive after all."

"There is still another kind of marriage for very scrupulous persons of good family. You are affianced before a Coptic priest, he marries you according to the rites of his church, and then you cannot divorce the woman."

"Stop a moment: that is rather too serious."

"Not at all. You have only to make a settlement upon the lady in case you should leave the country."

"Oh! in that case she is free, then?"

"Certainly, and you also; but you are united so long as you remain in this country."

"Well, that too is reasonable enough. But what is the fourth kind of marriage?"

"That I recommend you not to think of. You are twice married; at the Copt church, and at the convent of Franciscans."

"It is a mixed marriage?"

"It is a very solid marriage. If you leave the country, you must take your wife with you. She can follow you anywhere—*et vous mettre les enfants sur les bras*."

"Then that is an absolute marriage—there is no remission?"

"There are still means of slipping in clauses to make the marriage null and void; but you must take care and not allow yourself to be led before the consul."

"Ah! That, I suppose, is a European marriage?"

"Precisely so."

The party had arrived by this time in the Coptic quarter. A house of mean appearance served as neutral territory where the presentation was to take place.

"You will see two," said the Jew to the Frenchman, "and if neither should please you, more shall be brought."

"That's but fair; but, if they remain veiled, I forewarn you I shall not marry."

"Nonsense; we are not here among Turks."

"The Turks have the advantage of a lucky hit amidst a number."

"True; the case is different."

The appearance of four stalwart men on the ground-floor somewhat damped the traveller's ardour, and he hastily ascertained that there was a guard-house close by; after which, ascending a stone staircase, he found a place assigned him and the others, with the additional presence of a white-bearded Coptic priest, while the inevitable coffee and pipes were brought. Shortly after this, the khatbeh, or lady wakil, made her appearance, accompanied by two veiled females. The affair assumed so serious an aspect, that our traveller may really be excused stating that he became somewhat anxious as to the results. At last, two young persons came in, and each in her turn kissed his hand. They were dressed in flowered taffety and embroidered muslin. Our Frenchman thought the effect *fort printanier*. They wore the usual red cap, beneath which the hair was nearly hidden in ribbons, and gold and silver coins; but still it was evident one was a brunette, the other a blonde. Any difficulties upon that score had been thus anticipated. The latter so far pleased the Frenchman, that he declares "he had all kinds of soft things to say to her, without, at the same time, entirely neglecting the rest of the company." The *séance* terminated by our traveller rising to depart.

"*Ma foi!*" he said, when outside the dangerous threshold; "I should have no objections to wed the blonde before the Turk."

"Her mother would not permit it; they hold by the Coptic priest. They are a family of scribes. The father is dead. The daughter you preferred has only been married once, and is scarcely sixteen years of age."

"Oh! she is a widow, then?"

"No; divorced."

"Oh! *Mais cela change la question!*" sighed forth the disappointed swain. And the blind man and his son were employed upon a further wakilage.

These researches, which obtained for our traveller an insight into the general appearance of the Coptic fair sex, without, he says, their bothering themselves too much with his difficulty of choice, so long as he now and then made them presents, were interrupted by the dragoman, who, becoming jealous of the influence acquired by the Jew, introduced to the traveller a certain Mahomet, versed in the Italian language, and who had a marriage of high promise to propose.

"This match," said Mahomet, "must be before the consul. The family is rich, and the young lady is only twelve years of age."

"She is very young: but it appears that is the only age at which one is to be met with neither a widow nor divorced."

"*Signor, è vero!* The parents are impatient to see you. They have heard you are a general, and live in a house where an Englishman formerly dwelt."

Our traveller, charmed with this Oriental amplification of rank and respectability, mounted a donkey to visit the fair one. He was well received by the father, in a turban of white muslin, and the mother was well dressed and good looking. Pipes and coffee were handed round, and the poor child, thus shamefully put up for sale, brought in sweetmeats in a crystal cup, followed by dark attendants. "The whole family appeared so respectable," says the Frenchman, on once more taking his departure without coming to a decision, "that I regretted having presented myself without any very serious intentions." The fact is, his intentions, if we may judge by the events that followed, were serious enough, but his indecision was caused by a fear of the extent of settlement which would be expected by such "respectable" people from a French general who lived in a house formerly inhabited by an Englishman. M. de Nerval was, however, destined once more to see his young bearer of sweetmeats. The girl had learnt a few words of Italian. The Frenchman was in ecstasy. "Oh, *Ilymen!* I saw thee that day," he exclaims, "very closely. Thou canst be, no doubt, according to our European ideas, only elder brother of Cupid. Would it not be charming to see grow up and develop itself before one the wife of one's choice, to take for some time the place of a father before becoming a husband? Yes, but how dangerous for the lover!"

Our traveller resolved to consult his friends upon the subject, and the first to whom he exposed what he calls "the delicacy of his sentiments," was the dragoman, Abdallah.

"Have you made any inquiries about the settlement?" asked the latter, while smoking his pipe.

"Not at all. I heard it was a mere trifle."

"They talk of twenty thousand piastres."

"Indeed! Not an insignificant dowry."

"No, when you have got to pay it."

"I to pay! Why, I thought the family insisted upon a European marriage?"

"Precisely so; but that does not alter the case. In this country, the money comes from the husband, not from the wife."

Our traveller's horror at thus finding that the expense of getting a wife increased with her youth, beauty, and respectability, may be imagined; but he consoled himself in almost the same breath by thinking that, for the same outlay, he could acquire for himself a whole seraglio of slaves.

In the mean time, while marriage presented so many difficulties, another change suggested itself to the Frenchman. He had got tired of the cookery, and still more so of the expense of the Hotel Domergue. A cook would cost a dollar a day. Other servants would be required, for at Cairo no attendant does more than one thing, and the cook will not even boil the coffee. Still the expenses, he calculated, would

not come up to the sixty piastres a day consumed at the hotel. Our traveller does not appear, however, to have manifested the same fastidiousness in regard to male attendants that he had hitherto shown with regard to female companions. A cook, Mustafah by name, was obtained, and the yard and gardens were stocked with pigeons and poultry to fatten. The former fetched 2*d.* in the market; the latter, 1*d.* Game, fish, vegetables, and fruit were still cheaper. As to meat, mutton only was to be purchased in the markets, and this was as often obtained from living camels, goats, and dogs, as from veritable sheep. But, with all these advantages, the Jew attendant, dragoman, cook, and other servants, managed to consume so much among themselves, to complicate the accounts, and quarrel upon every detail, so that little was gained by the change, save vexation of spirit and loss to the pocket. A last alternative presented itself, which was to buy a slave. "By that means," said the Frenchman to himself, "I shall perhaps ultimately be able to do without dragoman or attendant, and shall be better able to settle my accounts with the cook."

This last resolve was probably hastened by a little incident that occurred at the onset of the new domestic arrangements. One morning M. de Nerval found, on returning from a walk, that the roof of his house was covered with workmen, busy in raising up a trellis-work, to obscure the prospect around. To his inquiries as to what this meant, he learnt that it was by order of the sheikh of the quarter, to whom complaints had been made, more especially by a khanum, or lady, next door, that the Frenchman walked on the terrace before sunset and after sunrise, and allowed his infidel looks to wander into his neighbour's premises. This, as he had no wife, was a thousand times more objectionable than if he had been a married man. There was no alternative. Abdallah received orders to conduct his not unwilling master to the slave-market.

Our traveller and his dragoman accordingly traversed the whole length of the city to the great bazaars, and there, having turned down a dark street which went off at angles from the main thoroughfare, they rode, without being obliged to dismount from their donkeys, into a square enclosure, with a well in the centre, shaded by a sycamore, while along the side walls were ranged some dozens of slave-girls; on the other side was a series of cells, also tenanted by female slaves, and to these they directed their steps. The first group to which their attention was directed was composed of dark negresses from Senaar, with prominent jaws, thick lips, and low foreheads, and they received their visitor with a roar of laughter. But notwithstanding these little drawbacks, our traveller found so much attraction about them, that he says, "Had I been in a condition to *ménager largement la vie Orientale*, I should not have deprived myself of these picturesque creatures!"

As, however, M. de Nerval was obliged for the time being to content himself with a single slave, he resolved to select one whose facial angle was a little more open, and her colour a little less dark. Not satisfied, therefore, with his first investigation, he repaired with his faithful Abdallah to the outskirts of the town, by the Bab el Madbah, where were a group of newly-arrived Ethiopians. Our traveller's customary fastidiousness, however, accompanied him here. The only slave that awakened interest, and for whom he was willing to bid, turned out to be the personal favourite of the slave-merchant himself.

Disgusted with his ill-success, and still more humiliated by the shouts of laughter with which his appearance had upon each occasion been hailed by the black beauties of the slave bazaars, our Frenchman resolved upon taking a further step in Oriental life. He had his head shaved; he adopted the white cap and red tarboush; put on a pair of blue cotton trousers, and a red waistcoat embroidered with silver; and over the whole he threw a *mashlah*, or "patriarchal mantle," as he termed it. The effect of this costume must have been very imposing, for the dragoman assured him he might be mistaken for a Syrian mountaineer, newly arrived from Saida or Tripoli, and the assistants called him Tchelebi, which, he says, "*est le nom des élégants dans le pays.*" The original meaning of the word is, we believe, soup-eater, but it has, by long custom, become a common epithet, applied to the rayah or Christian *bourgeoisie* in the East.

Thus accoutred, our traveller repaired to the domicile of Abdel Kerim, a famous slave-merchant, where, he had been informed, he could see some Nubians. Abdel Kerim received his visitor graciously.

"He sees you with me," said the modest Abdallah, "and that gives him a good opinion of you. I will tell him you are going to stay in this country, and intend to set up a house in the first style of splendour."

The words of Abdallah evidently made a favourable impression upon Abdel Kerim; but the look and manners of the slave-dealer struck the Frenchman as at once so *distingué*, and yet so resolute, that "it is very evident," he said to himself, "that the woman who will be sold to me here must have been first fascinated by Abdel Kerim."

Nubians and Abyssinians fared, however, no better with our most difficult of travellers than negresses. In vain was he led to contemplate a dozen little copper-coloured girls, who were feeding the ducks in a marble fountain: the Tchelebi was not so easily captivated; but his powers of resistance were destined to succumb at last. One woman drew from him, he says, a scream of enthusiasm.

"I had just recognised," he avers, "the almond-shaped eye, the oblique eyelid of the Javanese, whose portrait I had seen in Holland. This woman evidently belonged to the yellow race. I do not know what taste for the strange or the unforeseen was awakened within me, but I decided on her at once. She was in other respects delightful to contemplate; her form solid and much to be admired: the metallic lustre of her eyes, the whiteness of her teeth, and the length of her hair, of a dark mahogany colour, as shown to me by taking off her tarboush, left me nothing to object to the praises which Abdel Kerim conveyed by exclaiming triumphantly, '*Bono ! bono !*'"

Certainly it was worth while to be fastidious, to reject young Copts and fair Greeks, to scorn negro beauty, and to turn up one's nose at the charms of Nubian girlhood, to mate at last with a yellow-skinned Javanese! But there is no accounting for taste.

M. de Nerval having, however, come to a final resolve, the question of price became one almost of secondary consideration. Abdel Kerim asked five purses (a little more than six pounds). Our traveller thought he would offer four; but the idea that a lady was in the case made the idea of bargaining appear too ungallant; so that, in this case, sentiment carried the day over parsimony.

The same evening he led his veiled slave triumphantly to his house in

the Copt quarter. An attendant of the bazaar followed with a donkey carrying a large green box. Abdel Kerim was not a very bigoted Musulman. The box contained two dresses given to the Javanese by a former master, a sheikh of Mecca, and its green colour indicated a high odour of pilgrim and hereditary sanctity, all of which now went to give *éclat* to the infidel's procession à l'*Orientale*.

The triumph was, however, but of short duration. No sooner was his slave fairly established at home, than he began to talk of *chagrins domestiques*. "For some time," he says, "I was under the fascination of local colour. I listened to her prattle (without understanding a word); I watched her arranging her strange apparel: it was like having a splendid bird in a cage—a thing that naturally soon grows wearisome."

Worse than all, a closer examination showed that the fair Javanese had, beneath the red band which girded her forehead, a great brand as large as a dollar. She had another brand of similar character on her bosom, and upon each an imperfect sun was tattooed; her chin was also tattooed with a drawing of a spearhead, and her left nostril was pierced to receive a ring. Her hair was also clipped from the forehead and temples, the eyebrows being prolonged to the latter by a long line of black paint. The arms and feet were also dyed with henna into a deep orange tint.

So much for the imperfections of *la femme jaune*. But Frenchmen are not wanting in the philosophy which teaches us to make the best of a bad bargain. The brands could be covered with jewels, the hair could be allowed to grow, the henna could be washed off, and *la femme jaune* should be the fair Zeynab after all. Nay, so fair did she become in his eyes, that he soon began to entertain great misgivings at leaving her at home by herself; and yet in Cairo he could not take her out to walk with him. This was another *petit désagrément* which he had not foreseen.

Jealousy is a thing so perfectly understood in the East, according to M. de Nerval, that he was only following the general example by giving himself up to the green-eyed monster. Abdallah was dismissed without even been allowed to see the fair Zeynab. The Jew Yusuf called, and was allowed to promenade the terrace pipe in hand. The fair slave was to cover herself when Mustafah, the cook, brought in his villanous pillafs; yet, worse than all, she was actually found, the very first day of her arrival, at the lattice contemplating two young Turkish officers smoking at a doorway opposite! This led to a first attempt at correction, which, as all the Arabic the Frenchman had picked up consisted of *tayib*, well or good, *lah!* no, and a few other monosyllables, to which Zeynab contented herself by replying in a very contemptuous *mafish!* the advances made in the proposed domestic reforms may be readily imagined. They were still further shown by the Javanese giving also, on the first day of their acquaintanceship, an intimation to her lord and master that, as she was the slave of a general, she ought to be dressed in silks and satins, and not in cotton.

"O, woman!" exclaimed the happy Frenchman, "with you everything changes. I was delighted, pleased with everything. I said *tayib* to every demand, and Egypt smiled upon me." It would, perhaps, have been more correct to have said Java; but our traveller was not wider from the mark than when declaring he was fascinated by the fair slave's

"local colour." Having said *tayib* to the demands of the Javanese, he called in the assistance of Madame Bonhomme, who tried on a bonnet; but the result was so unfavourable upon the Malayan features of the slave that they were obliged to return to the turban, much to Zeynab's disappointment, for she wanted to be dressed à l'Européenne. Indeed, the lady's temper suffered somewhat from this first disappointment, for M. de Nerval having supplanted Abdallah and Mustafah by an old Copt and his wife, "for prudential reasons," the latter dressed what might have been called the "nuptial dinner" so little to the lady's satisfaction, that she loaded the unfortunate couple with insults.

This was scarcely what the Frenchman had expected. He had purchased a slave for economy as well as pleasure. "I bade Mansur," he relates, "tell her, if she did not like Copt cookery, she should cook herself; and as I intended taking her with me on my travels, she could not begin too soon. I cannot," he adds, "give an idea of the expression of offended dignity which she fulminated upon me at this intimation."

"Tell the sidi," she said to Mansur, "that I am a Cadine, and not an Odalik; and I shall write to the pasha if he does not treat me as he ought to do."

"To the pasha!" exclaimed the horrified Frenchman; "what has the pasha to do in this affair? I took a slave that she might serve me; and if I have not the means of paying servants, I do not see why she should not do duty for all, as the women of other countries do."

Fie! M. de Nerval! Where is your sentimental gallantry now? But he had caught a Tartar as well as a Malay. The fair Zeynab answered that she was a Mahommedan, not a drudge, and she would, as the law entitled her, compel her master to sell her again. M. de Nerval was obliged to pass the matter over as a joke; and in order to seam up the wound he had made, he set about teaching his slave French. To make more rapid progress, he began with whole sentences, as, "*Je suis une petite sauvage*," which she pronounced as "*Ze ouis one bétit sovaze*." Seeing her lord laugh, she made Mansur translate the sentence; which being done, she said, "*Ana bétit sovaze? mafish*." The smile of mingled derision and contempt with which she said this, M. de Nerval declares, was charming. Happy M. de Nerval!

Perceiving the effect of her smiles, Zeynab ventured again to insist on the social question of a green silk dress and yellow boots. To the latter her lord entertained objections, as giving to the wearer a waddling gait, like that of a palmipede, anything but fascinating. But the lady insisted, and as usual gained her point. This accomplished, she rose up, clapped her hands, and called out, "*El fil! el fil!*" This was a request to go and see an elephant given by the English to the pasha, and kept in the gardens of Shoubra. There was no alternative but concession. Already the Mahommedan slave had attested her power over her Christian master, whom she was soon destined to revile, and every whim and caprice of this ignorant and bigoted Mussulwoman had to be gratified.

One morning, shortly after this, going into the room of his slave, M. de Nerval found a garland of onions suspended across the door, and other onions symmetrically disposed over the place where she slept. Thinking it a mere child's whim, the master kicked these offensive ornaments into the yard; but the fair slave awaking, got up in a furious passion, and heaping upon her lord frequent epithets of "*Pharaon!*"



equivalent to "tyrant and infidel," she declared he had spoilt a conjuration. After this, she was taken possession of by an evil spirit, and sent for her neighbours, and an experienced and aged old woman to exorcise her. When ultimately she did condescend to get better, she insisted upon two of her neighbours remaining with her to protect her.

At length, even the Frenchman's patience was too severely taxed, and, what was worse, his purse was still more so. So one day he had his position explained to the lady, adding, in conclusion,

"My poor child, if you choose to remain at Cairo, you are free."

He expected an explosion of gratitude. It was just the reverse.

"Free!" she exclaimed; "what can I do if I am free! Sell me back to Abdel Kerim!"

"But, my dear, an European does not sell a woman. Cannot you go into the service of some lady of your own persuasion?"

"I a servant! Never! Sell me. I may be bought by a Muslim, by a sheikh, perhaps by a pasha! I may become a great lady. If you wish to quit me, take me to the bazaar."

"Since you will not remain in Cairo," he said at last, "you must follow me to other countries."

"*Ana ente sava sava*, thou and I, let us go off together," she answered. And the well-assorted couple embarked on the branch of the Nile which leads to Damietta.

M. de Nerval did not forget, however, before he quitted the old city of Cairo, to pay a visit to Madame Bonhomme—a Marseillaise, of whose charms he frequently speaks in terms of enthusiastic admiration, which his Javanese companion failed to awaken upon any occasion. Madame Bonhomme—*cette blonde et charmante providence du voyageur*—conducted our traveller into her "*magazin*," where she extolled the resources by which travel in the East could be deprived of its asperities, and everything that was essential to the *comfort de la vie fashionable* could be insured. There were primary reasons against our traveller availing himself of these *multiple* advantages, all, he says, stamped with "improved patent of London;" and it was in vain that the fair Marseillaise dwelt, with her slight Provençal accent, upon the importance of articles which, together, made up a small Cairo exhibition. Our traveller was sufficiently stoical to resist the temptation.

"I am certain you have forgotten to buy a flag," said madame.

"A flag! Why, I am not leaving to the wars!"

"You are going to descend the Nile. You must have a flag to be respected by the fellahs. *Tous ces messieurs*, take the English flag. With it there is greater safety."

"Oh! madame," replied the Frenchman, "I am not *de ces messieurs là*."

Notwithstanding the inconvenience of the republican flag, which caused such delay, as our traveller says would have made an Englishman "rebound with passion," the party reached Damietta in due time, and M. de Nerval waited with his fair Javanese upon the French consul. The latter frowned perceptibly at the female companion accompaniment of the traveller.

"Are you going to take that woman into France?" was the first question asked.

"Perhaps so, if she consents, and I can afford it; in the mean time we are going to Beyrut."

"You know that, once in France, she is free?"

"I look upon her as such now."

"Do you know, that if she gets tired of France, you will be obliged to send her back to Egypt at your own expense?"

"I was not aware of it."

"You will do well to be cautious. You had better sell her here."

"In a city with the plague? such a course would be very ungenerous!"

"That's your own concern."

These preliminaries over, M. de Nerval was conducted into a *salle-d-manger*, where Zeynab was introduced to the khanum, or lady, of the consul. It is but fair to state, however, that the consul was a native of Syria.

Berths were secured for the coast of Syria on board a small merchantman, called *La Santa Barbara*, with a Greek captain and a Turk equipage. The berths, as assigned to M. de Nerval and his kokona, as Captain Nicolas called her, were the interior of the boat warped up on the mid-deck. The winds were adverse, and the journey long; but still not tedious. The weather was fine, and the time was passed between conversation, eating, and drinking *vin de commanderie* from earthen bottles. A young Armenian had, on his side, established already colloquial intimacy with the fair Javanese. As Zeynab's countenance lit up, and her lips smiled in the warmth of conversation, our traveller says he felt how much he had lost in not speaking Arabic. He denies, however, that he was jealous. "We must not," he says, "apply our ideas to that which takes place in the East, and suppose that a conversation between man and woman becomes immediately criminal. There is much more simplicity than amongst us; and I felt convinced that all this talk was mere unmeaning gossip." Besides, he comforted himself with reflecting upon the difference between a poor devil of Armenian and one who had led the life of a general in Cairo.

But it was not only the Armenian who conversed with the Javanese. "With the magnanimity of a European," says M. de Nerval, "I permitted the sailors, when occasionally sitting on bags of rice in our neighbourhood, to take part in the conversation." Now, there was among the latter an Anatolian Turk, very sunburnt, and with a long grey beard, who conversed with the slave at greater length and more frequently than any other. This so far attracted the traveller's attention, that he was induced to ask the Armenian what they were talking about. "On religious matters," answered the latter. This appeared highly respectable, the more so as the greybeard, in his quality of haj or pilgrim, used to give out the morning and evening prayer to the other Turks of the equipage. But a catastrophe was preparing.

"Do you know what is the matter?" said the Armenian to the Frenchman, a little later in the day; "the sailors say that the woman who is with you does not belong to you."

"They are mistaken," answered the latter; "she was sold to me at Cairo for five purses, and I have the receipt in my pocket."

"They say that the slave-dealer could not sell a Mahommedan woman to a Christian."

"Their opinion is a matter of indifference to me, and for the future

you may tell the captain that I will no longer allow the sailors to converse with her."

"The captain," the Armenian brought word, after carrying the message to M. Nicolas, "said that you might have forbidden her to speak to them from the first."

Finding he could get no support in that quarter, and that the pilgrim greybeard began to speak in very loud tones to the other Turks, our traveller repaired with the Armenian to his slave, and asked what the sailors had been saying to her.

"They told me," she answered, "that, being a believer, I was wrong to live with an infidel."

"But do they not know that I bought you?"

"They say no one had a right to sell me to you."

"Those men deceive you, and you must not speak to them any more."

"So be it," she replied.

But a short time afterwards, having gone to the fore-castle, our traveller, turning round, observed his slave and the greybeard in deep conversation. This time his philosophy was at fault, and he seized the lady by the arm.

"GIAOUR!" she exclaimed.

"I heard the word distinctly," says M. de Nerval, "and I answered the insult by saying, *Ente giaour*, 'you are an infidel,' and treating greybeard with the epithet of *kelp*, 'dog.'"

Other sailors came to the rescue. The Frenchman drew his brass-headed pistols, which were not loaded, and which, if they had been, were only dangerous to those who should venture to fire them. The hubbub on the deck of the *Santa Barbara* was for a moment very great, but, like most squalls at sea, lasted only a time, and all parties were ultimately pacified, excepting only the Frenchman and his lady, between whom a coolness had arisen from the "irreparable words" that had been spoken, and which lasted until they were fairly installed in the quarantine at Beyrut.

Here the fair Zeynab had prepared another trial for her unfortunate lord and master. Captain Nicolas came to pay him a visit during his detention. The Armenian and the Javanese were seated at a distance on the shore. The captain pointed to them significantly. M. de Nerval looked, and witnessed certain pressures of the hand, the import of which were unmistakable.

"I at once made up my mind," he relates, "to take a decisive step. I will be magnanimous, and make two people happy!"

So approaching the lovers, elevated in his own estimation by the sacrifice he was about to make, and the idea of being at once a benefactor and a father, he took the Armenian by the hand, and said to him, "She pleases you. Marry her, she is yours!"

Little did our traveller anticipate the ingratitude that would be shown for his generous offer. The Armenian raised up his arms to heaven, stupified at the idea. As to the lady, she expressed infinite indignation at the idea that she would form an alliance with a mere *rayah*—a kind of *yaudi*. So the slave was left to the Frenchman, who had only the consolation of saying to the Armenian, "Miserable man, you would seduce a woman who belongs to another. You seduce her from her duty, and then refuse to take her when she is offered to you!"

A few days afterwards, when a free agent in Beyrut, our traveller had

nearly the same words repeated to himself by Father Planché, a Jesuit, who, visiting him accidentally, and seeing the slave in his room, said to him,

"What! have you put this weight on your conscience? Have you turned that woman from her duty, and deranged her life, without the intention of wedding her?"

M. de Nerval excused himself by saying he wished to restore her to liberty. Father Planché shook his head, and said she had better be intrusted for her conversion to the care of a pious lady of Beyrut. This advice was most acceptable to our traveller. In the first place, Madame Carlès, the person indicated, only charged three piastres a day; in the second, he was going to visit the Prince of the Maronites; and, in the third, after so many mishaps in his attempt at Oriental life, he was probably extremely discouraged and heartily wearied with his Arabo-Javanese Mahommedan slave.

Battista, the renowned *restaurant* of Beyrut, it may be worth while mentioning for the benefit of Syrian tourists, charges sixty piastres per diem to the English, but only five francs to a Romanist. "*Ah! corpo di me!*" he exclaimed, when reproved by M. de Nerval for his high prices. "*Questo è per gli Inglesi che hanno, molto moneta, e che sono tutti heretici! . . . ma, per gli Francesi, e altri Romani, e soltanto cinque franchi.*" "That is quite another thing," said our traveller, who expresses the gratification he experienced at finding such Catholic and Roman sentiments among the hotel-keepers of Syria.

We will not follow M. de Nerval in his visit to the Maronite Prince of the Lebanon. It is the old story re-told, of a mountain ride, mixed populations, gaudy costumes, patriarchal hospitality, jerid throwing, hostility of Druses and Maronites.

On his return from the mountain, M. de Nerval hastened to the boarding-school of Madame Carlès. Zeynab received him with expressions of joy and tears of gratitude. To his inquiries, however, as to how she prospered in her education, the answer was very simple—she would learn nothing. The following conversation then took place, Madame Carlès acting as interpreter:

"Why will you not learn to sew?"

"Because, if I am seen working like a servant, they will make a servant of me."

"But the wives of Christians, who are free, work without being servants."

"Well! I will not wed a Christian. With us, the husband gives a servant to the wife."

"Why, also, will you not learn to sing and to dance?—that is not the work of a servant."

"No; but it is the profession of an almeah, of a baladiue. I would rather remain as I am."

This is a good specimen of the impracticability of a Moslem woman, and of what a European has to expect if he is foolish enough to attach one to his fortunes—a creature without resources, without mind or intellect, one would almost feel, with their Turkish masters, without a soul! Madame Carlès, however, encouraged our traveller with the hopes of converting the Javanese to the Christian faith. "When she has become a Christian," she said, "she will do like others;" and, as the Frenchman

began to look tenderly upon his slave, she added, addressing the latter, "You see, my daughter, if you will become a Christian, your master will marry you, perhaps, and take you to his country."

"Oh, Madame Carlès!" exclaimed the Frenchman, "do not go on so rapidly with your conversion. *Quelle diable d'idée vous avez là!*"

M. de Nerval had thought of the solution to the difficulty as far as the Armenian was concerned, but never as applied to himself. He now suddenly fancied himself parading the Boulevards with his ring-nosed *femme jaune*, with suns tattooed on her forehead, and who might be even suspected of anthropophagist propensities. A sudden perspiration bedewed his features.

Worse than all, M. de Nerval quitted Madame de Carlès' boarding-school deeply enamoured with a Druse, daughter of a sheikh of the mountain, at that time imprisoned for arrears of taxes. To excuse his inconstancy, he appeals to the fascinations of the lady, the climate, the poetry of the place and of costume, and all the *mise en scène* of mountain and sea!

So great, however, was the infatuation of the moment, that it led him to apply to the Pasha of Beyrut to make a journey to Acre, and another to Dèr il Khammer, to obtain the freedom of the father of the fair Salema. Having succeeded in his object, he became (but not till after almost promising to embrace the faith of the Druses, among whom Salema was an *akkaleh-siti*, or "spiritual lady," occasionally performing the part of Astarte) affianced by the grateful sheikh to his fair and spiritual daughter.

Happily, however, this new engagement was interrupted by a severe attack of Syrian malaria, to cure which he was obliged to take the steamboat to Constantinople. There, new faces, new associations, and old ideas revived, soon drove the love so beautifully set in a framework of Syrian seas and mountains from his volatile heart: and, thinking very wisely, if not very considerately, that if he returned to Beyrut to claim his bride, he would be liable to catch the malaria again, and that if he sent for the young lady, "it would be exposing her to the terrible diseases which carry off in the north three-fourths of the females of the East who are transported thither," he resolved to write to the Druse sheikh to free him from his word, and to get back his own.

As to unfortunate Zeynab—*la femme jaune*—she fled from her *pension* unconverted from the Mahommedan faith; and M. de Nerval assures us, upon the authority of Camille Rogier, the artist, who has lately been travelling in Syria, that she is now wedded to a Turk of Damascus, and the happy mother of two children.

## HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

## BOOK II.

## CHAPTER V.

## HESTER'S FIRST STRUGGLE IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

THE hours during which Hester worked in the large establishment of Madame Mongolier were from nine in the morning until nine at night. She was allowed two meals, and the remuneration she received exceeded that usually given by other houses to young women in her capacity. It was 9s. a week. From this amount Hester purposed to expend, during the same length of time, 3s. on herself, 3s. on her father, as an addition to his prison allowance, and the remainder was to be put by for the grand object she had in view. The last sum would, indeed, be a small mite towards raising the 500*l*. But Hester did not stop here; she intended, after the cessation of her labours in Regent-street, to work half the night at her lodgings in Fleet-lane, and all thus gained would be clear profit, to be appropriated entirely to what may be termed her "general fund." The weekly accumulation might further receive a small increase, in the shape of interest, by being placed in a savings-bank. These monetary schemes and devices, although strange at first, soon became familiar to the child of necessity, thrown on her own resources; and poor Hester became a financier, a Necker, a Pitt, in her small way; a hoarder, a miser—but, oh! for what a purpose!

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, and Hester was seated among her sister-labourers in the great *dépôt* of fashion in Regent-street. Carriages were drawn up before the door as on previous occasions; loud knocks were heard, and the footman in waiting was hurrying to and fro. Fashionable ladies crowded the show-rooms, where the august Madame Mongolier herself did the honours. The room, we have already observed, which contained the "workers," the fabricators of the gay things for those who themselves "toil not nor spin," was very spacious, but little care had been bestowed with regard to its ventilation. This latter circumstance, we need not remark, was calculated seriously to affect the health of the inmates. There was a mass of heads confused and mixed, and bowed down like poppies when charged with rain. Hair of all colours, from the light auburn to the jetty black; complexions of most shades saving those of the tropics; figures answering to our ideas of deformity and our notions of elegance; beauty of many descriptions—these were blended together in that room of toil, and afforded a striking picture.

The little French woman, with her rouged cheeks and false curls, reigned the queen of the place; and as a voice was heard, or a half-laugh broke forth from some younger creature not yet thoroughly tamed down, the quick-eared Parisian instantly suppressed it. From time to time the countenances of some would be lifted from their work, daring to breathe a moment from their toil. Alas! what languor and pallor were seen in many a young and gentle face! what sorrows spoke in those faded eyes! what tales of privation were written on those wasted cheeks!

That girl, with the black glossy hair, and features bewitchingly handsome, displaying the faultless Greek profile, and the Spanish sleepy but soul-melting expression, is an orphan cast upon the world, but happy to

labour here, rather than enter the flowery fatal path of life, which attracts so many in her situation, leading them on to perdition.

Yonder female, more advanced in years, from whom the freshness which delights the eye has past, whose features are marked and hard, and whose back, from being long bent in one position, has acquired an habitual stoop, may be, like the imprisoned bird, reconciled to her lot. She toils on and on; she does not sigh; she does not speak; the needle is plied, the thread is drawn; she has no wish to see the green fields, and no hope to break her chain; her daily task seems to be the sole object for which she was born. And so she labours on, week after week, weary year after year, treading in an unending circle, an unthinking piece of mechanism, a being who is neither happy, nor yet altogether sad.

We view a different picture in the girl who sits near Hester. She is young, about the age of our heroine, and though she has far less character and intelligence impressed on her face, she is almost as beautiful as Mr. Somerset's daughter. Her ringlets are of light brown, falling on her shoulders; her features are small and classically chiselled; her eyes full and of a hazel hue, have a candid and innocent expression which seems to declare that no guile or sinister passions could ever enter in, and make a temple of her heart. Her thoughts are evidently absent, for though her head is depressed, and her hand mechanically holds her work, her needle is inactive. She has been sent from a distant part of England to learn the mysteries of fabricating dress, being one of a respectable, but numerous and poor family. Her heart is not in her labour; it still clings to home, and the fields, the woods, and the flowers. Her fancy is with her young brothers and sisters, playing in the meadows, gay, joyful, and without a restraint on their movements. Their voices sound on the summer air; she hears, too, the chime of the church-bells, for the tower rises just on the other side of the stream, the old grey pinnacles shooting above the green elms. During that wandering of the mind, the work falls into her lap, and the needle drops from her fingers. One by one the tears gush forth unconsciously, and, as she stoops forward, trickle upon the floor. One loud burst of sorrow which she cannot control, follows, and then, waking to a sense of her situation, the poor girl, to conceal her emotions from her companions, covers her face.

Another picture—it is our last. In that corner of the room we hear a low cough—a cough not coming by violent paroxysms, but just audible, and often repeated. There is something painfully distressing in the constant recurrence of it, and at times it is more hollow, appearing to proceed from the deepest cavity of the sufferer's breast. She is about twenty, and has worked here since the age of fourteen. The department which she fills obliges her to labour usually until midnight, and sometimes, in the busy season, until three and four in the morning. The French forewoman may see the bright red spot in the centre of her thin cheek, but no notice is taken of it; she may hear her distressing cough, but she heeds it not. Even Madame Mongolier herself, when inspecting occasionally her workwomen, starts at beholding that frame, once full of redolent health, now worn to a skeleton—at beholding the fingers so long and transparent, the cheeks so sunken, and, except in the centre, so deadly white; the eyes so painfully prominent and glistening, with a dull leaden circle around them; even Madame Mongolier is shocked at witnessing this. She is sorry and regrets it, but her sympathy goes no further. "Some of the young women," she philosophically reasons, "must get

ill, and die—of course. It can't be helped. The work must be done. We can't shorten the hours of labour, and keep ladies of rank waiting. Oh! no; that would never do."

So the poor consumptive girl, who must either work according to the rules of the establishment, or enter a parish poorhouse, prefers the former. She toils, sits up through the night, and dies; and not one, of all the "ladies of rank" whom she has assisted to clothe in their dazzling apparel, drops a tear of pity above her grave.

Such were a few of Hester's companions, whose positions and appearance we have endeavoured briefly to sketch. We need scarcely say that, among all the group, no one was found more anxious to give satisfaction, or more diligent than she. Blessed with glowing health and a strong constitution, Hester did not seem as yet much affected by the confinement. She laboured in Regent-street twelve hours during the day; but, when she returned to Fleet-lane, it was not to retire to her bed. No; if she sought the luxury of rest at the ordinary time, small progress would be made in accumulating the money. Every hour given to toil, she considered an hour taken away from the term of her father's captivity.

Hester was skilful at netting purses, and designed by this means to augment her earnings. Seated at her small table, the blind of her window drawn down, there might she have been seen labouring while the surrounding neighbours were asleep. Her rushlight afforded a dull and varying light, yet it was sufficient to enable the busy fingers to ply the red and green silk threads. St. Paul's clock struck hour after hour, for, scarcely heeded by day, during the profound stillness of the night those loud, far-pealing, tremendous tones, drown the chime of all other clocks in the vicinity, and sound like the solemn voice of incarnate Time announcing the gradual approach of his last foe—Eternity!

Deep into the night, far on towards morning, toiled the prisoner's indefatigable daughter. It was some consolation to reflect that, while divided, she was still near her father; a few houses off—a few steps, and there stood the walls of the gloomy prison. She would think—but while she thought, would not suspend her netting—she would think, was he then asleep? or did his perturbed spirit meditate and mourn? Was he musing on Brookland Hall, on his ruined fortunes, on the fate of her mother, or was he thinking of her?—A tear—a low sigh—a gradual closing of the eyes, as fatigued nature was nearly worn out—a sudden waking up and renewal of her task—another hour tolled on the deep solemn bell—again a dropping of the languid hands, and the falling forward of the fair head;—so passed the time, until the natural weakness and weariness of humanity could be resisted no longer, and Hester would creep to her pallet, and—slumber.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE HUNCHBACK MUSICIAN.

SEVERAL other lodgers, both male and female, were domiciled under the same roof with Hester. Two of these lodgers we shall now introduce to the reader.

The persons alluded to were an only son and his mother, who rented a sitting-room and closet immediately below the garret occupied by Hester. The apartments, if they may be so called, were miserable in appearance, the furniture being half broken, or clumsily patched and mended. Thus



a table, shattered in the centre, served the office of two; a wormeaten form, having met with a similar fate, garnished both sides of the hearth. Carpet there was none, its place being supplied by a thin layer of yellow sand. Hester's apartment was cheerless enough, but the dwelling-place of Mark Flemming and his mother was far more so.

At the fragment of table the young man was now seated. He was probably older than his appearance indicated, for his complexion was very fair, and his person diminutive. A large music-book lay open before him, and, if we might judge by the nature of the tunes which the book contained, his musical genius was of an ambitious character. The collection appeared to be a *mélange* of marches, grand overtures, operas, and oratorios.

Measure not the intellect by the body's dimensions, and seek not for genius always in the soul of him who possesses a striking or beautiful countenance.

Whatever the spirit's attributes might be, nature was not kind to Mark Flemming. He was one of those abortions which, from time to time, come into the world only, it would seem, to be a subject of curiosity, a mockery of humanity, and a hideous jest to their fellow-men. As he sat on his stool at the table, his legs, being of the ordinary length, touched the ground; but his body was extremely short, measuring from the nape of the neck downwards scarcely fifteen inches. The hump on his back, also, was so prominent, that, seen from certain positions, it almost looked like a second head. As he squared his elbows in the action of playing the violin, for such was his instrument, it might have been perceived that his arms were of an extraordinary length; yet those arms were bony and vigorous, while the long attenuated fingers possessed remarkable play and power.

The hunchback's hair was of glossy black, and fell behind in massy curls over his threadbare coat. His face was thin, and so entirely without colour, that it resembled almost the face of a lifeless being. The features, upon the whole, were regular, even finely chiselled; and the lofty broad brow would have formed a good study for a phrenologist: the habitual expression, more particularly of the eyes, was that of thought and melancholy—a melancholy so quiet, so tender, and yet so intense, that it irresistibly affected the gazer's heart.

The love of the poor hunchback for music was not a common sentiment or an acquired passion, but it was innate, resembling in this respect an instinct. He did not practise music as a study, so much as he revelled in it as a luxury. It was his inner world, his second life. He was wrapped up, lost in it—enslaved by it. He knew no joy of which it was not the basis; and in his dreamy mind scarcely believed that heaven hereafter would be heaven, without the divine spells of harmony.

Softly the notes were now fluttering over the awakened instrument, the low trillings of the small Paradise bird, with the rush of its humming painted wings, being scarcely more delicately distinct. It seemed as if some tiny spirit or fairy were flying off at every touch of the quivering bow, and sighing as it went. Flemming himself appeared scarcely to breathe, his lips apart, and his eyes fixed. Anon those long slender arms moved with wider sweep, and with a velocity which momentarily increased. Bold and sharply sweet the notes poured out, now thrilling, now mellow, now deep, and now vehement, until that violin, beneath the "divine frenzy" of the performer, seemed a very fountain of sound, a living thing, a breathing soul! The eyes of the musician brightened as he grew thus

energetic, and his countenance was no longer impressed with its accustomed melancholy. The late ashy cheeks glowed, the veins swelled on the high forehead, and the whole physiognomy was instinct with a rapture which none but a lonely enthusiast, such as he, might know.

On the broken deal form close by the hearth a woman was seated—the musician's mother. Though little more than forty years old, she exhibited in her grey hair, thin drawn cheeks, and wrinkled forehead, symptoms of a premature old age. In addition to this, as she raised her eyes, either in thought, or towards that part of the room where she imagined the window to be, a dull film, a blank whiteness which was spread over the pupils, betrayed that she had lost the richest of God's blessings—sight. The woman now was listening attentively to her son's music, and it might not be too much to say that she appeared nearly as enwrapped as himself. Her face was turned in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, and from time to time her countenance was lit up with a smile of pleasure.

Thus in the attitude of listening, her hands folded on her lap, would Mrs. Flemming continue for hours together; yet her devotion to sounds might owe its origin less to a natural love of music, than that it was one of the few pleasures remaining to her senses, the light of heaven, and the countless objects in the breathing world, being shut out from her soul. Then, too, the sweet melodies were produced by the skill of her son. Music gave *him* delight; and his joy was hers, his hope hers, his success, his advancement in the world, were the great objects of her existence. She loved him as a mother only can love. His poor misshapen form was to her memory not a monster, but that of a child of beauty, and she could recal those hours, ere her eyes closed in darkness, when she nursed him on her bosom, and then his deformity was deformity to her no more; for love, by its Protean spell, had changed him to a radiant thing. The image stamped on her brain remained unaltered; and now, not willing to disturb her dream, she would pass her hands nowhere but over his face: there the touch, so finely sensitive in the blind, would find all harmonious, all beautiful; and as, with her span, she measured the high broad brow, she would murmur with proud pleasure about his gradually developed intellect, assuring him that a mind like his would eventually triumph over difficulties, and bear him on to the honours and the fame which he coveted.

Flemming had for some time filled a situation in the orchestra of a minor theatre. This precarious source of income was all he possessed, and barely put bread into the mouths of his parent and himself. His musical talents had never been appreciated. The fine notes of his violin, and the high flights of his tasteful, exuberant fancy, were lost at the low City Theatre, where the musicians, only intent on striking the vulgar ear, blew their trumpets, shrieked on their clarionets, and beat their drums, imagining that the loudest music was of necessity the best. Who would believe genius could exist in Fleet-lane? or the soul of an Orpheus be enshrined in a hunchback seated on a broken stool, amidst squalor and wretchedness?

Flemming's instrument was silent, his fervour had abated, and his features settled into their accustomed stillness, expressive of thought and melancholy. He remained for several minutes without moving or speaking; and so abstracted was he, that he did not feel the light passing of fingers over his face. His mother, stationed behind his stool, was bending

over him, and those fingers moved across the cheeks, under the eyes, but chiefly over the forehead. This was the only method the blind woman possessed of discovering the sorrowful or happy feelings which, at different times, might affect her son, and it rarely deceived her. She did not find the traces of tears on his cheek, and she felt no contracting of the lips indicating harsh or bitter feeling; but the brow was gathered in a manner which plainly assured her that he was not simply studying music, or reading.

"Now, what ails thee, my boy? You played that piece exquisitely, and, it will be sure to attract attention."

Flemming did not speak.

"I know you ought to perform *solos*, in order to be judged fairly by the audience; but you say they will not permit this at the theatre."

Still the hunchback made no observation. The blind woman found his hand, which had been buried beneath his waistcoat.

"My boy, what means this agitation? You are in a fever?"

"Not of the body, but of the mind," said Flemming, at length.

"A fever of the mind?" repeated the mother, in an anxious tone; "then this comes of your deep study."

"It does not arise from that—no, no!" The meagre arm rested on the table, the pale forehead was leant upon the hand, and the thoughtful eyes were fixed on the mother's face. That look of intense sadness turned instinctively to her—*instinctively*, for a moment's reflection would have told him that his sorrows so expressed could not be made known to one who was blind. Much of the same feeling came over the heart of the great conqueror,\* when, his armies at length defeated, and his empire lost, he turned, in the anguish of his spirit, though she who had given him birth was not there to hear him, and exclaimed—"My mother! my mother!"

"Here are two nosegays," said the woman, feeling about the table; "why have you divided the flowers which you got for me this morning into two nosegays? I would rather have had them in one bunch."

"One is for you, and one for her," said Flemming. And his pale cheek glowed, and his lip quivered.

"One for her? Who is that?"

"For the young lady up-stairs."

The blind woman started, but her surprise soon gave place to anxiety and distress.

"That young lady, Mark," she said, hesitatingly, some sudden and strange suspicion having awoke in her mind—"that young lady, though she is so poor, though she labours so hard night and day, is the daughter of a fallen gentleman—she would not accept your nosegay."

"I do not mean to offer it to her; I only place flowers on her mantel-shelf during her absence."

"Have you done this often before, then, silly boy?"

No answer was returned, therefore the mother presumed her son had been guilty of the folly.

"Surely," said the woman, in a hurried and anxious tone, "you are not in love with Miss Hester Somerset?"

"In love with her?" said Flemming, rising from his stool, and walking to and fro in the small apartment; "it is not love, mother, which I

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\* Napoleon.

feel, for the sentiment I entertain for you is love; but it is a hopeless bitter dream, a longing after that which can never be obtained, a frenzy; a consuming fire—a passion which has no name!”

The hunchback stopped before the window, and slightly raised the sash to let in the air, for he gasped for breath.

“Mark, you have strong sense, and an aspiring intellect; subdue these idle feelings, which can only bring with them disappointment, and embitter your life.”

“It cannot be. I have struggled long and much, but the torrent cannot be stemmed; I am borne away in the whirlpool of my mad passion. Do not reason with me; do not endeavour to show me my folly, for I am conscious of it already—wretched abortion! miserable deformed monster that I am!”

“Hush! hush!”

“Men regard me only as an object of ridicule; women turn from me with horror.”

“Pity me, Mark! For my sake, hush!” cried the mother, clasping her hands.

“Why fell upon me this heavy curse? Oh! why, why did I come into the world?”

His hands were pressed upon his forehead; his white cheeks, quivering lips, and straining eyes, all evinced the agony of his working and perturbed spirit; but these passionate gestures from the poor mother were kindly concealed; she could only *hear his words*, yet they were sufficient to overwhelm her with distress. She strove to speak, but utterance failed her; yet no tears filled her eyes. That woman had not wept for years, for, with her sight, seemed also to have departed the capability of shedding those drops which relieve the heart.

Her arms were now thrown around the neck of her wayward son—the boy all beauty to her fancy, all perfection to her partial judgment. She was able to speak at length, and prayed him not so to upbraid Heaven, not so to curse his own destiny. Then she strained him to her breast, kissed his forehead, his neck, his hands, his hair, in all the wild abandonment and blind devotion of the mother for her offspring. Woman! woman! in joy and in wretchedness, in youth and in age, who among God’s creatures can love like thee?

Flemming relented, his heart softened, and every sentiment of bitterness vanished. He returned his mother’s fond endearments, beseeching her to forgive him. The wilder and harsher passions, indeed, subsided, yet in spite of the seeming calm to which he was restored, an undercurrent of strong feeling ran beneath the tranquillised surface; the eruption was over, but the lava still boiled in the dark depth of the volcano. The love of the poor deformed for the child of grace and light, hopeless though it might be, continued the same.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE TWO VILLAINS.

“WHAT news?—what have you learnt?” asked Hartley of Mr. Pike, as the latter gentleman entered the Templar’s chambers. With his usual quiet sneaking air when in the presence of his superiors, Pike shut the door after him, placed his hat upon the ground, and with his red silk handkerchief began to wipe the perspiration from his forehead. This action,

simple as it might be, was performed so slowly and quietly, that it spoke better than words a happy confidence on Mr. Pike's part, while at the same time he seemed to say—"I don't mind fatigue; I am most willing to labour, even to the sweat of my brow, in the service of my patron." The lawyer then seated himself, and significantly smiled.

"Pretty good success, Mr. Hartley, pretty good; I have discovered the place where she lives, and her employment."

"Very well," said Hartley, nodding his head; "and where does she reside?"

"Not far from her father—in Fleet-lane."

"And her occupation?"

"To support herself, and supply Mr. Somerset with a few little comforts in the prison—for prison-fare, you must know, is not far removed from starvation."

"Comforts? supply Somerset with comforts?" and Hartley suppressed an oath.

"She has obtained a situation in a certain establishment in the west end of London; they pay her, I learn, rather handsome wages."

"This will not do!" exclaimed Hartley; "my object will be defeated—the keeping of Somerset upon bread and water; for through him," he added, speaking in an absent manner, as if to himself, "I have lost this woman for ever. Have not her anxiety, her love for *him*—ay, for him! destroyed even her intellect? Go on, Mr. Pike."

"I have to tell you a little in addition to this. Not contented with labouring through the day, she sits up half the night manufacturing purses, for which she obtains a good remunerating price at the shops."

"Worse and worse! What can the miserable child be aiming at?"

Now it was Mr. Pike's interest to throw as many difficulties and dangers around the subject as possible, whereby he might awaken Hartley's alarm, and impress upon his patron's mind how very valuable were his (Mr. Pike's) services.

"What is she aiming at, ask you, Mr. Hartley? Ha! I have learnt that as well!" exclaimed the little man, knowingly shaking his head. "You will smile, perhaps, when I name the fanciful, and apparently preposterous design, which this young girl has conceived. A blind woman in the house, whose acquaintance I have made, informed me of it, for Miss Hester, in a moment of childlike fervour, hinted as much to her. What think you of the possibility of her saving from her shillings a week a sufficient sum to liquidate her father's debt, and so release him from prison? This, I assure you, is the daughter's grand object, the end for which she so unceasingly toils."

All the bitterness of Hartley's nature was awakened by these words. The mere idea of his victim thus, at length, escaping from his hands, incensed him to a degree, which kindly and forgiving spirits might, indeed, marvel at. His hatred had a oneness which gradually absorbed into itself all other passions; and his vengeance, like some ravenous vulture, though it constantly devoured, was never satisfied. The foul bird of the soul remained there hanging over the prey, nor would it depart while one remnant was left for a *future feast*.

"The debt," said Hartley, "for which I detain Somerset in prison is now 500*l*. I have taken measures to influence distant relatives, for near ones we have none; therefore I have no apprehension that the sum will be advanced him. But, Mr. Pike, do you indeed imagine it possible

that the wretched child can save up the money by following the occupations you name?"

\* "Can't say," answered the wily attorney. "Your question is a difficult one to answer, Mr. Hartley. We have read and heard of very wonderful things performed by children for their parents, especially, I may add, sir, by daughters."

He coughed, and looked obliquely from out of the corners of his twinkling black eyes.

"We must put a stop to this," said Hartley, in a decided tone.

"How? what power may the law give us to restrain the actions of this young woman?"

"Never mind the law; I tell you we must stop this. Why, even if the daughter should not eventually succeed in her aim, the very hope of such a consummation will buoy up the father in prison. A man who has hope burning in his breast, though it tells falsehoods, will never sink, never be crushed."

"He will not. I echo your sentiments," said Mr. Pike.

"Then listen. You seem at a loss to understand how we shall frustrate this Hester Somerset's designs; the thing may be done in the simplest manner. Cause her to be dismissed from the situation she now fills."

"Ha! truly; that will be striking at the root—cutting off her chief resource."

"Let your task then be the effecting of this object."

The little man pondered, leaning his bristly chin on his bony hand. Good and virtuous thoughts were passing through his mind; at least he himself thought so. In a few minutes he spoke in a subdued tone, his eyes fixed on the ground:

"So, I must devise a plan to cause and obtain Miss Somerset's discharge. I must be the instrument used in defeating a virtuous child's pious design. Is this line of conduct consistent with the principles of honour, justice, and humanity, which, I am proud to say, I have always advocated? Tell me, Mr. Hartley, is it?"

The Templar impatiently kicked away a stool near him, and "pshaw'd!" only adding, "remember your annuity!"

Mr. Pike turned himself uneasily in his chair. "Well, let me see. The young lady works so extremely hard at present, and must do so, if uninterrupted, for a series of years, that ten chances out of one but her labour will destroy her health; ay, bring on consumption; and consumption in this country is certain death. What then? the question is whether a man shall remain in prison, where he may muse on philosophical subjects, and read books all his life, or whether a human being shall die—prematurely, I say, die, drop into her grave in her young and virgin bloom. Alas! I perceive I must not hesitate; I must suspend the labours of the child and so save her life, while the father must remain in gaol. This is humanity! this is justice! this is the part of a Christian!—Mr. Hartley, I will most readily do what you desire."

"Thank you; see that she be dismissed from the place, and cast upon the stream, within a week."

"You may depend upon me. Yes, yes," added Mr. Pike to himself, as he walked down the stairs, "I will save this innocent female from a premature grave; it's only my duty."

## SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

## CHAPTER LIX.

WHEN the dirty dusting charwoman at Nonsuch House gave Mr. Sponge permission to come in and see whether he could find the where-withal to write a note to Sir Harry Scattercash, our worthy friend sat on his horse for some seconds staring intently into the dining-room window, thinking that lapse of time might cause the fourpenny-piece to be sufficiently respected to procure him something like directions how to proceed, as well to get rid of his horse, as to procure access to the house, the door of which stood frowningly shut. In this, however, he was mistaken, for no sooner had the woman uttered the words, "Well, you can come in and see," than she flaunted into the interior of the room, and commenced a regular series of assaults upon the furniture, throwing the hearth-rug over one chair back, depositing the fireirons in another, rearing the steel fender up against the Carrara marble chimney-piece, and knocking things about in the independent way that servants treat unoffending furniture, when master and mistress are comfortably ensconced in bed. "Flop" went the duster again; "bang" went the furniture; "knock" this chair went against that, and she seemed bent upon putting all things into that happy state of sixes and sevens that characterises a sale of household furniture, when chairs mount tables, and the whole system of domestic economy is revolutionised. Seeing that he was not going to get anything more for his money, our friend at length turned his horse and found his way to the stables by the unerring drag of carriage-wheels. All things there being as matters were in the house, he put the redoubtable nag into a stall, and helped him to a liberal measure of oats out of the well-stored and unlocked corn-bin. He then sought the back of the house by the worn flagged way that connected it with the stables. The back yard was in the full enjoyment of the admired confusion that might be expected from the woman's account. Empty casks and hampers were piled and stowed away in all directions, while regiments of champagne and other bottles stood and lay and rolled about among blacking bottles, Seltzer-water bottles, boot-trees, bath-bricks, old brushes, and stumpt-up besoms. Several pairs of dirty top-boots, most of them with the spurs on, were chucked into the shoe-house just as they had been taken off. The kitchen into which our friend now entered was in the same disorderly state. Numerous copper pans still stood on the charcoal stoves, and the jack revolved without any meat on the spit. A dirty slip-shod girl sat sleeping, with her apron thrown over her head, which rested on the end of a table. The open door of the servants' hall hard by disclosed a mountain of dress and other clothes, which, after mopping up the ale and other slops, would be carefully folded and taken back to the rooms of their respective owners.

"Halloo!" cried Mr. Sponge, shaking the sleeping girl by the shoulder, which caused her to start up, stare, and rub her eyes in wild affright. "Halloo!" repeated he, "what's happened you?"

"O, beg pardon, sir!" exclaimed she; "beg pardon," continued she,

clasping her hands, "I'll never do so again, sir; no, sir, I'll *never* do so again, *indeed I won't*."

• She had just stolen a shape of blanc-mange, and thought she was caught.

"Then show me where I'll find pen and ink and paper," replied our friend.

"Oh, sir, I don't know nothin' about them," replied the girl; "*indeed*, sir, *I don't*;" thinking it was some other petty larceny he was inquiring about.

"Well, but you can tell me where to find a sheet of paper, surely?" rejoined he.

"Oh, indeed, sir, I *can't*," replied she; "I know nothin' about nothin' of the sort." Servants never do.

"What sort?" asked Mr. Sponge, wondering at her vehemence.

"Well, sir, about what you said," sobbed the girl, applying the corner of her dirty apron to her eyes.

"Hang it, the girl's mad," rejoined our friend, brushing by, and making for the passage beyond. This brought him past the still room, the steward's room, the housekeeper's room, and the butler's pantry. All were in most glorious confusion; in the latter Captain Cutitfat's lacquer-toed, lavender-coloured dress-boots were reposing in the silver soup tureen, and Captain Bouncey's varnished pumps stuffed into a wine-cooler. The last detachment of empty bottles stood or lay about the floor, commingling with boot-jacks, knife-trays, bath-bricks, coat brushes, candle boxes, plates, lanterns, lamp-glasses, oil bottles, corkscrews, wine-strainers—the usual miscellaneous appendages of a butler's pantry. All was still and quiet; not a sound, save the loud ticking of a time-piece, or the occasional creak of a jarring door, disturbed the solemn silence of the house. A nimble-handed mugger or tramp might have carried off whatever he liked with impunity.

Passing onward, Mr. Sponge came to a red-bazed, brass-nailed door, which, opening freely on a patent-spring, revealed the fine proportions of a light picture-gallery with which the bright mahogany doors of the entertaining-rooms communicated. Opening the first door he came to, our friend found himself in the elegant drawing-room, on whose round bird's-eye maple table in the centre were huddled all the unequal-lengthed candles of the previous night's illumination. It was a handsome apartment, fitted up in the most costly style; with rose-colour brocaded satin damask, the curtains trimmed with silk tassel fringe, and ornamented with festooned cord and massive bullion tassels on cornices, Cupids supporting wreathes under an arch, with open carved-work and enrichments in burnished gold. The room, save the muster of the candles, was just as it had been left; and the richly gilt sofa still retained the indentations of the sitters, with the luxurious down pillows, as they had been supporting their backs.

"Who knows," thought Mr. Sponge, "but Bugles and my lady may have made those marks." Scandal soon spreads, and Mr. Sponge had picked up some about Mr. Bugles and her ladyship on the memorable day's hunting.

The room reeked of tobacco, and the ends and ashes of cigars dotted the tables and the white marble chimneypiece, and the gilt slabs and the finely-flowered Tournay carpet, just as the fires of gipsies dot and dis-



figure the face of a country. Costly china and nick-nacks of all sorts were scattered about in profusion. Altogether, it was a beautiful room.

"No want of money here," said Mr. Sponge to himself, as he eyed it, and thought what havoc Gustavus James would make among the ornaments if he had a chance.

He then looked about for pen, ink, and paper. These were distributed so wide apart as to show the little request they were in. Having at length succeeded in getting all he wanted gathered together, Mr. Sponge sat down on the luxurious sofa, to consider how he should address his prospective host, as he hoped. Mr. Soapey Sponge was not a shy man, as the reader will perhaps have gathered from the tenor of his proceedings; but, considering the circumstances under which he made Sir Harry Scattercash's acquaintance, together with his design upon his hospitality—above all, considering the crew by whom Sir Harry was surrounded—it required some little tact to pave the way without raising the present inmates of the house in opposition to him. There are no people so anxious to protect another from robbery as those who are robbing him themselves. Mr. Sponge thought, and thought, and thought. At last he resolved to write on the subject of the hounds. After sundry attempts on pink, blue, and green-tinted paper, he at last succeeded in hitting off the following, on yellow:—

"Nonsuch House.

"DEAR SIR HARRY,—I rode over this morning, hearing you were to hunt, and am sorry to find you indisposed. I wish you would drop me a line to old Crowdey's, Puddingpote Bower, saying when next you go out, as I should much like to have another look at your splendid pack, before I leave this country, which I fear will have to be soon.

"Yours in haste,

"S. SPONGE.

"P.S.—I hope you all got safe home the other night from Mr. Peastraw's."

Having put this into a richly-gilt and embossed envelope, our friend directed it conspicuously to Sir Harry Scattercash, Bart., and stuck it in the centre of the mantelpiece. He then retraced his steps through the back regions, informing the sleeping beauty he had before disturbed, and who was now busy scouring a pan, that he had left a letter on the drawing-room chimneypiece for Sir Harry, and if she would see that he got it, he (Mr. Sponge) would remember her the next time he came, which he inwardly hoped would be soon. He then made for the stable, and got his horse, to go home, sauntering more leisurely along than one would expect a man to do that had not got his breakfast, especially one riding a hack hunter.

The truth was, Mr. Sponge did not much like the aspect of affairs. Sir Harry's was evidently a desperately "fast" house to be at; added to which, the guests by whom he was surrounded were clearly of the wide-awake order, who would not spare any pickings for a stranger. Indeed, Mr. Sponge felt that they rather cold-shouldered him at Farmer Peastraw's, and were in a greater hurry to be off when the drag came, than the mere difference between inside and outside seats could make. He much questioned whether he got into Sir Harry's at all. If it came to a vote, he thought he should not. Then, what was he to do? Old

Jog was clearly tired of him; and he had nowhere else to go to; Christmas, too, was coming on, and there is nothing so forlorn as a man living at his own expense at Christmas; he would seem to be cut off from the world and society—excommunicated, in fact. Then Mr. Sponge thought over the horrors of Christmas; the certain cessation of hunting; the hard, dry ground; the cold, bleak winds; the worsted comforters; the yellow fogs; and wondered how any one could assign the attributes of hilarity to such a droppy-nose, dispiriting, chilblainy, easterly-wind season. Hilarity, forsooth! Why, the very idea of the bills—many, doubtless, headed, “To bill delivered for 1849,” if not, indeed, “for 1848-9”—would be enough to drive hilarity miles and miles away in the distance. And yet to that dread season, dear reader, we are all rapidly approaching! The thought of its horrors caused Mr. Sponge to stick spurs into the chestnut, and hurry the horse home to Puddingpote Bower.

## CHAPTER LX.

## FARMER PEASTRAW AGAIN.

- . WE must now take a look at Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey. When Jog found that his disagreeable guest had wheezed away to hunt, instead of for good, as he predicted in his shout below Mr. Sponge's window to “Murry Ann” up above, he was very angry at not having been told, and went stamping about the house, anathematising everybody he came near, and indulging in invectives against his absent friend.

“Never saw such a (puff) fellow—treated the (wheeze) house as if it was his own—would put a stop to that sort of (gasp) work.” And then he abused Bartholomew for not having put his flail of a hunting-whip in its proper place in the passage, and hinted pretty broadly at the probability of its being applied to his back; censured the cook most severely for allowing the butcher to leave so much suet—intimating pretty plainly that he knew what became of it—and blew up Robins, the mole-catcher, for some unnecessary mounds that disfigured the front field. Having quarrelled with everybody and everything, he then went to breakfast.

The mollifying influence of a hearty meal having at length appeased his anger, he began to consider how he should occupy his day. The relieving officer of the Stir-it-stiff Union called, but brought no demands upon his time—none at least beyond the recital of Betty Spratt's contumacy about her tea; and an account of the vagaries of some of the wandering tribe upon the whitewashed walls of their ward.

Domestic affairs seemed all on the square, and “P-o-n-t-o-o” was too sore from his yesterday's peppering to make another excursion against the partridges practicable, even if his master had had energy enough for the purpose. But Jog was an easy shooter as he was an easy hunter, and did not take the field very frequently.

Altogether our friend Jog had nothing to do, and the day was too fine for him to devote it entirely to the forming and fashioning of gibby sticks. He contemplated immortalising the Pope and all his band of make-believe bishops, but he waited for the “*Illustrious London News*,” as he called it, to furnish him with the necessary designs to go by. As he wandered restlessly about the house, now examining stock in the

garrets, now diving into the dreary recesses of the cellar, now calculating the enormous value they were of, and the certain fortunes they would be to his children, the sudden recollection of Farmer Peastraw's invitation, as delivered, or rather coined, by Mr. Sponge, flashed upon his mind, and he determined to avail himself of it. "Peastraw sent his (puff) compliments to me," observed Jog to himself, "and said he had some ash saplings I might have. *I'll go there to-day*," continued he, making up his mind on the moment; and forthwith he raised the usual bellow for *Bartholo-m-e-w*."

"Get the *phe-a-ton* ready, Bartholomew—get the *phe-a-ton* ready!" exclaimed he, as Bartholomew answered to the whine.

"Yes, sir!" replied Bartholomew from the back kitchen, where he was busy among a whole regiment of shoes, beginning with the full-sized shooting pair of master's great foot down to the diminutive proportions of Gustavus James's.

"Go in state, sir?" asked Bartholomew, laying aside the shoe and blacking-brush, and divesting himself of a dirty old green baize apron, formerly a table-cover.

"State (puff), state (wheeze)," pondered Jog, thinking whether he should take the lad, and, if so, whether he should go in his pepper-and-salts, with the gold-threaded looped-up hat, or in his fustians—"yes," said Jog, "perhaps you'd better go; I shall want some one to (puff) the horse, but you needn't mind makin' yourself smart, your (puff) fustins 'ill do—your fustins and your (gasp) hat—so now (puff), make (wheeze) haste, and let's start directly;" Jog thinking the sooner he set off the sooner he'd get back, and the less chance there would be of Mr. Sponge being left alone with Mrs. Jog.

The boy, who was always much readier to ride than to work, proceeded to obey the order with the alacrity of one who liked it; and Jog, who was as keen after gibbies as some men are after foxes, was soon in his rattle-trap, with his little axe and handsaw peeping their heads above the capacious pockets of his paletot. He then whisked away without deigning to say where he was going, but with an intimation to Mrs. Jog that he would not be long in being back.

The road to Stoke being pretty good, and the frost now hardening whatever was soft or heavy, our friend jingled and jolted, and bumped and jumped, in the "hang your paint and varnish style" that characterises country conveyances. The day, as we have already stated, in accompanying Mr. Sponge to Nonsuch House, was clear and bright, and the warm features of Farmer Peastraw's red-brick house, with its white dove-cote, its glittering pond, and crowded stackyard, soon formed an imposing feature in the landscape, that kept increasing in importance as Mr. Jogglebury approached it. Peastraw farmed a good deal of land, and had things very nice and neat, not only at the homestead but over the holding generally. The hedges were nicely trimmed, the ditches well scoured, the gates in good order, and, altogether, a practised eye could trace his boundaries from among the hungry-looking corduroy fallows, the rushy pastures, and the cricket-ball-sized turnips of his less pushing neighbours, intermixed and interwoven though the fields were in some parts. Peastraw would have everything as it ought to be, whereas Jog was a man without the slightest taste or feeling for land; one who merely looked upon it as the means of extracting a certain amount of income, and perhaps the cause of procuring him the chairmanship of the

Stir-it-stiff Union, and a commissionership of the Sloppyhocks, and other turnpike roads. What, therefore, Jog would think a most unimportant, almost matter-of-course proceeding, Peastraw would regard as a downright outrage and violation of the rights of private property.

Jog, on a former occasion, had roused Peastraw's wrath by setting his cattle wrong, by leaving open a gate that he had passed through to get at a boundary hedge where there were some tempting gibbies, and it was the perversion of the message relative to them that Peastraw sent Jogglebury, by Mr. Sponge, on the night of the hunting carouse, that procured Peastraw the honour of this second visit. Peastraw sent to censure Mr. Jog for his proceedings, whereas Mr. Sponge told him that Peastraw said he would be glad to see him there again; accordingly, there he was. It so happened that Peastraw, intending to eat some turnips off with sheep, had been hunting up and down for net stakes, of which he had succeeded in obtaining a good quantity, which he had hauled that morning to the Wetherhog Close, adjoining the road along which Jog was driving. He caught view of the heap as they lay deposited just inside the green gate.

"There's a lot of stout sticks!" exclaimed he to himself, thinking what fine popes and cardinals they would cut into. He reined in as he spoke, and then stood up in the vehicle to reconnoitre. "Bless me (puff)," said he, eying them, "what a size they are—substance enough for anything—even for a set of Barclay and Perkins's draymen," added he, as he eyed the clean sweeps of the long, heavy axe, instead of the jagged hackings of his little one. "All sorts of (puff) wood, I declare (gasp); beech (wheeze), birch (gasp), hazel (wheeze), alder (puff), ash. I'll just (puff) out and look at 'em." So saying, he motioned Bartholomew to the horse's head, and made the springs of the vehicle creak as he alighted. He unloosened the chain with which the gate was fastened, and was presently at the heap. "(Puff)—strong and (wheeze) good they are," observed he, turning them over and rolling the topmost of the heap down; "worth a (gasp) of money these, if they were properly applied." And he paused and thought what noble and notable people he could cut them into, and what a scandalous waste it was applying such material to the purpose that they were intended for. "There's a (puff) yew, I declare," exclaimed Jog, as a very rough, strong yew stick, or rather staff, with some of its leaves on the small untrimmed twigs, appeared on the top of the heap; "I've been wanting a (puff) yew this I don't know how long," continued he, "and they're very bad to get." So saying, he disengaged this one from the lot, and forthwith commenced lopping and ridding it of its superfluous wood and twigs. A clubhead alder next claimed his attention, which he really thought might be more valuable than the yew, and it in turn was displaced by thorn.

As Jog was thus busily engaged, chop, chop, chopping,—hack, hack, hacking; thinking how he had lit on his legs, and that he had got some good out of his disagreeable guest, Mr. Sponge, a voice exclaimed over the hedge,

"Why, curse your impittance, are you here again?"

"Oh, that's you! (puff)," exclaimed Jog, looking up, not having heard what was said.

"Me! yes," roared Peastraw, "it is me!" the speaker's eyes staring, and his face reddening with anger.

"Well, and how are you? (puff)," asked Jog, wiping the now streaming perspiration from his brow.

"Am I," repeated Peastraw; "what's that to you?"

"Oh, nothin' particklar (puff)," replied Jog; "only I hope you are (wheeze)."

"Do you?" ejaculated Peastraw, astonished at his impudence. "Pray, may I ask what business you have here?"

"Business (puff)—business (wheeze),—can't say I've any 'tickler (gasp) business further than to (puff) myself of your invitation to get some (gasp) gibbies."

"Invitation!" roared Peastraw; "I never gave you no invitation; on the contrary, I sent to desire that you wouldn't come maraudin' over my farm any more."

Jog stood staring with astonishment.

"The last time you were here," continued Peastraw, in the same sweet tone, "you did me multitudinous damage. You set all my stock wrong; my four-year-old colt, that was to have helped me through these disastrous times, galloped about the country all night, and caught a cold that turned him into a roarer; two of my cows picked calf; my old sow got kicked by a cart-horse; and altogether you damaged me to the extent of I don't know what." Saying which Peastraw gave his horny hand a hearty slap against his patent corduroy shorts.

"Well, but," gasped Jog, "you surely sent me word by Mr. (puff) Sponge that I had to (wheeze) over here to get some (gasp) gibbies."

"Never sich a thing!" roared Peastraw. "Never sich a thing! I don't know no sich person as Mr. Sponge; never heard of him in all my life!"

"Oh (puff), yes," replied Jog; "he was at your (gasp) house the other night with Sir Harry and a (wheeze) party."

"Sponge!" exclaimed Peastraw. "Sponge!" repeated he; "ay, there was a stranger at my house, who said he was staying with you; but I never gave him no sich message."

"No!" ejaculated Jog, with astonishment.

"Certainly not," replied Peastraw. "On the contrary, I told him to tell you never to come here no more; that I'd had enough of your company; and so I have," added Peastraw, with an emphasis.

"Well, I don't know (puff)," observed Jog, looking very foolish; "that certainly wasn't the (gasp) message he gave me. He said you desired your (puff) compliments, and there were some nice young (gasp) ashes that I was welcome to (wheeze) over to get."

"Never sich a thing!" roared Peastraw again; "never sich a thing! I told Mr. What's-his-name to say I desired you *mightn't* come here any more; and so I tell you to your face, if you'll believe me."

"Well," observed Jog, "then I s'pose I'd better (wheeze) away."

"You'd better," replied Peastraw, with a jerk of the head.

"Humph!" pondered Jog, looking wistfully at the yew, "I s'pose you'll let me take what I've got?"

"I dare say!" exclaimed Peastraw; "and then I'll be having you over again, with somebody else's message."

"No," gasped Jog, "I'll come no more."

"Be off," growled Peastraw, descending from the hedge-bank, and walking away in the direction of home.

Jog availed himself of his departure to walk out with the yew as if with a stick. Having run it into the folds of the apron, he quickly resumed his seat in the phaeton, and, sore disconcerted, proceeded to

retrace his steps homewards. He was hurt at the rudeness of the farmer, distressed at the loss of so many fine sticks, and indignant at the hoax that had been played upon him by Mr. Sponge. Altogether he was very much put out; nor was his vexation diminished by finding the object of his aversion *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Crowdey. There sat Mr. Sponge, in his hunting things, barring the brown boots, which he had exchanged for a pair of worsted-worked slippers—nut-brown foxes' heads, on sky-blue ground—in Jog's easy chair, on one side of the fire, with the eternal "Mogg's Cab-fares" in his hands; while Mrs. Jog sat knitting a pair of socks for Gustavus James in the companion chair. Jog broke out furiously, but in such vague, incoherent terms, that neither his wife nor Mr. Sponge, who were alike ignorant of his pilgrimage, could make out what he was driving at.

"It was (puff)—sticks (gasp)—insult—hoax gentleman (wheeze)—impittance! (puff)—wouldn't bear it (gasp)—drive for nothin'—beast Peastraw;" and so on, with repeated flutters of the shirt-frill, till slower articulation, produced by exhaustion of epithets, caused a light to shoot in upon Mr. Sponge, and make him sensible of the mischief his forged message had occasioned. However, he stood up manfully for the truth of what he had said, and even went so far as to offer to go with Mr. Crowdey to confront farmer Peastraw on the subject. He also hinted pretty broadly that he would be going to stay with Sir Harry Scattercash, whom he would make acquainted with the outrageous conduct of his tenant to his (Mr. Sponge's) particular friend; and so, what with coaxing and hoaxing, they managed to get his choler appeased, though he most heartily wished Mr. Sponge at Nonsuch House, or any place rather than at Puddingpote Bower.

## CHAPTER LXI.

### THE DEBATE.

It was just as Mr. Sponge predicted with regard to his admission to Nonsuch House. The first person who espied his note to Sir Harry Scattercash was Captain Seedebyuck, who, going into the drawing-room, the day after Mr. Sponge's visit, to look for the top of his cigar-case, saw it occupying the centre of the mantelpiece. Having mastered its contents, the captain refolded and replaced it where he found it, with the simple observation to himself of—"that cock won't fight."

Captain Quod saw it next, then Captain Bouncey, who told Captain Cuttifat what was in it, who agreed with Bouncey that it wouldn't do to have Mr. Sponge there.

Indeed, it seemed agreed on all hands that their party rather wanted weeding than increasing.

Thus, in due time, everybody in the house knew the contents of the note save Sir Harry, though none of them thought it worth while telling him of it. On the third morning, however, as the party were assembling for breakfast, he came into the room reading it.

"This (hiccup) note ought to have been delivered before," observed he, holding it up.

"Indeed, my dear," replied Lady Scattercash, who was sitting gloriously fine and very beautiful at the head of the table, "I don't know anything about it."

"Who is it from?" asked brother Bob Spangles.

"Mr. (hiccup). Sponge," replied Sir Harry.

"What a name!" exclaimed Captain Seedeeybuck.

"Who is he?" asked Captain Quod.

"I don't know," replied Sir Harry; "he writes to (hiccup) about the hounds."

"Oh, it'll be that brown-booted boy," observed Captain Bouncey, "who we left at old Peastraw's."

"No doubt," assented Captain Cutitfat; adding, "what business has he with the hounds?"

"He wants to know when we are going to (hiccup) again," observed Sir Harry.

"Does he?" replied Captain Seedeeybuck. "That, I suppose, will depend upon Watchorn."

The party now got settled to breakfast, and as soon as the first burst of appetite was appeased, the conversation again turned upon our friend Mr. Sponge.

"Who is this Mr. Sponge?" asked Captain Bouncey, the billiard-marker, with the air of a thorough exclusive.

Nobody answered.

"Who's your friend?" asked he of Sir Harry direct.

"Don't know," replied Sir Harry, from between the mouthfuls of a highly cayenne-peppered grill.

"Perhaps a hell-keeper," suggested Captain Ladofwax, who hated Captain Bouncey.

"He looks more like a glazier, I think," retorted Captain Bouncey, with a look of defiance at the speaker.

"Lucky if he is one," retorted Captain Ladofwax, reddening up to the eyes; "he may have a chance of repairing somebody's daylights." The captain raising his saucer, to discharge it at his opponent's head.

"*Gently with the china!*" exclaimed Lady Scattercash, who was too much used to such scenes to care anything about the belligerents. Bob Spangles caught Ladofwax's arm at the nick of time, and saved the saucer.

"Hout! you (hiccup) fellows are always (hiccup)ing," exclaimed Sir Harry. "I declare I'll have you both (hiccup)ed over to keep the peace."

They then broke out into wordy recrimination and abuse, each declaring that he wouldn't stay a day longer in the house if the other remained; but as they had often said so before, and still gave no symptoms of going, their assertion produced little effect upon anybody. Sir Harry would not have cared if all his guests had gone together. Peace and order being at length restored, the conversation again turned upon Mr. Sponge.

"I suppose we must have another (hiccup) hunt before Christmas," observed Sir Harry.

"In course," replied Bob Spangles, "it's no use keeping the hungry brutes unless you work them."

"You'll have a bagman, I presume," observed Captain Seedeeybuck, who did not like the trouble of travelling about the country to draw for a fox.

"Oh, yes," replied Sir Harry; "Watchorn will manage all that. He's always (hiccup) in that line. We'd better have a hunt soon, and then

Mr. (hiccup) Bugles you can see it." Sir Harry addressing himself to a gentleman he was as anxious to get rid of as Mr. Jogglebury Crowdey was to get rid of Mr. Sponge.

"No; Mr. Bugles won't go out any more," replied lady Scattercash, peremptorily. "He was nearly killed last time;" her ladyship casting a very angry glance at her husband, and a very loving one on the object of her solicitude.

"Oh, naught's never in danger!" observed Bob Spangles.

"Then *you* can go, Bob," snapped his sister.

"I intend," replied Bob.

"Then (hiccup), gentlemen, I think I'll just write this Mr. (hiccup) What's-his-name to (hiccup) over here," observed Sir Harry, "and then he'll be ready for the (hiccup) hunt whenever we choose to (hiccup) one."

The proposition fell still-born among the party.

"Don't you think we can do without him," at last suggested Captain Seedeystick.

"I think so," observed the elder Spangles, without looking up from his plate.

"Who is it?" asked Lady Scattercash.

"The man that was here the other morning—the man in the copper-coloured boots," replied Mr. Orlando Bugles.

"Oh, I think he's rather good-looking; I vote we have him," replied her ladyship.

That was rather a damper for Sir Harry; but upon reflection he thought he could not be worse off with Mr. Sponge and Mr. Bugles than he was with Mr. Bugles alone; so, having finished a poor appetiteless breakfast, he repaired to what he called his "study," and with a feeble, shaky hand, scrawled an invitation to Mr. Sponge to come over to Non-such House, and take his chance of a run with his hounds. He then sealed and posted the letter without further to do.

Four days had now elapsed since Mr. Sponge penned his overture to Sir Harry, and each succeeding day satisfied him the more of the utter impossibility of holding on much longer in his present billet at Pudding-pote Bower. Not only was Jog coarse and incessant in his hints to him to be off, but he had lowered the standard of entertainment so greatly, that if it hadn't been that Mr. Sponge had his servant and horses kept also, he might as well have been living at his own expense. The company lights were all extinguished; great, strong-smelling, cauliflower-headed moulds, that were always wanting snuffing, usurped the place of Belmont wax or Palmer's composites; napkins were withdrawn; thrice worn table-cloths introduced; marsala did duty for sherry; and the stick-jaw pudding assumed a consistency that was almost incompatible with articulation.

As Mr. Sponge's insinuations about going to Sir Harry's grew fainter and fainter, Jog's manœuvres to get rid of him, and intimations for him to go, grew broader and stronger; and, as a last effort, Jog had retired to his dressing-room to draw up an advertisement, announcing Pudding-pote Bower to let, and the furniture to be sold, just as Sir Harry's missive arrived.

It was difficult to say whether the host's or the guest's joy was greatest at the deliverance.



## ANATOLE DE SALIS.

## CHAPTER XVII.

I WAS glad to find that with the Maltese I was not likely to have much trouble in taking the part of England, for the first two or three persons with whom I spoke on the affairs of the island were enthusiastic in praise of the cabinet. They said that they were *so* liberal. I asked them about the English civil servants of the colony, and I was astonished to learn that their number had been very much diminished of late. On inquiring how this was, I was told that all vacancies which had occurred under the present ministry had been filled up by natives. "Oh!" thought I to myself, "I see why you call them *so* liberal, my good friends; but it appears that they prefer that epithet to those of just and prudent. They fawn on you for popularity—they send a Roman Catholic governor to represent our Protestant Queen, and they employ Maltese in all civil appointments in preference to Englishmen. But the consequence cannot fail to be the impaired regularity of the public service, the overweening insolence of the native officials, and the ultimate loss of respect to the English. The *prestige* of the name will soon fall to the ground; but the ministry care little about that, provided they obtain their meed of praise and adulation for being *liberal*." I stated these views at the mess of one of the regiments there in which I had found an old friend, who asked me to dine with him in the magnificent hall of the "Auberge de Castille." Similar opinions were expressed by my fellow-countrymen; and they told me that the first effect of this system which is now followed by the Colonial-office was, that they were often treated in the most disparaging manner. They said that the English were no longer looked up to, and that, when an opportunity offered, they were treated with open contempt. An instance was mentioned that struck me as illustrating the marked change which had taken place in the temper of this people since I had last been in contact with them some years ago. The officer on guard had ordered a corporal to clear a ring round the band of his regiment, which was playing in the square in front of the palace, for a crowd of Maltese was pressing on it in a manner which prevented their being able to play. The natives refused to draw back, and commenced buffeting the corporal about; he defended himself, and turned out the guards. A row ensued, which resulted in a court-martial, and proceedings before the civil authorities; but no damage was done; and after much noise and clamour, the affair blew over. In former days, such a thing would have been impossible, as a red coat was respected by the worst mob; but our ministers are *so* liberal, that a few insults suffered by the army are of no consequence, when weighed in the balance with *their* popularity. There may, however, be more serious consequences than this, if the mistaken system continues.

Malta is the focus of eastern travel, and from it diverge the different lines of steamers to Greece, Turkey, and Egypt; but, although I saw a great number of them during my stay there, I was painfully sensible of the great proportion of foreign steam-vessels which navigate in the Mediterranean. The Austrian Company of Trieste has thirty-one, and the French about fifteen belonging to government, and ten to a private company; besides several Neapolitan, Tuscan, and Genoese; while there

are only two English steamers every month between Malta and England, Marseilles, the Ionian Islands, and Greece, and one to Alexandria and Constantinople. How is it that the government allows other countries to monopolise the Mediterranean in this manner, and to surpass them so very much in the description of vessels which run on some of these lines? The *Locust*, *Acheron*, *Volcano*, and one or two others of our steamers which carry passengers between Malta, Marseilles, Greece, and the Ionian Islands, are really a disgrace to our navy; and then the fares are so very expensive, that the contrast with those of other nations is much to our disadvantage. We should navigate as cheap as the French or the Austrians; why, then, should we charge more? It is true, that one is more comfortable with an English commander than with the unshaven Frenchman; for it is a peculiarity of the captains of French steamers—I do not know why, but it certainly is so—that they all wear long beards. Perhaps the memory of the Duke de Joinville is still dear to them. One meets with no sort of civility from them, for the passengers are not treated as the guests of the captain. Dinner is announced on deck by proclamation, and a general scramble follows, the officers making a rush to the top of the table, where they cluster, regardless of any ladies who may happen to be on board, and they are served first. But, in our own steamers it is very different; in the first place, in them the genteel practice of shaving prevails, and then the commander is the host, and rarely fails in bestowing all due attention on his passengers. I was immediately aware of the change, from the civilities I had met with on board the English steamer which took me to Malta, when I embarked for Naples in a French steamer. From the captain to the cabin-boy, it was a red republic; clamour and insubordination, egotism and brutality, awkwardness as sailors, and rudeness as officers, were the characteristics of this democratic piece of French mechanism. In the cabin, however, “*La Jeune France*” was in a minority. First, there was a tall, dry, stiff, muscular, and bony woman, if, indeed, she belonged to that sex, for her dress was the only criterion which offered any solution of the problem. Her country was not doubtful, even before I heard her speak, as this species of the “*genus homo*” has hitherto been observed only in the British Isles; and her age was that which most suits an independent spinster. The *ensemble* was most forbidding; but after the ice was broken, or rather thawed, between us, I discovered that she was really a charming person. Full of information, and endowed with considerable wit—having seen a great deal, and describing it well—judging with good sense, and talking with good taste, this lady was essentially an agreeable companion. She was travelling alone; but one of her adventures, which came to my knowledge, proved how little she required protection. I had mentioned Merenditi in terms of admiration, but she stopped me, in her dry, eccentric manner.

“Indifferent specimen,” she said; “much finer ones to be seen in the interior of the Morea. Look here”—and she drew a folio sketch-book from an unfathomable bag hanging on her arm, in which it appeared certain that there were no soundings, and which evidently contained many objects which might have graced an old curiosity shop, from “*terra cotta*” lacrymatories and marble fingers and toes from Athens, to pieces of lava from Etna and glass mosaic from the dome of St. Suplia’s. She

opened her album, and showed me a most spirited drawing of several Greek "klephti," in the act of robbing a party of travellers, with their pistols pointed at them. The brigands were, without doubt, most splendid-looking men, and I expressed the greatest admiration of the sketch.

"The artist," I said, "has also placed them in a most interesting position; and the composition of the figures is very good; they are so well grouped."

"Composition!" she said; "portraits taken from nature. Artist!—I drew it."

"Indeed!" I replied; "you have a charming talent; and putting them in the act of practising their profession was well conceived."

"No conception about it," she rejoined; "drew them while they were robbing me; and, as they had finished their work before I had completed mine, took the chief of the banditti by the arm, and made him stand before me, under a tree, that I might fill in the details of his dress. Couldn't do his head because he was laughing so."

I had never heard of anything like this at Clarence Villa, and my admiration of this heroine became somewhat mingled with awe. A young and very affected-looking man now joined in the conversation, by expressing admiration of the drawing, which he had seen as he was standing near us.

"Ah!" he said, in a languid tone of voice, "I have been in Greece. It is a savage place. I was robbed, too, and lost everything I had."

"Indeed!" said I, with a sympathising manner, "that must have been exceedingly inconvenient."

"Oh! very much so," he replied, with the same drawling accent; "that intense and unmitigated bore of a brigand left me nothing—not even what I prized the most, although it could be of no value to him; he was welcome to a miniature that I had of my mother, for instance, as I could get her likeness taken again—but my pomatum!—I may travel all over Europe without being able to replace such an exquisite pot of pomatum as that was."

"Pshaw!—fool! puppy!" muttered the lady; and, turning from him, we walked up and down the deck together for some time, until dinner was announced. A general race and *mêlée* then ensued. No sort of form of handing the ladies down the companion-ladder was attempted. The captain brushed past us without condescending to take any notice of his passengers, who got down as they best could.

Republicanism brutalises the manners. •The French were formerly universally admitted to be distinguished above every other nation for courteous refinement and polished urbanity. These qualities exposed them to ridicule, as they were practised to an excess. From one extreme they have gone to the other; they affect frankness and simplicity, and they become vulgar and rude. But this is one of the social concomitants of democracy which has never failed to appear in every such political change throughout the history of the world; and it is not one of the least pernicious.

Opposite us sat a pensive individual with an affectation of the middle ages in his dress, and a look of inspiration on his would-be calm and lofty brow. He was an Italian of Venice; and I thought I might avail myself of the opportunity of eliciting from him an opinion with regard to the

distracted state of that unhappy peninsula. Our conversation was carried on in Italian, and it was occasionally interrupted by a remark in English from my shrewd and uncompromising countrywoman. I begged the interesting foreigner to give me some idea of the real aspect of affairs in his native city.

"The attitude of Venice," he commenced, "is more worthy of admiration than that of any other European state. The Queen of the Adriatic still reigns independent and unfettered. She has burst her chains and cast them from her. Though shorn of her glory for many years, her merchant-princes, who held an undisputed sway over the Levant, and who invested their doges with the power, if not the purple of the imperial Byzantines, have risen from their slumber. While the barbarian Radetzky was subjugating the plains of Lombardy, and repulsing the traitor King of Piedmont, Venice alone defied him. Her winged lion has driven the rapacious eagle of Austria from the towers of St. Mark's, and her gun-boats, worthy representatives of their ancient prototype, the *Bucentaur*, have kept at bay the mighty ships of the hated German. Her republic stands dauntless and unsubdued. 'Son courage est debout pour braver l'orage.'

"And do you think that the other states of Italy are in an equally secure and formidable position?" I asked, feeling cowed by this splendid declamation.

"Italy," he replied, "will soon be free. We have cleansed the Augean stable."

"Yes, and set all the steeds a-kicking," muttered my neighbour.

"The constituent assembly of Rome has decreed the Po to be a national river," said the Italian, triumphantly.

I took a memorandum of this for the purpose of calling a meeting in the Victoria Pump Room, when I return to Elmington Spa, and getting the Elm decreed to be a national puddle.

"We have been betrayed on every side," continued the republican, with growing enthusiasm; "but the strong purpose of a nation which has sworn to achieve its liberty or die in the attempt, must prevail."

"Who has betrayed you?" I inquired.

"You have."

My countrywoman and I started on our seats. It was some time before I found words to invite him to explain himself; and he then proceeded.

"You encouraged our rise, and now you endeavour to induce the Sicilians to submit to the murderer Ferdinand. You sent an emissary to harangue us from a balcony, and to hold out hopes which you have not realised."

"He is right there," interrupted the English lady. "What would we think of the Austrian ambassador in London addressing a Chartist mob from a window in Trafalgar-square?" added she, in an aside to me.

"Do you know," I replied, "that I am beginning to think that our conduct with regard to this Italian affair has been no better than it should be."

"Your admiral," continued the Italian, "interfered to screen the Sicilians from the vengeance of a tyrant; you placed steamers at the disposal of their provisional government; you saluted their flag; you advised

them to elect a sovereign for themselves ; and now you try to induce them to return to their former allegiance. Is this consistent?—Is this honest?"

"I have nothing to answer," said I, in English, to my countrywoman, "have you?"

She shook her head.

"You cheered on the Pope to introduce reforms," added the animated orator ; "you threatened the Emperor of Austria, if he ventured to meddle with us ; you saved the despicable Charles Albert from the consequences of his failure, by mediating ; you kept the affair pending until he again took the field, and his troops were commanded by a creature of your own, only to be miserably beaten again. This policy was '*perfidie et en même tems bête.*' You have covered yourselves with ignominy in Italy ; and *we* know now that the English are not only insincere, but that they are, also, incapable of playing their part. Our glorious achievements are our own ; neither the encouragement which you gave us at the commencement, nor your fickle desertion of us now, can shake our courage ; and we shall carve out our liberty with our own good swords. All that *you* have succeeded in accomplishing is, that you have estranged from England both kings and nations. As for *us*, we can place no further reliance on your words—our faith in you is lost—and we look back on the past with exultation, and forward to the future with confidence, for we know our own strength."

"Allow me, my good sir," said I ; "pray be calm and reflect a little. There may be some truth in what you say ; but, if our cabinet has done all this, it is responsible for it, and you are unjust in associating the nation with this bad policy."

"Sophistry," replied he ; "the nation might prove their disapprobation of the conduct of their ministry by turning them out. Have you not a representation of the people?"

"Yes ; but listen to me," continued I, floundering desperately in the mire of an untenable position ; "you cannot accuse us of having encouraged all these reforms at the commencement ; it was the Pope that began."

"Yes," replied he ; "very true ; you have not even the merit of originality, and you only followed the footsteps of Louis Philippe and Charles Albert, who raised him to the pontifical throne, by procuring his election and the defeat of the Austrian party, through the ability of Count Rossi."

"Where are they now?" said the English lady ; "both the kings and the Pope are in exile, and the minister fell under the knife of an assassin."

"You are right," said I to her ; "but if our ministry are now recanting their errors, by taking the part of kings against their subjects, instead of the contrary policy which they followed at first, we may, at least, congratulate ourselves in our loss of empty praise that they may save our solid pudding."

The Venetian, seeing that we continued conversing in English, left the cabin and went on deck. An elderly and respectable-looking man, who had been listening attentively to our conversation in Italian, but without taking any part in it, then addressed me with great politeness of manner. He begged me not to suppose that the opinions professed by

his young countryman with regard to Italy were universally entertained by the nation. "On the contrary," he said, "there is a large proportion of the Italians who look upon the revolutionary movements of the past year as a great misfortune to their country, and who also consider a constitutional monarchy as the only form of government which suits them. Many are also of opinion that the rule of Austria in Italy was mild and paternal, and that the Lombards and Venetians would probably have reason to look back with regret on the feeling of security and material prosperity which they enjoyed under her, if they succeeded in realising their wild schemes of democracy and independence."

I was delighted to hear this; and I felt like the drowning man who clings to anything within his reach.

"I hope, sir," said I, "that you will also offer us some consolation on the subject of British credit abroad, and that you will not confirm what we have just heard of our loss of respect on the Continent."

"I am sorry to say," he replied, "that my opinion on that point is almost less flattering to your national vanity than that of the Venetian. I am a Milanese, and I have always considered my country to be fortunate in enjoying the protection of Austria; I am, therefore, little disposed to praise England for her conduct with regard to the unprovoked war which Sardinia declared against my emperor. Besides this feeling, my notions of political morality and honesty are revolted by the conduct of a cabinet which foment insurrection in the dominions of an ally, and which plays a double part by encouraging the people in their rebellion, and by keeping up a false pretence of mediation between two sovereigns, both of whom it was deceiving and precipitating into the greatest difficulties. And then that mission—and the balcony address—and the interference between the King of Naples and his refractory subjects; but excuse me, I have no wish to say anything which can be disagreeable to you."

"We may as well go on deck," said my eccentric countrywoman, "for all the good we are doing or getting down here."

"Yes, I really think so," I replied, in a faint tone of despair; "we have heard both sides of the question, and neither of them was very satisfactory. I also fear that we have not shone much in the argument. I wish I had never left Clarence Villa, Holly Walk, Elmington."

"Is the pleader to be blamed because his guilty client is sentenced to death?" said the lady. "It is not our fault if our cause is a bad one."

"Very true," concluded I, despondingly, as I handed her up-stairs; "I only wish it were better."

But I must now stop. I have written you so long a letter that I must leave the rest for our meeting, which will be soon.

Believe me to be,

Dear Brooke,

Yours, very truly,

FREDERICK BEAUMONT.

"I wish you joy of your correspondent, Henry," said Susan, when Brooke had finished reading this long letter. "I suppose you wish he would return, as I am sure he bores you less when he is with you than by writing to you from a distance."

"Oh, no," answered Sir Henry; "poor Beaumont never expects an answer, and I only read his letters when I have nothing else to do. I don't think I should ever have got through this one, if you had not wished to hear its contents."

"I confess that I am interested about the Italians," rejoined Susan; "and, to tell the truth, I rather agree with Mr. Beaumont in what he says of them."

"So do I," said Anatole; "his views appear to me to be quite sound. But I must apologise for having paid you so very long a visit; and I beg to thank you for having procured me so much information on the subjects which occupy me."

He then took leave of Mrs. Berkeley and Sir Henry Brooke, who showed, by their manner towards him, that they were disposed to cultivate his acquaintance.

## DECEMBER.

(SONGS OF THE MONTHS.)

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

HAIL! to the monarch without a stain,  
 Who reigneth a short but a jovial reign!  
 Bring us a crown for his hoary head,  
 Form'd of the holly so bright and red;  
 Homage pay to his thirsty soul  
 In a draught from the mantling wassail-bowl.  
 Hail! to the monarch! shout and sing—  
 Joy to the jolly Christmas King!

For now he is king on his frost-built throne,—  
 We are the subjects he loves to own;  
 But difference none will he endure,  
 For he loveth alike the rich and poor;  
 And though perchance but *once* a year  
 Many partake of his lusty cheer,  
 Let's *scatter our bounty*, that ALL may sing  
 Hail! to the generous Christmas King!

Oh! long may the Christmas rites remain,  
 To gladden each English home again;  
 May many a blushing maiden now  
 Yield to the mistletoe's pearly brow;  
 May the Yule log crackle and blaze once more,  
 And the carol sung as in days of yore;  
 May happiness reign, that all may sing  
 Hail! to the jovial Christmas King!

## PAUL MASTERTON'S ADVENTURES.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE PERUVIAN COAST.

WE were greatly alarmed for the safety of Moinahan and his crew; but, fortunately, the gale did not last long, and, better than we hoped, the *Colleen Dhas* showed, at morning's dawn, half a knot off, under her close-reefed mainsail. The *Washington's* mizen-mast and jib-boom were carried away; but, worse than all, the brig had gone ashore, and, when we bore down to her, we found her strained, and her rudder unshipped. The men were all saved by sticking to her. However, Morton and all of us agreed that, by taking out every valuable, and lightening her, she might, in time, float, as she was in a little sandy creek, free from rocks. Accordingly, we got out spars, to prop her up, and we all came to an anchor off the shore, in a little bay, where, in a day or two, we managed to rig out a jury-bowsprit and topmasts. Moinahan's crew helped us, the *Washington* having plenty of men of her own. A general distribution was made of the pirates' effects, and a large bag of doubloons divided amongst every man on board the three vessels. I had about twenty for my portion, which was very acceptable, as we had honestly helped to gain them. The *Señor de las Ondas*, however, appeared an unlucky craft. By the negligence of one of the sailors, the shavings from a spar caught fire during the night; and, although we all laboured hard to extinguish the flames, they gradually gained upon us, and we had to content ourselves with saving as much of the stores and other articles as we could. Towards noon next day we removed the ships to some distance, fearing an explosion. As the brig was well stored with ammunition, it was well we did so. Looking towards the vessel, suddenly a bright flame burst from her, a cloud of smoke, and a terrific report followed. The *Señor de las Ondas* would never more sail the Pacific.

Wind being sou'-sou'-east, we stood away in company for Lima, the *Colleen Dhas* taking the lead, as the wind was but slight; and in a week's time we dropped anchor in the Harbour of Callao, about seven miles distant from Lima, where we intended to refit our ship, and to take some amusement after our long confinement in the *Dolphin*.

Callao is the Kingstown of Lima; there, in Callao harbour, all the ships lie, so when landed we proceeded to a posada and ordered horses. It was the cool of the evening. As we rode along the camino, a gentle breeze fanned our cheeks; while before us lay the magnificent scenery which gives so great a charm to La Ciudad de los Reyes. Lima lay before us, its casas covered with the foliage of dark trees, the spires rising majestically over the low-built houses. Groups of people were sauntering along the road; señoritas and señors courting and laughing, old dons and young niños. The ladies, equipped in the most fashionable dresses, not in the saya y manto, which enviously hides the face of the fair doña from the passing gazer, while a roguish dark eye peeps out at you from under the hood. An occasional Englishman might be seen walking quickly onwards; soldiers swaggered past, relying on their moustache and dangling espada, for the admiration of the female portion of the community; whilst ponchoed Creoles stalked majestically



along smoking cigarritos. As we rode by we could hear the "*Hermosa tarde*" of acquaintances saluting each other, while the sounds of a *vihuela* were borne to our ears from the window of some lovely little cottage or *cabaña*, which was almost concealed by a wilderness of *tejas*, intermixed with the rich citron and orange trees.

Next evening, we again mounted, and, penetrating into the country, passed by verdant campos, and through groves of plantain trees, with their rich clusters of fruit drooping down to the earth, and orange trees intermingled with the pleasant *cidroes*, with stately palms and cocoa-nut trees; while myriads of birds fluttered among the foliage, the sunbeams glittering on their gaudy plumage. Fields of flax are to be met with, from the seeds of which the favourite *chico*, a species of pleasant beer, much used by the *Lambigos*, is made. Riding by, we noticed the venerated remains, or *tumuli*, of the Indian inhabitants of the land, built long before Pizarro founded the City of the Kings. A light shade was forming over the city, whose battlements and spires were relieved against the horizon; around it lay immense groves of stately trees, the banana, the noble palm tossing its feathery shadowy summit in the light wind, which tempered the heat of a burning June evening. On one side the waters of the blue Pacific flowed, unruffled save by a gentle ripple, which heaved fretfully, at their iron chains, the small *navichuelos de pescadores*, or fishermen's boats. The eye surveyed the wondrous prospect before it, and spanned the blue waves to *Morro Sal*, round which a triangular-sailed craft was slowly coasting, taking advantage of the faint breeze. There lay *Callao*, with its fortified battlements, its shipping lying some in the inner harbour, among which were anchored the three vessels, and some in the outer roads, the Peruvian *bandera* floating proudly from the *castillo*. A small schooner of war was anchored in the roads, and a frigate in the inner harbour. Out to sea an immense *balsa*, under an enormous "*vela al tercio*," was making in for *Callao*, tossing up the light waves in fleecy spray, her mariners standing on the *trozos de arbol*, or huge logs of which the float was composed. Their slight summer attire, and kerchiefs of red stuff bound lightly round their heads, gave them a picturesque appearance. But now the sunset gun comes booming from the frigate, down flies the Peruvian ensign both ashore and afloat; innumerable echoes spring around, and the groups of gay revellers retire to the distant city. Negroes and *sambas*, *meztizoes* and *mulattoes*, gentlemen and strangers, throng the homeward road. The murmur of the waves on the silent shore contends with the gay sounds of a *vihuela*, which some fair damsel, seated on the grassy bank under the pleasant shade of a citron tree, touches with taper fingers; at a little distance a party of *sambos* and *sambas*, or the offspring of the Indian and Negro races combined, execute the favourite dance with much pantomimic gesture, a lady and gentleman at a time standing up together, and moving gracefully either to vocal or instrumental music, while a group of their *amigos* and occasionally a *forastero* look on. You might see a light *carroza*, drawn by a dashing pair of *cavalhos*, whirl past, and now and then a party of *oficiales* in their gaudy uniforms.

The next day I took a walk in Lima. The beautiful river *Rimac* flows through the city; many of the houses are lofty and splendid, and a few are painted on the outside in fresco, giving them a very handsome appearance. I strolled into the churches, which were thronged by a crowd of worshippers; they were magnificently decorated in the interior, and fitted up with images of saints, and some pictures.

That evening the officers of the *Dolphin* dined at Mr. Marston's, bringing Antonio with them. The ladies of the family were much pleased with the little fellow, who told them he was the son of an officer at Vera Cruz, in Mexico, and they eagerly begged him from us, promising to send him as soon as an opportunity presented itself to his friends, to which we, who could not do any better for the lad, gladly assented. But alas! the *Dolphin* was soon rigged out again, the blue-peter at the fore, and, taking the land breeze, we bade adieu to the *Washingtons*, who gave us three cheers, which we heartily returned. The yards were soon bending under the cloud of white sail, the bulwarks crowded with the passengers and crew; one loud thundering cheer burst forth from the ship, and amidst the roar of the yacht's artillery, and the huzzas of her crew, we turned our course to the long-expected coasts of California.

Several days had passed away when one morning the look-out hailed, "Something on the lee-bow!"

"Where away?" rang through the ship; and immediately the fore-castle was crowded with look-outs.

"There," cried Morton; "right before us!"

"A whale—a whale! Hurrah, boys, for fun!"

The skipper now ordered out the long boat and the jolly boat; and volunteers crowded into them. Sullivan flourished a boat-hook; La-mond shipped the rudder. It was well the boats were not capsized by the rapid way in which they were lowered from the davits.

Morton steered the other craft, each had a harpoon on board, and away we pulled for the whale. We were now only about a mile off shore, which, indented with little curving sandy bays, was almost covered down to the water's edge by groves of stately trees; a sweet perfume came wafted off to us from the fragrant plants which, in wild and rich profusion, throng the South American forests; we could see myriads of birds flitting about, some flying towards us and then suddenly darting back again, as if startled by our appearance. Lofty aloes mingled with the mangostan trees, and brushwood formed a dense shade below.

Our harpooner was a North American, named Ben Mun. He had been, he told us, several times in the South Seas, and he was now standing up in the bows, ready to make the cast. In person he was tall, gaunt, and sallow-faced, with long black hair dangling round his neck. He hailed from New Brunswick, and, as far as I could see, never mingled much with the other men.

On we came towards the whale, and now ranging up alongside, bows foremost, Mun darted the harpoon with unerring aim into the monster's side. "Starn all! back water all hands!" was now the cry, and away, thundering through the waters, darted the fish, so unceremoniously aroused from his slumbers.

"Throw water on there, boys," cried Benton, as the rope ran over the boat's stern, making the wood smoke. "Keep clear of the rope, unless you wish to be chocked overboard, or have your legs broken."

Away we darted, our strange guide foaming along. "Hurrah, boys, he slacks!" In a few minutes the water around became crimsoned with his blood, and gradually the tug on the rope ceased.

All of a sudden the huge monster began lashing the water with his tail, sending up the foam in clouds. "He's in the death flurry now," said Mun. His struggles became fainter, and he spouted up a gigantic stream of water into the air.

"Cautiously now, men; we'll pull up to him," cried the helmsman, and by the time we had done so the prize was secure.

The whale's direction all along had been out to sea. By this time the *Dolphin* bore down upon us, and the whale was taken in tow; the men began to cut him up, barrels were hunted out for the oil, and by the end of that day we were richer by some score barrels of oil. We hooked another shark that evening, for numbers of those gentry came, attracted by the blood, round the ship, but unfortunately he broke loose with the hook in his gullet.

That evening the wind chopped round suddenly from the north, and we had to beat up against it for four days. On the morning of the fifth day it blew very hard. The crockery kept tumbling about, the chairs rolled from one side of the saloon to the other—the bulkheads creaked and groaned—the ropes rattled—the passengers were pitched helter-skelter out of berths—the crew ran here and there—and the sea rose mountains high. Of all things commend me to a good ship, well manned, and having bold and skilful officers, during a gale of wind. Then, when all your spars are down on deck, when the stout ship plunges headforemost into the boiling waves which threaten to engulf it, deadening and shaking the wind out of her close-reefed mainsail—when you cannot see a bit of the ship which may be in company with your craft—when, as on board the *Dolphin*, at one time, we were at the top of a wave, and saw the American brig down below us, the next moment you'd think we would be down upon her—then is the real time for enjoyment. Below decks, if you stand near the ship's sides, you can absolutely see them bulging in and out, and feel the wind like bellows blowing on you through the seams. The *Dolphin* was one of those ships which are loosely built, and to this circumstance her officers in a great measure attributed her superior sailing. It is well known that slavers, when pursued by queen's ships, often cut through a beam to loosen the vessel's hull, which certainly improves the sailing. But a gale will have an end like everything else, and so, after a two days' spell of it, we once more had a fair wind. One day we sighted a fine turtle lying asleep on the surface of the water; we were about ten knots off the coast at this time, running free about two miles an hour. We hastily jumped into a boat and made towards it, when we reached the animal we found we had forgotten to take anything to spear it with, and not liking to return lest the turtle should in the mean time escape, we were doubtful what to do.

"Boys, I tell you what," said Dick O'Mahoney, "the day's melting hot, I'll take a dive behind him and catch hold of his flapper."

"Nonsense, Dick; you'll be drowned to a certainty," roared I. But 'twas all in vain, Dick was a first-rate swimmer, and by the time I had ended my protest he had disembarrassed himself of his garments, and stood on the bow of the boat. The *Dolphin* by this time was parallel to us, her crew looking on with great amusement.

"Now, boys, back water a bit all hands."

Back we went, and down plunged Dick, and down went Charlie the dog also. Splash! up popped Dick's head alongside the turtle, and with a strong grasp he held the poor creature's "stern" fin. Plunge! went the turtle, aroused in a moment. Dick held on like grim death, and we came up to the pair of them. The dog, meantime, had seized another of the creature's paws in his teeth, but soon let it go again. At last we contrived to hold the turtle, and by great exertion the prize was secured by a rope and hauled on board.

"Turtle soup to-day," cried Dick, as he climbed into the boat, and, hauling in the dog, we pulled to the *Dolphin*.

It was a fine green turtle, about a hundred and a half in weight.

"Bravo, Mr. O'Mahoney," cried the skipper, when we ascended on deck. "I have been a long time cruising about, but I never saw that way of catching a turtle before."

The cook soon despatched the creature, and we had that day, all hands of us, a sumptuous banquet.

That evening we stood close along the Peruvian shore, whose cloud-capped mountains ran parallel to our course, raising their giant crests to the clear blue sky. The sun was fast setting, resembling a mass of molten gold, encircled on both sides by a bank of deep-red clouds. A painter would not dare to give to a landscape an atmosphere of such *intense* beauty—clouds, some of deep red, others of the most vivid purple, were boldly reflected against the upper sky. Night—but a name in that delightful clime—only increased our enjoyment. The four burning stars of the Southern Cross shone in the clear blue vault—that constellation, the radiance of which unknown to our islands, forms the glory of a tropical night. The gentle waters of the Pacific heaved with a scarcely perceptible motion, and then burst with Æolian music upon the sandy beach, under the shadow of the forest trees, which grow almost to the water's edge. Here and there might be seen the hut of the Indian, with a patch of bananas round about it, and a canoe drawn up on the clear sandy shore. On board, the cloud of canvas drooped listlessly from the yards; the mariners and steerage passengers on the fore-castle deck, and the officers of the ship, looked over the bulwarks into the glassy deep below, in which the stars were vividly shadowed forth, while every rope, spar, and sail were reflected as distinctly as if in a mirror.

## CHAPTER XV.

### EL DORADO.

WE had now sailed in safety over the Pacific. As already mentioned, we had beheld the wondrous Cruz Meridional. Through masses of seaweed our prow cut its slow way. We had been becalmed upon the surface of the trackless waters, no land in sight, no friendly sail near. The burning meridian sun had often darted down upon the good ship his piercing beams, and all around nought but water, and the clear blue concave vault over our heads, while

Out of the burning waves to leap the dolphin scarce would dare.

Behind we had left the goodly land—a land which seemed as if intended by nature for angels; but man, alas! has made it a fitting resort for demons—Peru, land of the Incas, land of Cordilleras covered with the branching pine, land of the cocoa-nut tree, and of the wild children of the forest!—and before us lay the Tierra del Oro—the Golden Land—which, in the sixteenth century, was regarded—Upper California, at least—by the old Spanish mariners as a dry, woodless peninsula. Each spot along its coast was the scene of an incident. There, in former days, where the Indian paddled his balsa, or fished, from his canoe made of reeds, the stately frigate now floats; the whaler casts his anchor where once the pinnacle of the early mariners glided along; the banner of St. George waves from the peak of the merchantman; or

the dark Malay, the indefatigable Chinese, the surly islander of the Pacific, all are wafted over that sea which, a hundred years ago, was scarcely explored by any adventurous keel.

What a prospect is before the Golden Land! Commanding a noble situation with respect to the Philippines and the other islands of the vast Pacific; with a noble harbour before its capital, San Francisco—for already has Monterey sunk into comparative insignificance; with hardy American backwoods-men, mingled with the ruddy, muscular Californian natives, and from Sydney, from Polynesia, from Canada, from Europe, shoals of people rushing in—what a noble, independent state will sooner or later be formed there!

Over those waves which Cortez ploughed we were now gliding; his light caravel, with its triangular-cut sails, had felt the same breeze which now faintly wooed our fluttering canvas. Visaino and the missionaries had sailed here at different periods—their slight canoes had weathered the same capes; they had rowed over the sunken rocas, and steered their course under the black frowning rocks, which, cavernous and washed by the wild waves, frowned majestically over our good ship. Here had they filled their water-casks, and been astonished by the vermillion sea. In their time, the pearl-divers often combated with the shark, and oftimes assaulted the natives of the coast. They had killed the sea-wolves on the rocky shores;—and the daring missionary penetrated among the Indians for his Master's sake.

At last we were off Point Conception, the wind blowing south. The stout old ship that had borne us now five months nearly, through many a gale and surging sea, was dressed out with all her suit of muslin abroad; the heat was intolerable, and an awning was spread over the quarter deck, which was screened off from the view of the crew by a few spare flags. We were all at breakfast aft. On our starboard side lay a ridge of mountains, covered with pine trees, whose tops make a green inclining carpet down to the sandy beach, interspersed with golden crops of waving *avenas silvestres*, which may be found growing luxuriously in the moist *tierras* of California Nueva. The sierras rose gigantic, clearly defined against the deep blue sky. Here might be seen an immense precipice, fringed with stunted brown grass, and scattered trees bending over the dreary gulf below; there, dark gloomy crags loomed over the white surf of the Pacific, which thundered with hoarse dissonant roar against their seaweed-covered base. Lying on the beach, we noticed a huge monster, known among whalers by the Spanish name of *manát*. We fired one of the ship's six-pounders at it as we ran past, but although the ball knocked up a great clatter near its head, the monster did not appear to notice it. Sailing on, we gave the rocky shore a wider berth, and in about two hours saw a little schooner-rigged craft creeping along, her decks loaded with luggage, and an American ensign flying from the peak. We spoke her; she had doubled round the Cape, and was bound for San Francisco.

I sat reading an account of the gallant Woodes Rogers's visit to California, in the year of grace, 1710, which is useful, as showing what sort of knowledge about California prevailed in England at that time.—“While we were here,” says he, “fish was the whole subsistence of the Indians; and this with their wretched huts, which seemed only to be built for a time, induced us to believe that they had no fixed dwelling, but removed hither at this season to provide themselves with

fish. Here we saw fishermen without hooks or nets, their only instrument is a kind of wooden spear, with which they are surprisingly dexterous at striking fish, and at the same time are excellent divers. Some of our men told me that they saw one of these Indians dive, after piercing a fish, and, without raising his head above the water, give it to his companion who was waiting in a canoe." Again he says, "They have only balzas or floats, which they guide by paddles. We gave one of them a shirt, but instead of putting it to the use intended, he tore it into several pieces, and distributed them among his companions for holding the grain they use for bread." The valley of San José, in which now stands the little port of the same name, appears to be the place where the old privateer touched; at least, it seems to have been near Cabo San Lucas, for "The entrance to this harbour," says he, "coming from the westward, is known by four white rocks, resembling the Needles, in the Isle of Wight, and the two on the west side appear like sugar loaves. That nearest the land has an arch or bridge, under which the water flows. In entering the harbour, the rock nearest the sea must be left a cable's length on the port side, and as soon as you are past it, stand directly for the bottom of the bay, which is everywhere safe, and has from ten to twenty-five fathoms of water. Here a ship is land-locked from the north-east to the south-east, though, should a strong southerly wind set in, a ship would have but an indifferent road." Upon this I may remark, that Cape San Lucas resembles most remarkably the Needles; but, as there are so many harbours along the coast, it would be presumptuous to decide against the privateer.

Old Miguel Venegas, in his history "Del California," says: "Nor can I subscribe to the etymology of some writers, who suppose this name of California to have been given it by the Spaniards, on their feeling an unusual heat at their first landing here, and thence called the country California, a compound of the two Latin words *Calida fornax*, a hot furnace. I believe few will think our adventurers could boast of so much literature. I am, therefore, inclined to think that this name owed its origin to accident; possibly to some words spoken by the Indians, and misunderstood by the Spaniards, as happened, according to a very learned American, in the naming of Peru; and also in giving name to the nation of Guaycura." Now, honest Miguel forgets that in the Spanish fleets there were always ecclesiastics who must have had a knowledge of the lingua Latina; but, indeed, after the mode in which the French reviewer finds the word Yankee to be a corruption of the name English, as thus, according to the defective pronunciation of the Americans themselves, English—Yenghis—Yankis—Yankies, we must not take exception to the Jesuit's Indian pronunciation, but listen and believe. Cortez, it is well known, discovered California. Sir Francis Drake visited San Francisco Bay; and Burney says, "There is reason to conclude that the Port of Drake was that now known by the name of Port San Francisco, the latitude of which is  $37^{\circ} 48\frac{1}{2}'$  north. For as the latitude given in the 'Famous Voyage' is  $38^{\circ}$ , and in the 'World Encompassed'  $38^{\circ} 30'$ , there can be little doubt they are one and the same." Moreover, says Burney, "Allowing them to be the same, it is remarkable that both the most northern and the most southern, at which Drake anchored in the course of his voyage, should afterwards by the Spaniards, doubtless without any intended reference to the name of Francis Drake, be called *San Francisco*."

Now does it not strike any one that this portion of the coast of America was discovered by Drake? who, the account says, "caused a post to be set upon shore, a monument of our being there; as also of her majesty's and successor's right and title to that kingdom, namely, a plate of brass, fast nailed to a great and firm post, whereon is engraven her grace's name, and the day and year of our arrival there, and of the free giving up of the province and kingdom, both by the king and the people, into her majesty's hands, together with her highness's picture and arms in a piece of sixpence, current English money, showing itself by a hole made of purpose through the plate; underneath was likewise engraven the name of our general."

Old Woodes Rogers, before referred to, gives a description of California, which he visited in the year of grace 1710; and it is remarkable that he says, "When we were standing off to sea, some of our people told me they had seen stones, remarkably heavy, and of a glittering appearance, as if they contained some kind of metal; but their information was given too late, otherwise I should have taken some of them on board for making experiments on them."

And we may remark there has been always a floating impression among Los Españoles that California contained mines of great value.

At the present moment a couple of forty-four gun British frigates would knock San Francisco and its fort about the ears of its American inhabitants; and although a well-built fort would make the harbour tolerably secure, still, in case of a war between the Yankees and ourselves, they could not retain California without having a fleet off its coast to guard Monterey and San Francisco; and then again there are the original Californians, both Mexican and Indians, who are by no means, especially the latter, pleased with American domination, and who would be sure to break out into insurrection if a British squadron were to lie off the bay.

It is a long way from Sandy Hook to Monterey, and so I suspect the Americans would find it. At least, when returning home, their ships would find their way to be refitted for her Majesty's service in Portsmouth dockyards. In a word, California will become in course of time an independent state; it is morally impossible that it should long continue under the Yankee dominion.

"A boat right ahead," cried a voice from the forecastle.

"A boat! impossible!" said Morton, rushing forward.

"Sure enough, sir, a boat under canvas, with a man aft in her. There you can make him out plainly with the glass."

In a few moments the bulwarks were crowded with faces gazing eagerly at the craft fast approaching us.

"Cleverly done, by Jove!" as the sole occupant of the stern-sheets luffed his boat up alongside us, and sang out in Spanish, as he shook the wind out of his triangular sail,

"I am coming on board, señores, throw me a rope."

"Belay there," sang out the cook, as he heaved the bight of a rope to him; "belay."

"Buenos dias, señores Ingleses, hace un tiempo obscuro de donde viene? usted señor, capitan?" and with this mixed salutation a little man with a piercing pair of eyes, huge moustache, a scar extending across his right temple, dressed in leathern trousers and a poncho, with seal-skin mocassins and a leathern cap, leaped upon deck. "You are going tan

prieta, señores, but there is something to windward of you under which a housed pianete would not be amiss," continued he in Spanish; "but, sir, I am thirsty, dénos aguardiente, capitan, por el amor de todos los santos."

"Here, steward, fetch a glass of brandy," laughed the skipper, "for this gentleman."

"Ay, ay, sir," and in a few moments the stranger drank to our good health.

"You are going to San Francisco, are you not? Well, I am going a part of the way, and this sea is rather troublesome, so I'll just keep on board a little longer."

"I say, Mr. Benton," observed the captain, "that boat will be stove in if not veered out more rope, or hauled up on deck."

We glanced at the craft in question. She appeared to be a boat belonging to some foreign ship, from the substantial manner in which she was built; large dowel pins were handsomely carved, a pair of stout oars were lying on the thwarts, and the sail neatly brailed up to the light mast. In the stern-sheets lay a jar of water, I suppose, and a basket of fricoles, or Mexican beans, flanked by an old curiously-wrought musket, and a hatchet. There was a locker aft in the boat, and a piece of brown sail-cloth partly covered the musket.

"Veer out more of that painter, there. Bring the rope aft, over the tafferel. Belay it, there." And the boat lay tossing and tumbling in the *Dolphin's* wake.

I had now leisure to survey the new-comer more attentively. There appeared a sort of bluff good-humour in his face, and his frame was herculean. Occasionally he bent his right arm, and such a biceps I never saw; it was like a pillar of iron. In stature, he was about five feet four; his head large; a low, bull-shaped neck; and fine flowing black hair. He called himself *Pepé Garruchos*.

Not liking to lose the advantage of the fair wind which was bowling us along to our destination, we did not reduce our canvas for some time. The skipper paced the deck, looking up every now and then aloft, to see how the spars bore the straining of the canvas. At last he sang out,

"We'll shorten sail now, Mr. Benton."

Benton went forward, Morton in the waist; the men manned the clew-lines, the sails rose up to the yards; the sailors gaily scampered up the rigging, and were soon lying out on the yards, the *Dolphin* dashing along under her topsails, courses, spanker, and flying jib.

"Stand by to clew up the courses," said Captain Ramsay, as he came upon deck.

"Ay, ay, sir." And quickly we were under topsails, spanker, and flying jib alone.

Still we flew along as fast as ever, plunging, and splashing, and reeling, and scattering the white foam into our faces. *Pepé Garruchos's* boat by this time had been hoisted on deck, and he brought down his *escopeta-hatchet* and jar to the hold, where he entered into conversation with Ben Mun. The gale increased more and more, and by nightfall we were running under a storm-jib and double-reefed fore-topsail.

Blow! blow, ye breezes! Imagine the gold-seekers in the stout ship that had borne them in safety down one side of the American coast and up the other, now cruising beneath a range of towering precipices, which here and there suddenly disclosed an immense yawning gulf,



again descended in height, like some rocky valley all fringed with gigantic pines, until again, like a flight of stairs, peak rose above peak, cliff topped cliff, till lost in the clear blue sky. Goats thronged the craggy summits in occasional spots where a patch of vegetation, arid and brown, appeared. Flocks of sea-birds whitened the waves below, and the great Mexican eagle, from the top of a beetling cliff, surveyed the ignobler tenants of the air below him, occasionally uttering a hoarse scream, and then, when scared by our vicinity and the tiny report of a musket, flapping his huge wings and sailing heavily away. Woe betide the unfortunate craft in a gale of wind blowing upon this iron-bound coast! Soon would those sharp, razor-edged ridges of rock which project out into the sea a long way, here showing no indication of their existence, save by the darkened colour of the water above, and perhaps a tuft of seaweed as a buoy to denote danger to the skilful mariner,—soon would they pierce its sides. No coral key in the West Indies is more dangerous than yon low-lying slippery reef, over which the deep glides as tranquilly as if no hidden dangers lay below.

But out swells the white canvas from the tapering yards—proudly floats Britannia's meteor flag in the breeze—nobly goes the brave craft with studden-sail-booms extending from her sides and boats neatly placed on deck, the sun's rays glittering on the two brass guns forward. Captain Ramsay is hard at work taking an observation, the result of which latter proceeding is the joyful certainty that San Francisco is not many hours' sail distant. Oh! what longing! what expectation four hours more will satisfy!

There is again the Californian coast. But dry yellow hills now take the place of towering crags, and a slight mist hangs over their burning crests. In the distance looms a range of mountains;—there is San Francisco. Time passes; we are off the lower side, which first sweeps in with a bold curve, and then dashes out again to form one side of the craggy entrance. On the northern side of the mouth of the harbour the land again curves in, and comes out in a bluff cape, called Cabo-Reyes. Behind the lower neck of land, the water sweeping in the boca forms a bay, called Sosolilo-bahia; and there ships of war generally lie. The naval dépôt is at Benicia, a small town up the other bay, near the entrance of Sosun-bahia, *en route* by water to Sacramento city. Yerba Buena, or San Francisco, about five miles distant, is behind the lower projecting side of the entrance to the harbour. Away to the northward extends the bay of Saint Paul, Carcuinez straits connecting it with Sosun-bahia; the Devil's Mountain rises majestically over the waters. On the opposite side of Sosolilo-bahia a lofty range of sierras tower over the bay, and a few miles inland the valley of San José gives name to the little town of the same title. Santa Clara is situated below San Francisco, on the road which leads to Santa Cruz, at the base of a range of cordilleras. A large roca looms in front of the entrance, which formerly Fort San Joaquin defended; but now a miserable little square building, dignified, *par excellence*, as the castillo, manned by half-starved squalid Yankees, *commands*, "av coorse," as Pat Sullivan would say, the harbour's mouth. Gigantic cliffs loomed over the waters of the Pacific, as we came right before the Boca del Puerto. Pepé Garruchos took the helm; I stood near him to aid in interpreting his directions, for San Francisco as yet can boast of no branch pilots. "Bracead marineros las vergas! —Bueno!" as the yards swung round, and the ship gathered way on the

tack, on which she stood in the harbour's mouth. "Cargad los mayores, marineros?—Buen!" The courses were hauled up according to his directions; and under the spanker, topsails, foresail, jib, and flying-jib, we ran in through the entrance. The *Dolphin* held on her course towards the opposite side, when, just as we were going about, the wind suddenly failed us completely, and, though a boat was instantly got out to tow her head round, a strong eddy took the ship, she whirled round, and, although the anchor was promptly let go, thundering through the hawse-holes! thump!—thump!—thump! went her stern on a little bit of a rock; while within stone-cast of us towered a range of cliffs, upon whose rocky base, if we had struck, we could never have sailed up the bay in the *Dolphin* again. A fuerte, half-concealed from the ship by a grove of trees, looked down on the bay, and half a dozen American soldiers clambered down with great difficulty to the scene of our disaster. Fortunately, the tide was soon full in; boats were got out with hawsers from the bows; down breathed the wind one more, in the right direction; and, with only a scratch on the *Dolphin's* paint, without even the rudder being unshipped, the stout old bark once more glided away. By lightening her as much as possible aft, the anchor had been slipped the moment the wind came. Garruchos again held the wheel, and, accompanied by the huzzas of the soldiers, we stood up the bay.

Never was there a more glorious day than that on which we ran into the harbour; though the sun was blazing away terribly overhead, and the heat was almost insupportable.

The toil of half a year's voyage, the dangers of our excursion, the expectation of our minds, was to be satisfied at last.

Shipping innumerable lay before us, and there was the town coming down to the water's edge—canvas tent and wooden shantie, a dobo casa and barraca, all stuck upon the sides of the hills—ships on this side and ships on that.

Now for the Golden Land!

We had taken our berth alongside a schooner, which, from the red-white, red flag, and the radiant sun on the white ground, we knew to be a Peruvian craft. Not a soul was on board her; she seemed weather-beaten, and as if her paint were whitened by the washing of the salt sea; but, as the noise of our approach reached her, a little swarthy-faced boy, with a dirty red cap on his head, peeped at us from over her bulwarks; and then, as if satisfied with his observation, dived below again. The topsails were neatly furled. We looked after our luggage. A boat is lowered—the skipper pulls round the *Dolphin*—her yards are nicely squared—her ensign floats from the signal halyards.

But no friendly hand nor shout saluted the illustrious voyagers in the *Dolphin*, when they landed for the first time in the city of the hills, alongside the pier, and trudged, amidst Mexican gauchos, American sailors, profane porters, to the store of Anthony Bolder, a brother-in-law of one of Ramsay's fellow-partners in the *Dolphin*, which store fronts the bay. Coming into the town, we had a long walk through canvas tents, barking dogs, brick houses, and wooden edifices. Here dashed on a runaway toro—here helter-skelter a paisano, on the back of the small, active, hardworking Californian cavallo.

A large waggon was slowly lumbering towards us, driven by a tall Yankee, equipped in a broad-leaved sombrero, a flannel shirt, and corduroys. He was cracking his whip most assiduously, apparently not

considering that any living person beside himself was in the street. As he met our party, the thong of his whip struck O'Mahoney's face, and Dick immediately knocked the tall man down. Up he jumped again, and without a word, save, "I guess, stranger, you hit hard," resumed his post at his quadrupeds' heads.

"Come, Mr. O'Mahoney," said Captain Ramsay, "that is dangerous work at San Francisco. Mind, out now," as a party of horsemen, saraped, and their lower extremities clad in leather calzons and calzados de cuero, galloped up the calle, their lazos coiled on the silla before them, and a brace of horse-pistols in the holsters peeping out. On they swept, shrieking out, "Hola!" when a foot-passenger got foul of them, or a waggon crossed their hawse. It is difficult to walk without a collision in San Francisco. How often have I stood opposite a paysano, endeavouring to pass him, and he attempting to pass me; now I dodging to one side, and he making a similar manœuvre, all because people cannot observe the rule of the road, until at last a waggon, leaving the road clear, we mutually effected our purpose. It is a pity that the Yankees are so overbearing towards all other people, especially towards the Britishers.

California affords a fine field for artisans and tradesmen, but not for gentlemen, as I found to my cost shortly afterwards. It is really an amusing thing how we expect that our whole nature should be changed in a foreign country; but, wonderful to say, persons who never walked thirty miles a day in their lives, who never hewed down a tree bigger than a sapling, and who, I suppose, would find digging an acre of potatoes a thing unsupportable at home, imagine they will become trappers, miners, squatters, backwoodsmen, and deuce knows what, as soon as they set foot upon a distant shore; and, in fact, many of them do so, but they must first serve an apprenticeship to fever, ague, and dysentery.

I have been in Rio, and a certain far-famed city of the south, but never have I seen such unmitigated, horrible dirt as San Francisco streets exhibit even in autumn. Great tremedals of clarety-coloured gas exhaling water, in which, if you perchance place your foot, down you go—fortunate man, if you can escape sans botes from the odious muddy fluid. People here toss out their domestic utensils in the public thoroughfares, so that it is rather dangerous walking in the night-time. Honest Juvenal should have seen the Golden City. No wonder that fever and ague rage in the fetid hole. Four-wheeled waggons, drawn by small cavallos de carro, are constantly passing along the quays; the aspinal, or best quay in the city, is the resort of muleteers leading their stubborn animals, laden with pack-saddles, while the "Arre mula" sounds concordant with the loud smack of the empujador's manopla.

For curiosity sake we entered a wooden house, having a rudely painted sign-board, with a circular thing depicted upon its face, designated as the "Hotel of the Golden Ball," the cauliflower shaped article being, I suppose, a graphic sketch of the gold lump. However, be this as it may, in O'Mahoney and I entered, leaving the others outside, and finding an interior door, we made our appearance in a large room with planked floor, and benches and tables of wood, along which a number of miners and others were drinking gin-cocktails, whisky, grog, and double XX. Two or three boys, with plates filled with glasses, were running up and down; and, facing the door on one side, was a closet, partitioned off from the rest of the apartment, at the half-window of which a man was distributing drinkables to a lot of copper Chilenoes. Another

larger door led into a room which, I suppose, was the sleeping apartment; at least, I caught a glance of a number of mattresses lying on the floor. The smell of the smoke was so intense, that at last I had to retreat.

Anthony Bolder's stores are situated on the quay, as we will call it by courtesy, though nothing deserving that name existed in San Francisco in the year of grace eighteen forty-nine. A large door opened into the panol, which was a long wide apartment, from one or two of the vigas of which hung a large boat, with mast and canvas in her. Sundry barrels answered the purpose of asientos; large canvas bales, guarded by tin clasps, lay piled up one on another; an anchor faced the *puerte calle*. But what chiefly arrested our attention was an immense *carnero-padre*, as the Spaniards quaintly call a ram, who, with huge horns extending over his back, was chained to the wall, making wicked plunges now and then at two fine Isle of Skye terriers, who were moored out of the reach of his cable. The skipper, leading the way, we entered the office of Messrs. Bolder.

"Hilloa, Ramsay, old fellow, arrived at last?" cried Anthony Bolder, jumping up. "Was rather uneasy about you. Got letters Tuesday week, *viâ* Panama, from brother-in-law; mentioned you were on your way to us. Cargo sound, eh?" cried Anthony; "won't you introduce me—passengers per *Dolphin*, eh, I suppose?"

Charles Bolder was then introduced. Brother C., as Anthony called him, is tall, handsome-looking, black-haired, and a perfect gentleman in manner and address.

"Hillo, Spothers, man, come here," roared Anthony, to some invisible personage.

A head appeared from behind a door in one side of the *quarto*, a neck followed it, then emerged the whole body, and Spothers stood before us.

"Take the gentlemen into your *sanctum*, Spothers, and give them some luncheon;" and, following our guide, we entered a little room, the furniture of which consisted of a couple of chairs, a table, and a turn-up bed. Busy at work at a musty folio, a young gentleman was sitting, whom Spothers introduced as Mr. Ferdinand Rakes. Mr. Rakes was a good-looking young fellow, with fine black hair curling over his temples, and wore his shirt-collar, which was tied beneath with a black ribbon, turned down *à la Byron*, in that manner which it pleases every citizen of the United States to patronise. And why should not a man have his shirt-collar turned down? Much better than to be in imminent danger of an apoplexy, when all the Holloway that was ever swallowed won't save you, should you bend your head out of the vertical position.

"Lunch! lunch! lunch! Mr. Rakes. Clear away the decks for action," cried Spothers, tossing the folio off the table.

Rakes opened a small press-cupboard, produced a fine ham, bread, and some bottles, which he set down on the table; glasses, knives, forks, soon followed, and a piece of fine fresh beef.

"Now, boys, to work," vociferated Rakes, while Spothers knocked the head off a bottle. "Some can sit here—you, sir," to me. "Beware of that chair; 'tis deceitful as woman's vows." And Rakes heaved a terrific sigh, like that uttered by the steam-pipe of a locomotive.

Having discussed the eatables, we started off to take a peep at the town.

Turning from Montgomery-street, in which are situated Bolder's stores, through a crowd of people of all nations, we went up a street, the houses of which were all either lodging-houses, *fondas*, *pulperias*,

hotels, or *casas de los gariteros*. Here an immense canvas marquee flanked a wooden store; an adobe house, built of muddy, unbaked bricks, confronted a one-storied stone edifice. Here a rudely-painted canvas flag informed the public that "prime lick" could be had within; the dragon, reclining on a yellow field, surrounded by a blue rim, floated from a fonda, which was beset by a crowd of French and Yankee emigrants. Clouds of whirling dust fill your eyes. If you halt a moment, you run a chance of either being squashed by a drove of enraged novillos capados, or bowied by the knife of a Yankee trapper. If you take refuge in a barraca, you will be saluted by a citizen of the nation what whops creation with a polite salutation of—"I guess, stranger, you had better go on; no bursting here."

But, getting out of the noise and bustle of the town, we rambled up the hills to take a view of the place. The motto of San Francisco is "Energy." Men have no time for talking. Who could talk gold-dust?—for such is time here. Clambering up a hill, amidst tents and barracas, we looked down on the city. A large buaro slowly flapped past us, on heavy wing, as we ascended, and then flew off to seaward. The hills on which the town is built are, in summer, dry and brown. Going on towards the harbour's mouth, they are covered with brushwood and evergreen oaks, forming a pleasant prospect for the wearied eye to rest upon. The forest extends down to the very water's edge.

San Francisco is not far from the boca of the harbour, and it is a delightful walk to the presidio, or fort, which I have mentioned as being the scene of the disaster which happened to the *Dolphin*. This fort is garrisoned by a few soldiers, who, to induce them not to desert their duty, receive, after some years' service, a portion of land—no mean gift in Yerba Bueno. They were apparently contented with their position, and the sergeant held a long chat with us concerning the battle of Bueno Vista. Dense fogs, in the morning, envelop the harbour's mouth. It is a pretty sight to see the vapours hanging over the deep, and then dissipating gradually, like a curtain drawing up over the hills.

The sea-breeze in the morning, coming in from the Pacific, is one of the finest things imaginable; it first blows from a distance in a semicircular form, blackening the water as it moves along, the intermediate space before it being as still as if the sea were asleep; harder and harder it blows, until at last it gushes in the Boca del Puerte with irresistible violence, and strikes the sultry town, scattering clouds of dust aloft around the innumerable hills, and whirling the ships round at their moorings. But for this viento de mar San Francisco would be intolerably hot in summer.

But dinner waits!—dinner, the most exacting and most punctual of sublunary things! Now, five or six miles' walk to the fuerte, and back again over the hill tops, is not bad; and steering through Malays, Arabs folding their *haick* around them, swarthy Sandwich Islanders brought hither by American whalers from the South Seas, Chilesans, Peruvians, *ouvriers* from *La belle France*, squatters, Indians, and trappers, we at last arrive in Montgomery-street again.

Dinner consisted of mutton, beef, potatoes, and a fine turkey, with lots of oyster-sauce in a jolly boat of a tureen; and faith we did justice to it. Never, I suppose, did a party of hungry individuals ever make such an onslaught before on provisions. But when the cloth was removed, and grace reverently said by Anthony standing up, the bottles

were brought, screeching hot water also, by one of the porters, who officiated as *cocinero*; the dogs laid their cold noses on my hand, as if asking for something eatable; and we all prepared for a jovial evening. Anthony was brewing a bowl of punch at the head of the table, standing up for that purpose; when, lo! a new guest appeared on the scene. A commotion was heard outside the door, which was ajar; bang! it flew open, and in bounced the "father of sheep." Now, whether he saw anything displeasing in Anthony's attitude, who had placed a cash-box under his feet to make himself higher for the brewing, I know not; but, certes, this I know, that, in a moment, the wicked brute rushed back, and, with a stamp of his fore-foot, precipitated himself on Anthony, striking him behind in a most inglorious part. Slap went the ram—down went Anthony, his head diving into the punch-bowl, and crash went the table; bark, bark, went the dogs behind the ram; but in a few minutes the hero was secured, and everything put to rights again, Anthony laughing as if he'd burst.

Soon after this, while we were enjoying our punch, Anthony volunteered to relate to us an adventure which had once befallen him.

"I don't, boys, exactly know whether you are all aware of the fact that I was born in Dublin a long time ago, ochone! for those happy days then were no peelers to make an election day as quiet as a meeting-house assembly, then was the real "mountain dew" and a dish of mealy potatoes to be found on the wildest mountain in Connaught; alas! that it should be changed—potato blight and "black soldiers" have turned the country topsy-turvy, and left it as spiritless as an old woman at a keen, ochone! ochone! Well, I longed to "follow to the field some warlike lord;" in other words, I wished variety; and hearing that the Queen of Spain was enlisting Irish soldiers, I went out too; got a lieutenant's commission from Cotter in a regiment of vagabonds, all of them from Cork, and, as you may judge, as nice a set of boys as ever came forth from the *Faubourg St. Antoine* to cause a French revolution.

"Slashing Tom O'Grady was my ensign, or *alferez*. Tom was from Carrig-na-Parka, six foot high, stout in proportion, good-humoured, and the deuce at the use of the saw-handles. Barry Bolder I called myself, using my second name instead of my first—'twas more Irish, you know. Tom loved his men, and faith they were fond of him, too. Now, you must know, that our company was in a sad plight as regards clothing. Calzones were mighty scarce entirely, and coats were at a premium; *sombreros* were a novelty, but we had plenty of fire-arms. Cotter's officers used to call us the 'sans-culottes'—behind our backs, however, for we had all a mighty unpleasant way of using the 'saw-handles.'

"'Boys,' said Cotter to us one day, 'I have selected you to storm a casa on the roadside, which is held by those rascally rebels. All you'll have to do, will be to first march up to it, and they'll soon surrender; but I would advise you to take a small cannon with you for fear of accidents.'

"Now I was very much in the dark as regards how to get on the cannon, and was pondering deeply on the subject, for the roads were mortal bad. There was no *camino reale* at all, but a little zig-zag footpath across the mountain leading to the casa.

"'All right, Barry,' cried Tom O'Grady at last; 'I have hit it. Let us take a wheelbarrow,—"*carreton d'una rueda*," they call them here, and mount the cannon on it.'

"No sooner said than done. Off we went at a dog-trot, three of our soldados helping on the carretón. It was full five miles we had to go, Spanish measure, and under a broiling sun it was no joke. On we ran, however, and at last we reached the casa. It was a brick building, loop-holed and barricaded strongly inside, and a grove of cork-trees in front.

" 'I say, lieutenant,' cried Tom, 'what's to be done now?'

" 'Plant your wheelbarrow there, Señor Alfarez, and blow in the door in no time, and we'll try the house.'

"Dick served his gun like a man, and we advanced in silence, almost hoping to take them by surprise. We were just up to the house, when a gruff voice hailed us with—

" 'Quien vive?'

" 'Amigos,' roared I.

" 'Tomad vosotros aquel amigos—take that, friends.'

"And bang went a volley of musketry; down tumbled one or two of our fellows. Well, as good fortune would have it, I espied a small window. The house on three sides had a sunken ditch round it; and while Tom began to fire away at the front, I made towards the window. It was inaccessible, save by a sort of wooden box serving as a sewer that went into the wall, and connected itself with a drain on the side of the ditch we were on. I was in front, and hastily rushed to the wooden box. On it I climbed, when crash it went under me, and I was landed in a dry ditch some twelve feet deep; well, of course, I tried to get out, when, just as I had nearly succeeded in so doing, a shot struck my shako right on the brass number, for I had taken a private's cap, having lost my own by a sabre-cut, and down I came by the run, quite bothered; and out ran, from a door opening on the ditch, a parcel of chaps who carried me into the casa.

"Well, when I came to again, a very pretty girl was sitting by my side. I was lying on a sofa in a handsomely-furnished sala, or drawing-room, as we would call it. I did not know where I was, and ventured to inquire.

" 'El Señor Ingles esta en la cassa del señor mi hermano.'

"Her brother's, not her husband's! I felt pleased at the intelligence. Now I am not very bashful—I have kissed the Blarney stone thrice—but yet I felt supremely ridiculous. I wondered what had become of Tom O'Grady, and was about to ask the señora, when in walked a tall, fine, soldierlike fellow.

" 'Mi hermano, el Señor Ingles esta.'

" 'Servidor de M. Señor,' said I; and so I mustered my Spanish, for pretty eyes are a vast inducement for a man to speak well, and inquired about my camarades.

"He told me that they had sounded a retreat, carrying off the wheelbarrow and cannon; and then politely asked me whether I would not like to dine.

"Roderigo was a fine fellow, and, with Dona Maria and the dinner, faith! I got on nobly. Just for a moment fancy an Irishman coming to knock the casa about their ears, and then becoming as great a friend as if we had known each other for years. Dona Maria Gloriosa y Mantes del Espartena was a beautiful creature—eyes jet-black, like sloes—such an ankle and foot!—a lovely mouth, a delicious figure; and she looked so well in her mantilla! No wonder that I fell headlong into love. Alas that such happy days should end! She played the guitar for me, and we used to dance those delightful little seguidillas

together. Well, one night, it was the last. Poor thing! I noticed she seemed restless and unhappy, and her eyes filled with tears as she bade me 'Bien noche,' in her low, sweet voice. The next morning, old Manuel, the mozo de cordel, handed me a beautifully-written, perfumed billet-doux. It ran someway thus:—'Pardon us, Senor Barri; we are obliged to fly. We may meet again. Adios.' Alas! they were gone. I jumped up. Should I shoot myself? 'Twere useless. Should I pursue them? Alas! Manuel either did not know, or would not tell me, where they went. All of a sudden a terrific yell burst forth outside the door. Crash went the door, in rushed Tom O'Grady, and, before I could prevent it, the boys outside had tattered down the house almost. Well, we repaired the damage as much as possible, and marched off in double-quick time, the boys insisting on chairing me the whole way. Since then I have never seen any of the Espartenas. I heard, indeed, that they had succeeded in crossing to America. But while life remains there's hope; and so, 'thruma bodheile,\*' as we used to say, long ago, in that same regiment."

By the time that Anthony had concluded his narrative, which, at the love-scenes, had elicited sundry grimaces from Charlie Bolder, Rakes had shifted the venue close alongside my chair, and sighing like as if he would have expired, burst out into a dreadful "Alas!" Spothers, drawing a long puff from his habanero, smiled complacently at us, his eyes beaming like a full moon from out a fog-bank.

At last we broke up, and set off to make the best of our way to the long pier, which consists of about a dozen arches, where the boat was to meet us. San Francisco by night is a beautiful object; the hills in a straight line, with a wide interval between them, were crowded half-way up their rugged fronts with wooden houses and tents, some of them square, others triangular; the aduana, the exchange, the theatre, were lighted outside by lamps, while the loud din of the gambling-houses was mingled with the oaths and imprecations of drunken sailors, staggering about the streets, unheeded by none; for a very wholesome fear of the redoubted alcade, who is celebrated for his severity in punishing offenders, prevails among the inhabitants; indeed, now, they have erected a gallows in the Plaza, which I hear gets plenty of work; and who can doubt it, when the scum of all the nations in the world are to be found in the gold city? The cunning Yankee is ably matched by the Sydney convict. At present, thanks to the 1000 dollars which it has pleased kind Uncle Sam to impose upon foreigners, the number of miners will be rather thinned.

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\* "Pass the bottle."



## GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

WE have received a letter from Lady Franklin, in which that lady corrects a misstatement made in our last account of the progress of research after our missing countrymen, to the effect that all the vessels would now likely return and leave the field to Captain Austin's expedition. This statement, Lady Franklin justly observes, has now received its refutation by the lapse of time. Lady Franklin's letter enclosed an extract of a letter from Mrs. Penny, wife of Captain Penny, of the *Lady Franklin*. Mrs. Penny says: "In my humble judgment, the *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia* were in the best position of the whole squadron." The same lady adds: "The letters of Sir John Ross and of Captain Phillips, in the *Felix*, are silent as to any intention of returning; indeed, they both, but especially Captain Phillips, continually allude to their approaching winter quarters in the ice; and the return of a carrier-pigeon from the Arctic seas was to be the signal or proof that they had taken up their winter position. Such a pigeon, recognised as one which Sir John Ross took with him, arrived on the 13th of October, at Annanhill, Ayrshire, where it had been bred." The story of the pigeon, it may be observed, whether true or not, does not affect the wintering of the *Felix* in the Arctic seas.

Mrs. Penny writes further: "From all I have heard said by the whalers, they seem to think that there had been a great breaking up of the ice to the westward, which might enable them to realise all their fondly-cherished hopes of success, in bringing back joy to the hearts of those who have been so long sad." All we can say to this is, that we hope it may be so. If it should have pleased Providence to have opened her icy gates to the expedition of succour and rescue, few will rejoice more than ourselves.

The *Athenæum*, of November 23rd, presents its readers, on the authority of the *Times*, with the scheme of an intended route, by way of Nicaragua, to California. "The distance," it is said, "will be less by 900 miles than the passage across the isthmus at Panama. The road is to commence at Grey Town, ascend the River San Juan, to the lake and to the capital of the country situate on its banks, whence a land journey of fifteen miles carries the traveller to the shores of the Pacific." Our readers will find this route described in the *New Monthly Magazine* for February of this year, pp. 175, 176, *et seq.* A joint-stock company was formed in New York for the purpose of executing a grand junction canal in the said quarter, as early as in 1827. The surveys of Mr. Bailey, of Mr. Friedrichsthal, and of Mr. Laurence, of H.M.S. *Thunder*, recorded in the magazine, have added much to our knowledge of the country intervening between the lake and the sea.

A letter of Mr. Petermann's, in the same journal, informs us that the "great" expedition in the north of Africa has been more successful than that in the south to explore Lake Ngami. The progress of Mr. Richardson and of Drs. Barth and Overweg has, as yet, been extremely slow; but, as the latter gentlemen are making good physical observations, this is scarcely to be regretted, so long as they keep their health, and are not left in the lurch for want of means. On this account, we are glad to hear that the King of Prussia has voted an additional grant. The travellers had, it appears, discovered some extremely curious rock sculptures in a wadi or valley, about 130 English miles west of Mursuk. The expe-

dition arrived at Ghat on the 17th of July, and at Taradshit, which Mr. Petermann places in about N. lat.  $20^{\circ} 30'$  and  $9^{\circ} 20'$  long. E. of Greenwich, on the 22nd of August; but we cannot see how this can be called "accomplishing the journey across the Great Desert, or Sahara."

It appears from extracts of a letter, read before the Royal Geographical Society, from Mr. Galton, whose intended expedition to Lake Ngami, as well as the expedition of Drs. Barth and Overweg, has been duly chronicled in the *New Monthly*, that that gentleman, having been frustrated in his direct journey by the Boers, has freighted a vessel for Walvisch Bay, on the west coast. He was furnished with waggons, horses, mules, provisions, &c., for a year and a half. Besides his friend, Mr. Andeson, the Swede, he was accompanied by seven servants, speaking different languages, and he intended proceeding up the river from Walvisch Bay, 300 miles, to the missionary stations, thence to penetrate to Lake Demboa, which he believes to surpass the Ngami in extent. From the lake he hopes to be able to descend the river, said to be the Nourse River, to the sea, and ultimately to find his way to Benguela. This proposed line of exploration is one of exceeding interest. We have already pointed out the probability of a country of snow-clad mountains being found between the head affluents of Lake Ngami and the known portions of the territory of Benguela. This highland country may not improbably be found to divide the lake fed by the Cutabo, the Cubango, the Dumbo, the Dungui, and other rivers which flow south-east from the Benguela highlands, from the hydrographical basin of the Ngami.

## LITERATURE.

### LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.\*

"WHO were the Queens of Scotland?" is an apt, yet humiliating question which Miss Strickland puts into the mouth of the reader. This work answers that question satisfactorily, by dispelling the obscurity in which the lapse of centuries, and the translation of the Scottish court from Holyrood to Westminster and Windsor, have involved the Royal Consorts of the Monarchs of the sister realm.

However shadowy the catalogue may at first sight appear of forgotten northern queens, each played her part distinctly, whether for good or ill, and gave a colour to the temper of the times in which her lot was cast; each had her separate glories and her griefs.

In consequence of the premature, and, in too many instances, the violent deaths of the Kings of Scotland, almost every reign commenced with a long minority, in the course of which there was invariably a struggle between the Queen Mother and the great nobles of the realm for the tutelage of the infant sovereign, and the exercise of the power of the crown. The queen, generally a princess of foreign birth, for such was even a daughter of the kindred royal line of England considered, had little chance against the turbulent magnates, by whom female domination was held in scorn; and it was only through the influence of bribes, intrigues, and fomenting their jealousy of each other, that a Queen Mother ever succeeded in grasping the reins of empire, and then at the expense of life-consuming cares. The old age of a king of Scotland was forty, and very few queens attained that age.

This truly-interesting series of what may be considered as essential

\* Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses, connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland, Author of "Lives of the Queens of England." Vol. 1st. William Blackwood and Sons.

adjuncts to the "Lives of the Queens of England" commences with Margaret Tudor, an English princess in the direct line of the regal succession of that realm, and a queen-consort of Scotland. This life forms a good introduction to that of Mary Stuart, which is, we see, to occupy two successive volumes of the series; for, as Miss Strickland justly remarks, the selfish and short-sighted policy of Margaret Tudor while exercising the functions of queen-regent for her son James V., her intrigues with England, the interminable embroilments caused by her marriages and divorces, sowed the perilous seeds of which her unfortunate descendants, Mary Stuart and Darnley, were destined to reap the bitter harvest.

The life of James the Fifth's first consort, Magdalene of France, follows as a refreshing interlude between the more eventful histories of Margaret Tudor and Mary of Lorraine, James's second wife, whose stormy regency is more familiar to the reader than her early history and wedded life, now first portrayed with a careful and able pen. From circumstances peculiar to the subject, the character of the country, the ancient picturesque strongholds of its magnates and princes, the strange grafting of French fashions and manners upon stern wintry Northerners, and the care with which all that concerns one or two of these queens, more especially Mary Stuart, has been cleared up, to the almost total disregard of other equally interesting biographies, we are induced to look upon this work as decidedly more curious than the "Lives of the Queens of England."

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#### MR. ROBERT BELL'S "LADDER OF GOLD."\*

THERE have been few instances of such sudden and remarkable elevation from obscurity to wealth and power, as was presented but a few years back in the person of a great railway director. So much did that history partake of romance, both in itself and in the incidents by which it was accompanied, that it is no wonder that more than one should have fixed upon it as a fit subject for the embellishment of fiction. Whether an experienced and tasteful writer like Mr. Robert Bell had, as a reason for taking up the same theme as had already been ventured upon by others, a more intimate picture to unfold, or biographical facts at his command which were not in the possession of others, or whether the time and subject were selected as offering the best field for pictures of actual life, we cannot venture to determine. Certain it is, that he has not limited himself to a mere portraiture of a railway potentate rising up from obscurity. He has grouped around his hero a crowd of characters, all of them admirable in their way. As usual, the lover, Harry Winston, plays the tamest part in the story; we cannot say that the heroine, the fair and sentimental Margaret, wins a very strong sympathy, no more than the vivacious Clara, nor Rosa Winston; nor can we say that poor Crikey Snaggs is a pet of our fancy. But we regret losing the Peabody family at the onset. Old Raggles is a consummate miser. His widow, destined to become the wife of the railway director, is a nonentity. The character of Richard Rawlings, the railway potentate, is sketched upon the supposition or reality, we know not which, that,

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\* The Ladder of Gold. An English Story. By Robert Bell, Author of "Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium, and Holland," &c. 3 vols. R. Bentley.

reared in poverty and oppression, he owed the world nothing but a long reckoning of bitter memories. The hardships, humiliations, and struggles of his youth, are depicted as ever present to him in his career of prosperity, shaping his actions and hardening his resolution; and as he acquires the taste of power and independence, his desire of revenge upon the pride, tyranny, and meanness from which he had suffered, assumes something of the grandeur of an overruling passion.

"The progress from want to wealth," Mr. Robert Bell remarks, "seems like an Oriental fable, in which, at the bidding of a magician, palaces of gold are made to spring up in barren places, and inexhaustible riches are conjured out of rocks and caverns. Yet of all material facts in an age of commercial enterprise, and in such a country as England, thus is, in reality, the least surprising. Men who regard money as a means to an end, seeking in other sources the true satisfaction of life, seldom grow rich. They resemble the watermen who are pithily described in an old London comedy, as rowing one way and looking another. But men who regard money as the end itself, seldom fail. Opportunities descend upon the former like rain upon the succulent earth, into which it sinks and vanishes. The latter put out vessels and collect every drop."

The fussy little Mr. Pogeey, who from serving a short apprenticeship in sweeping out a druggist's shop, had, by impudence and perseverance, got to the top of the profession in Yarlton,—the strange, abrupt, old campaigner, Captain Scott Dingle, who lived like an industrious bee, by succulent extracts from every chance acquaintance he happened to light upon,—the clever, calculating Mr. Thomas Chippendale, and the eccentric Anglo-Frenchman, Mr. Sloake,—the used-up Lord Valteline and his warming-pan, Mr. Pompey Ragstaffe, "prepared to accept the Chiltern Hundreds, to turn his coat, or eat it, or do anything else that might be required of him to oblige the Dragonfelt family,"—the grisly old earl himself, with his billowy white whiskers flowing round his cheeks and under his chin, and heavy sensual mouth, his pride, selfishness, and violence,—the whole of the Winston family, living so happily and so respectably in the "Wren's Nest,"—Mick Costigan, a genius whose talents might have been buried in obscurity, but who was brought to the surface (for a time) by the railway mania—the best man in the world for all kinds of eccentric negotiations and social forlorn hopes, and who is therefore mainly introduced to act as second in a duel which constitutes the great catastrophe of the story,—even Mr. Joel Washington Trumbull, "a free citizen of the noblest nation in all creation,"—all unite to form a galaxy of living portraits rarely so cleverly and racily depicted and so artistically brought together. These multifarious characters are, indeed, conducted not through an ideal, but a living world—life is pictured as it is, as chequered with far more shadow than sunshine; but an expression is given to the various feelings, motives, and impulses, of which different natures are susceptible, the truthfulness of which is undeniable; while the charm imparted by a clear and sparkling narrative, full of fancy and sound sense, and a pleasant vein of gentle yet telling satire ever floating to the surface, has been seldom, if ever, exceeded. Mr. Robert Bell's "Ladder of Gold" is, indeed, a work which teems in every page with kindness, taste, and genius.

#### OLIVE.\*

OLIVE is a graceful, and yet a strange portraiture of individual character. The intent is excellently conceived, and the working out is a fine

\* Olive. A Novel. By the Author of "The Ogilvies." 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

imaginative effort, full of noble sentiments and high aspirations. But Olive is good and pure, and happy enough for another life—not this; and Harold Gwynne is a Byronic hero—a far-seeking, learned, haughty infidel—not altogether a pattern for a reverend lover.

Olive is the child of a proud Scotchman, of good family but small means, and who had married a seraph of beauty—"a baby bride, who pouted like a vexed child, because, in their sudden elopement, she had neither wedding bonnet nor Hossels veil." Olive, an only child, was born with a slight, but visible, curvature of the spine. Spurned in consequence of her deformity by a heartless mother and a proud father, her early years are cheered by a faithful old Scotch nurse, with good broad characteristics, and her youth is softened by the friendship of the sympathising Lyle Derwent, and of his sister Sara, a sort of girl of whom the novelist remarks, "We meet some hundreds in a lifetime—the classes from whence are taken the lauded mothers, wives, and daughters, of England." There is a bitterness in this passage, which seems to have a source in personal disappointment.

Olive leads a long life of trial; while Lyle befriends her, his brother is sufficiently unfeeling to turn her afflictions into ridicule. At her first ball she finds that no one will dance with her, and she is thus gradually inducted into a sense of her position in the world. But if her body is deformed, Olive's head and heart are good and pure. Her father, ruined by speculations, dies in distress, and she becomes not only the sole comforter, but the support of her mother. Olive's fine intellect has a natural feeling for Art, and she is initiated in its mysteries by an aged artist, who, like her, had said, "Providence has created me hideous—I will outdo Providence; I, with my hand, will continually create beauty."

Day by day, as her spirit strengthened and her genius developed, Olive's existence seemed to brighten. Her domestic life was full of many dear ties; the chief of which was that wild devotion, less a sentiment than a passion, which she felt for her mother. Her intellectual life grew more intense and all-vivifying; while she felt the stay and solace of having one pursuit to occupy the whole aims and desires of her future. Also, it was good for her to dwell with the enthusiastic painter and his meek, contented little sister; for she learnt thereby that life might pass, not merely in endurance, but in peace, without either of those blessings which in her early romance she deemed the chief of all—beauty and love. She felt that worth and genius were above them both.

Occupations of such a practical character as the pursuit of Art for a livelihood, necessarily brings Olive into contact with various other persons. Among these were a foreign-looking woman called Mrs. Manners, with a wild, elf-like, black-eyed daughter, named Chrystal, destined to be a source of infinite pain and anxiety to poor Olive, whose illegitimate sister she turns out to be.

Captain Rothesay had, among other debts, incurred before his death, left one due to the Rev. Harold Gwynne, who had married Olive's old friend, Sara Derwent. Poor Olive worked for many a weary morning and evening for several long years to pay off this incumbrance, and this brought her into close contact with the priest of Harbury. His wife was dead, and an intimacy of a strange character, at once religious, philosophical, and amatory, sprang up between the mysterious man and the thoughtful, sentimental Olive.

The greatest imaginative and intellectual efforts of the work, the best conceived and most elaborately wrought-out passages, are eliminated in these interviews. Indeed, so far is the modern spirit of theological argument carried, that the authoress, not without reason, says the reader will,

upon reading such discussions, turn to the title-page, and seeing thereon, "Olive, a Novel," will exclaim, "most incongruous—most strange!" But her excuse is, that a novel is a transcript of human life, and "human life without God! who will dare to paint *that*?"

Suffice it, that after long and sore trials, the lowly Olive is made to convert the rebellious Harold to at least the proper feeling, "that with a spirit that would, perhaps, find a limitation in the best forms of belief," "he could never," as the best of old Scotch mothers remarked, "be again a minister of the English Church;" and that he had best resign himself to the ennobling pursuit of science. Olive Rothsay became, at the same time, the converted Harold Gwynne's wife, and "to their fortunes Heaven allowed, as Heaven sometimes does, the sweetness of a brave resolve, and the joy of finding that the trial was not needed."

#### MISS JULIA KAVANAGH'S "NATHALIE."\*

THE perusal of two such novels as "Olive" and "Nathalie" in one month, involuntarily forces upon us the retrospective reflection, What is a novel? "A novel," Mr. Robert Bell tells us, "is a picture of real life, and the test of its merit is the fidelity of its likeness." "What is a novel, or, rather, what is it that a novel ought to be?" inquires the author of the *Ogilvies*, and she proceeds to answer it herself. "The attempt of one earnest mind to show unto many what humanity is—ay, and more, what humanity might become; to depict what is true in essence through imaginary forms; to teach, counsel, and warn, by means of the silent transcript of human life." Yet *Olive*, like *Jane Eyre*, who might almost be considered the foundress of the family, is a mere sketch of individual character, or a "creation," as it is fashionable to call it, just as "Art" is now written as if it was a proper name or a mythological idol at whose shrine none but the initiated shall dare to dust their feet. So also is *Nathalie*. But *Olive*, according to her creator's view of what a novel ought to be, rather depicts what we might wish humanity to be than what it is. The author of *Nathalie*, on the contrary, boldly pictures forth life as it is. She scorns to dress up her characters in an ideal purity or perfection, but she portrays them with truth and reality as they are—frail, and full of imperfections.

Even the delightful, old, and somewhat incomprehensible Aunt Radegonde has her faults. *Nathalie*, herself, with many good points, is most remarkable for pride, vanity, and waywardness. Her lover, Charles Marceau, is forward and impudent—his very times for making love are ill chosen, hasty, and impertinent. As to Monsieur de Sainville, whom the heroine ultimately weds, he is middle-aged, self-willed, morose, haughty, and suspicious. Madame Marceau, with her stately dignity, proud, repulsive demeanour, and rustling robes, is an excellent portrait; and no less so is the irritable, prudish Mademoiselle Dantin, and the chivalrous, sensitive, frivolous dancing-master of noble parentage (what has not the nobility come to in France?), the Chevalier Theodore de Meranville Louville.

All these characters are not very loveable, but none can deny their *vraisemblance*. The incidents, the long narrative of a contest pertinacious

\* *Nathalie; a Tale*. By Julia Kavanagh, Author of "Woman in France." "Madeleine," &c. 3 vols. Henry Colburn

ciously maintained between perverse and wilful beauty, and suspicious, almost bearish, middle age, and the various misconstructions and difficulties fomented by others, are not such as might precisely have been either expected or wished for, yet they interest the heart, and that deeply too, for it is impossible not to feel that they are such as we meet with most in daily life. Miss Julia Kavanagh has indeed thrown her whole talent into one great and vigorous effort, to show that a novel may be true to life, and yet replete with interest. Her great object has evidently been to avoid what she makes M. de Sainville speak of in other works of the same class.

"Their reality is not that of the every-day world, Rosalie, and why should it be? Their task is to deceive,—let them only deceive us well. When real novels are by chance written, who reads them? Youth lays them down with all the scorn of its fervent faith; and age, unless when grown cynical, has had enough of truth. Fictions are revelations, not of truth, for they are most unreal, but of that which the soul longs to be true; they are mirrors, not of human experience, but of human dreams and aspirations, of the eternal, though most unavailing desires of the heart."

It is little to say that Miss Julia Kavanagh has accomplished her task with skill and success. The story of "*Nathalie*," which wins not by that which is ideal or unreal, and which especially disregards those happy and illusive incidents which the heart might desire to be true, challenges the highest admiration for the talent and genius which are brought to bear upon the simple elimination of human feelings and human experiences.

#### MRS. CROWE'S "LIGHT AND DARKNESS."\*

THE title of this book, and the celebrity of Mrs. Crowe's "*Night-side of Nature*," will give some idea of the kind of stories which she has here accumulated for the benefit of those who wish to be well scared the forthcoming long winter evenings. There are some among these stories in which, as in those of the previous work, there is a philosophy in the *dénouement*, albeit opposed to that contained in the "*Night-side of Nature*."

Among the most remarkable of these we may instance the story called "*The Wedding Day*," in which a rising young barrister becomes the victim, the very day of his marriage, of a phantasm. The imaginary ghost of one whom he had been the chief instrument in having unjustly convicted, and which turns out to be the man himself, is, by the most simple, accidental, and yet strange coincidences, thrown into his presence three times the same day, producing upon an over-wrought sensibility this unfortunate result. How many ghost-stories might meet with a solution of the same kind? The most frightful is the story of "*The Lycanthropist*," or ghoul; yet it is highly interesting, as showing that a monomania of the kind has positively existed.

There are some stories, illustrative of continental jurisprudence, to which Mrs. Crowe attaches interest, and not without reason. On reading the story of *Lesurques*, a man of property, taken from his wife and family, convicted of a highway robbery, and executed on a public scaffold, as it afterwards turns out, from a mistaken identity, it is impossible not to feel how strong the evidence should be before we condemn a fellow-creature to death, and that all evidence in such instances should be of two kinds; the more especially so when that evidence is merely

\* *Light and Darkness*; or, *Mysteries of Life*. By Mrs. Catherine Crowe. 3 vols. H. Colburn.

circumstantial. When we read another story, of a nearly similar kind, in which a poor tile-burner and his family were imprisoned, ruined, and nearly executed, for a murder committed by others, and that mainly through the hostility borne to the family by a provincial king's attorney-general, we fancy ourselves transported to the darkness of the middle ages. Never was such judicial incapacity exhibited in a criminal case! As to the story of the "Priest of St. Quentin," it is as remarkable for its unmitigated villany, as for a most primitive idea of criminal jurisprudence.

The "Monk's Story" is one of a kind of which Mrs. Crowe may be fairly entitled to the monopoly—a horrible tale of monastic and murderous monomania; and the story of the surgeon who fell into the hands of the banditti, when visiting the necropolis of Veii, and was enabled by his skill to perceive that he had a human ragout served up to him, is of a similar simply horrible character.

The ghostly part of the story of Madame Gottfried, the terrible prisoner of Bremen, has, we think, already done duty in the "Night-side of Nature." The discovery made in this extraordinary instance, that the supposed lovely and much admired lady was, when stripped of her factitious attractions, nothing but a hideous skeleton, is very striking. The "Burgomaster and the Beggar" is a good story, of never-failing, although tardy, justice, showing, as the criminal avowed, "that the arm of the Lord reacheth far;" but perhaps the most interesting story of all is the "Bride's Journey," which would appear, with the necessary alterations, to be well adapted for histrionic representation.

#### MR. W. H. G. KINGSTON'S "PETER THE WHALER."\*

So quickly do incidents follow upon incidents, so skilfully has Mr. Kingston worked out a succession of strange, exciting events, that they appear, not like a compilation of disasters and shipwrecks at sea, but the pure result of accident, and the genuine occurrence of a life, that we feel inclined to say that he has, in "Peter the Whaler," cast a similar interest over the Arctic Seas that the immortal Daniel Defoe did over a remote island of the Pacific. Peter's history might be read off from the table of contents; but we would not anticipate the curiosity which this work will not fail to awaken, more especially among the youths of the present day. To them we can safely recommend it, as not only the most amusing Christmas book they can procure for themselves, but as also showing them that energy, perseverance, courage, self-reliance, and endurance may, with God's good providence, carry them through difficulties as great as Peter had to encounter.

#### SCHLOSSER'S HISTORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.†

It would require a lengthy and well-digested notice to do justice to a work which has attained the same celebrity in Germany that Alison's "History of the French Revolution" has in this country. This, it is not in our power to give at the present moment; but apart from those

\* Peter the Whaler; his Early Life and Adventures in the Arctic Regions. By William H. G. Kingston, Esq. Author of "How to Emigrate," the "Albatross," &c., with illustrations by G. Duncan. Grant and Griffith.

† History of the Eighteenth Century, and of the Nineteenth, till the Overthrow of the French Empire, with particular reference to Mental Cultivation and Progress. By F. C. Schlosser, Privy Councillor, &c. Translated by D. Davison, M.A. Vol. VII. Chapman and Hall.



peculiarly Germanic views and modes of thought, which give to the work of the Heidelberg Professor, a peculiar stamp of originality, we cannot but think that any history of the Revolution and Napoleon's Continental campaigns, whether coloured by the overweening nationality of a Thiers, or softened off into round periods by our own Alison, cannot be complete without the learned and elaborate, however discordant, critical investigations of a third and all-important party. On this account alone all lovers of history will feel that they owe a debt of gratitude to the translator, and the enterprising publishers of this great work.

#### FOURTH VOLUME OF THE ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.\*

THIS is the continuation of a series which has met with well-deserved success. The work now comprises all the selections to be gleaned from so much of the Family History of the Peerage as lies beyond the great social as well as constitutional epoch of the Revolution of 1688. The first of the two parts into which the subject naturally divides itself—the ancient and the modern history—has been gone over; and the work, as it stands, may be regarded as having a certain completeness, even if, as may be surmised from an ambiguous passage in the preface, it should be carried no further. The present volume is fully, if not more interesting than any of its predecessors.

#### M. ANTOINE D'ABBADIE'S JOURNEY TO KAFFA IN THE YEARS 1843 AND 1844.†

WE have noticed elsewhere the recent appointment of the Messrs. d'Abbadie to the Legion of Honour. It is not a little curious, that apart from other motives upon which this distinction may have been founded, those which refer to geographical discovery, more especially in the case of M. Antoine d'Abbadie's (or Mr. Anthony Thomson d'Abbadie, as he wrote himself in 1839) "Journey to Kaffa," should be open to very serious doubts. Dr. Beke, the well-known Abyssinian traveller, has collected upon this subject a mass of argument which carries with it almost the weight of irrefragable evidence.

With regard to the question of the course of the Godjeb, whether it flows by the Jubba into the Indian Ocean, as asserted by some African geographers, or it falls into the Telfi or Sobat, as maintained by Dr. Beke, or it flows westward into the Shoa Bari of d'Arnaud, as M. d'Abbadie supposes, are questions only to be determined by further exploration. It is quite certain, however, that it cannot be the upper course of the Bahrel Abyad, the direct stream of the Nile, the recent exploration of which by the Turco-Egyptian expeditions, fitted out by command of the late Mohammed Ali Pasha, have been recorded in the *New Monthly Magazine*.

\* The Romance of the Peerage; or, Curiosities of Family History. By George Lillie Craik, Professor of History and of English Literature in the Queen's College, Belfast. Vol. IV. Chapman and Hall.

† An Inquiry into M. Antoine d'Abbadie's Journey to Kaffa, in the Years 1843 and 1844, to discover the Source of the Nile. By Charles T. Beke, Ph. D. F.S.A., &c.





